

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

MAY, 1893.

No. 1.

## AT THE FAIR.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

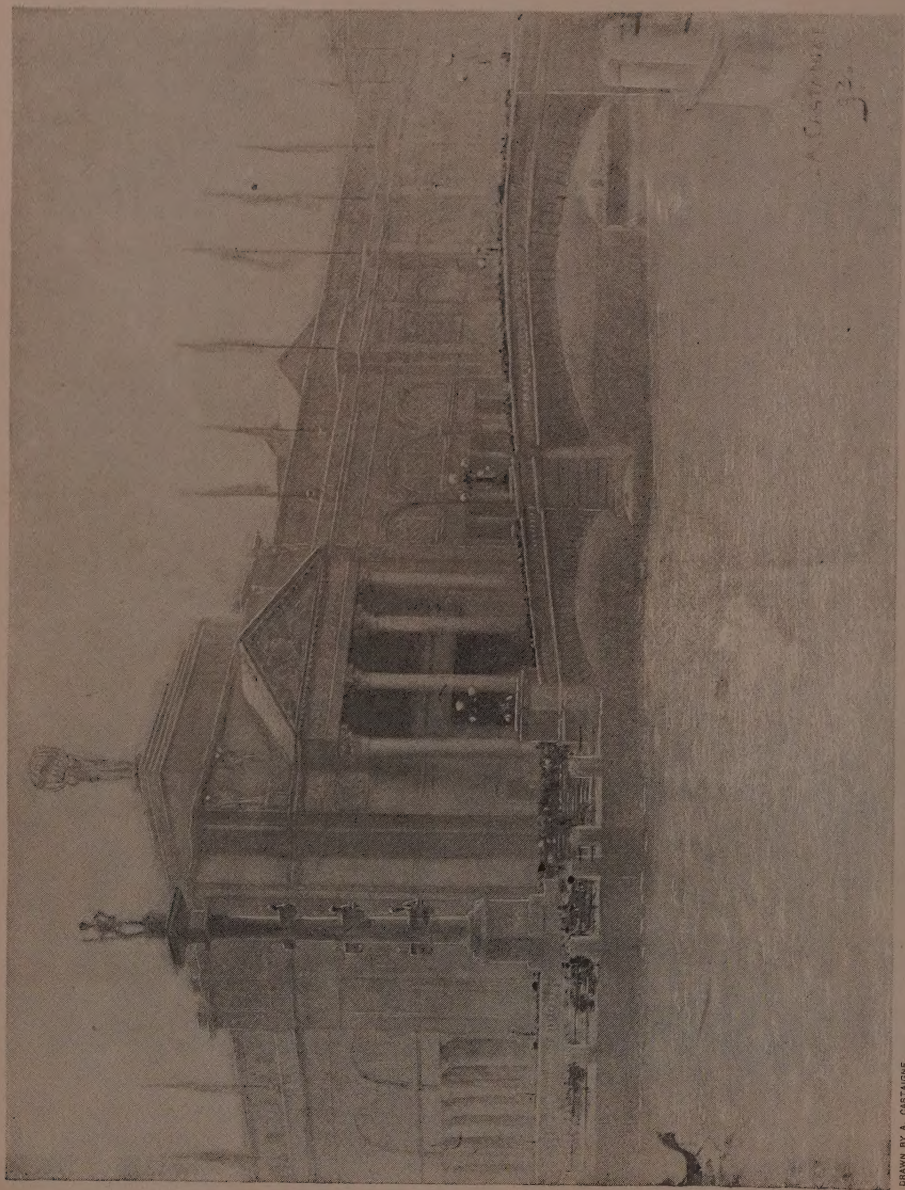
THE WORLD'S OBJECTIVE IN THE SUMMER OF 1893.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

TWO years ago Chicago was beginning to put up the buildings for her Fair. "Absurd!" cried America; "ten-acre, twenty-acre lots roofed in—how can they ever be filled?" Yet, of late, up and down the land has gone the cry of the disappointed exhibitor, shorn of his hoped-for quantum of space. The East has called out to the West, "You are

keeping it all for yourself"; the West has replied to the East, "You want to crowd us out entirely"; and the fact is that there has been no space at all for many claimants, and not nearly enough to satisfy the more fortunate. The mass of offered exhibits has surpassed the utmost anticipations of the organizers of the Fair; and indeed they would have been a

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DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING — TOWARD EVENING.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A. CASTAIGNE.



THE ART PALACE—EARLY MORNING.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.



great deal happier if it had been a great deal smaller.

And now has come the time for the crowd of spectators. Long ago we stopped asking, "Who will wish to go to a Fair at Chicago?" To-day the question is, "What may we best do, what may we best choose to look at, when we get there?" Of course no one can see the whole of a Fair like this, inside and out; and time, energy, and disappointment will be saved if a plan of campaign is prepared in advance, and the mind is trained to feel that it must be followed.

It is not easy to follow any plan in such sight-seeing if one has the usual American mind, as alive with mere curiosity as it is with a craving for instruction—pleased to look at anything, discontented only to think that other people are seeing things with which it cannot make acquaintance. But a plan, and the power to stick to it, will be your only safeguards from disaster if, beneath your shifting, purposeless wish simply to see, there lies a genuine desire to profit by sights of a certain sort. If you are going to enjoy your visit to the Fair in the way that will leave the best residuum, that will best satisfy you when the prickings of mere rivalry in sight-seeing have died out, when the excitement of crowds and vast architectural panoramas will have faded, when the temptation to sit in the shade on a plausibly marble bench under a deceptively marble colonnade, and watch the sun shine on fluttering flags and party-colored awnings and reaches of shining water, will seem, in the retrospect, to have been a devil's drug narcotizing your sense of duty—if you are a conscientious person with a real practical interest in any one department of the Fair, you must take at least part of your pleasure in the Fair very sternly.

I know whereof I speak, for I went to Paris in 1889 with an insistent need to acquaint myself with modern art. I stayed five weeks; I did not go every day to the Fair, but I went very often; I tried to do my duty, and I did devote myself especially to the art galleries: but while I hardly saw the contents of any of the other buildings, and did not even set foot within so vast and varied and interesting a one as the Palace of the Liberal Arts, I left Paris with a sense of shame and defeat. I did not really see the pictures and statues; I did not really learn about modern art.

Nor, at Chicago, will you learn about the things which are dear to you unless you are very wise and steady, patient and self-denying. Take a day first to satisfy your curiosity, to gratify your sense of wonderment and your love of beauty, to get your bearings and discover how much exertion you can support.

Go all over the Fair grounds, and to the top of at least one of the big domes or towers. See the Fair, as a Fair, from its various centers, and from different parts of its circumference, especially from the lake. I think you can do this in one or two days, if you start early and end late, if you are strong, and if you have yourself conveyed by all available means of conveyance,—encircling railways, boats, and rolling-chairs,—and if you do not step inside a single building except for the ascent in search of your bird's-eye view. Then go home, stay in bed the following day, if you are wise, and the next day spread the wings and stiffen the spine of your conscience, and go in search of the things you have come to study—steam-boilers or roses, fishes or stuffed birds, needlework or statistics of idiot asylums, methods of slaughtering men or cattle, or of preserving human life or edible fruits. Stay at this task until you have finished it, or until it has exhausted your powers of application. Then release and relax yourself. Go to see something else—palms if you have been studying plows, pictures if you have been studying electric motors. The things you know least about, and care least about, will then seem delightful, for you will have purchased the right to idle, and only its purchasers know the whole of the charm of idling. There are few pleasures like looking at things in which one feels no concern after looking with profit at those which concern one deeply. There is no exultation like the cry of the spirit when, tired but self-approving, it says to itself, "It does not matter an atom whether I understand this or not, whether I remember it always or forget it to-night." If you take your idling first and your working afterward, you will miss, I say, the fullness of the pleasure of desultory looking, and you will probably never get to your working at all in such an idler's paradise as our Fair will be.

Of course, after what your rustic fellow-countrymen would call a "good spell" of idling you will be ready to come back, refreshed, to your work again. Or, if you have completed it, you will go home with the satisfactory feeling that you have enjoyed both sides of the Fair, its instructive side and its mere pleasure-giving side.

One more word: While you are trying to work,—to learn, to appraise, to remember, to profit,—be by yourself, or be sure that your comrade is exactly of the same mind as yourself. The Fair will be a safe place, and there will be so many people in it that no one individual will be annoyingly observed. You need not fear to part from your wife for a time, or, on the other hand, to let your husband part from you. Each of you has special tastes, spe-



cial curiosities; and if you try, hand in hand, to examine ethnological antiquities and dolls dressed to represent the changes of fashion, or sporting goods and kindergarten methods, neither of you will see what you should as you should, and both will be dissatisfied. Every woman knows that two women shopping together do not "accomplish" half as much as

Most Americans, I think, will go to the Fair with some serious purpose before them—if not to study carefully any of the collections, then to make a careful general survey of the Fair itself, as illustrating the present condition of our nation from many points of view, and likewise its promises and prospects for the future. The desire for self-instruction is a very broad,



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

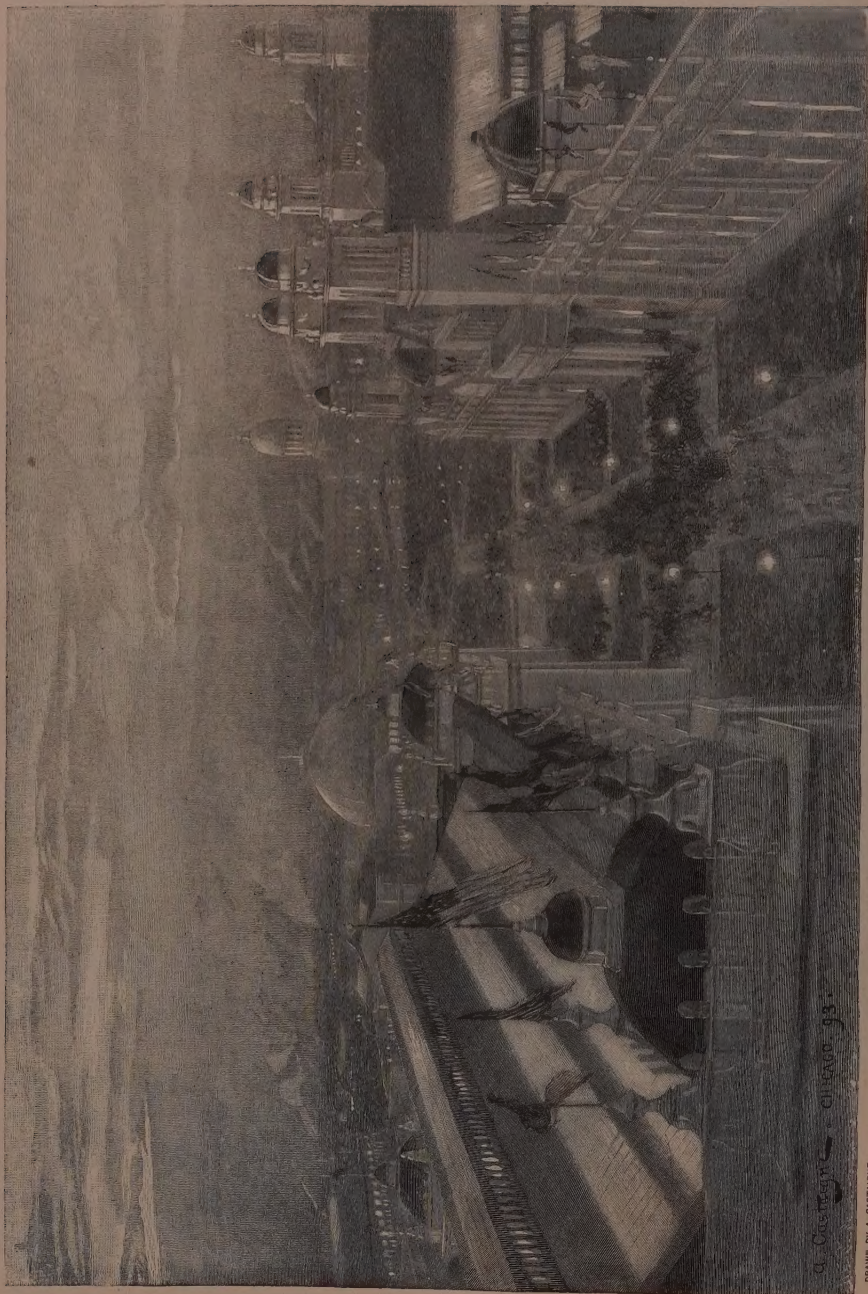
A CONTRAST OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE—EARLY MORNING.

though they had shopped separately, while their tempers are doubly tried. The crowded galleries of the Fair will be like colossal shops with the counters for different wares sometimes a mile apart. If you want to accomplish anything there, you had better try by yourself. It is delightful to study interesting things just as one chooses; but although I have experienced both fates, I do not know which is more exasperating—to drag an unsympathetic soul about with you while examining anything, or to be an unsympathetic soul dragged about by some one else.

bright thread in the mixed fabric of the American temperament, and the organizers of the Fair have done well, even from the advertiser's standpoint, to lay particular stress upon its educational possibilities.

Nevertheless, not all Americans have minds which are eager for new knowledge. There must be many who do not intend to visit Chicago because of any profit they may gain. They are going because they hope to amuse themselves. They, too, will have their reward. They, too, have been prepared for in manifold ways. Perhaps they will spend less time within the





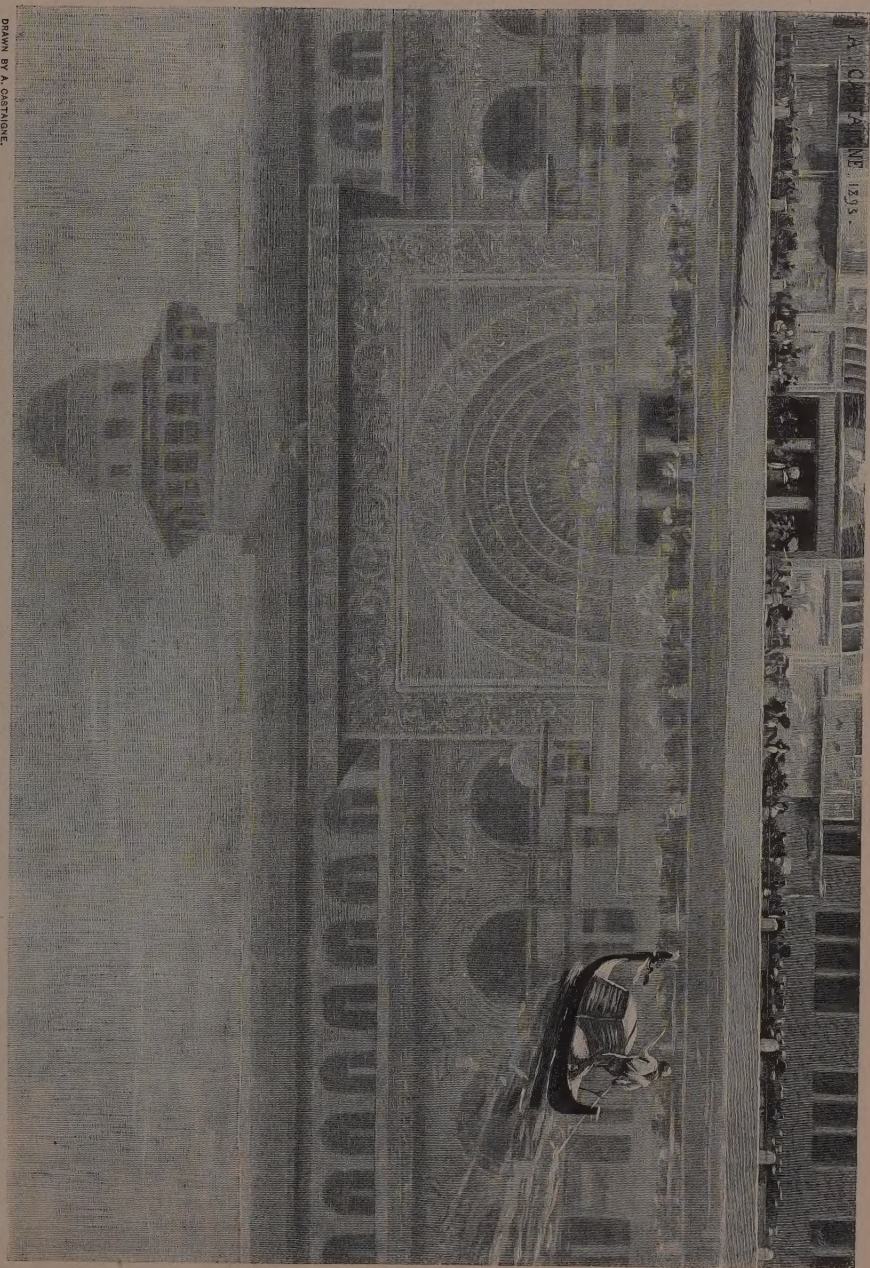
DRAWN BY A. CASTALGIE.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

VIEW LOOKING NORTH FROM THE DOME OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—JUST BEFORE SUNSET.



A. C. M. N. 1293.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVISON.

THE GOLDEN DOORWAY AND PART OF THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING—ON A QUIET AFTERNOON.



true boundaries of the Fair than in the great annex called the Midway Plaisance, where a merely commercial ingenuity has been allowed fuller sway. Here, however, they will see many amusing, strange, or beautiful sights, some of

longingly of one of its quieter chambers. It tires and distresses them even to imagine this vast *table d'hôte des nations*, where preparation has been made for the daily entertainment of some two hundred thousand guests.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

VIEW LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE TOP OF THE WOMAN'S BUILDING—BY MOONLIGHT.

which have hitherto been visible only in far odd corners of the world, while others have never before been seen at all. Here, I say, the most frivolous may disport themselves well; and they will carry home some instruction, if only in the shape of a wider knowledge of possible kinds of entertainment.

But even these two classes do not include all Americans. Some—chiefly born at the East, I think—have voices which refuse to join in the general chorus of anticipation. Although never so well assured that the Fair will be a “great success,” they declare that the last thing they want to do is to visit it. They profess themselves *flâneurs* by nature—or by diligent cultivation. They know all they need to know about the world’s progress in all directions, or they think that further knowledge would be bought too dearly by a long journey, probable discomfort, much fatigue, and a constant mingling with crowds. When their daily tasks do not claim them, what they crave is repose, refreshment, freedom from mental no less than from physical effort. When they seek their summer pleasuring they want to take their ease in the world’s great inn, and so they think

Perhaps they visited “the Centennial” in 1876, and found it crude and ugly, confused and confusing, tiresome as well as tiring. Perhaps they visited the Paris Exposition in 1889, and found it so gay and charming that, they think, no other exhibition can give them new emotions of pleasure. Or perhaps it is only on general principles that they say they dislike big exhibitions, hate sight-seeing, detest the name of a catalogue, and think any object deprived of its charm by being placed in a collection. But in any case they protest that the Fair’s chief value in their eyes is the value of a huge magnet which will draw off the crowds from other places, leaving them more in peace for their peaceful pleasure-seeking.

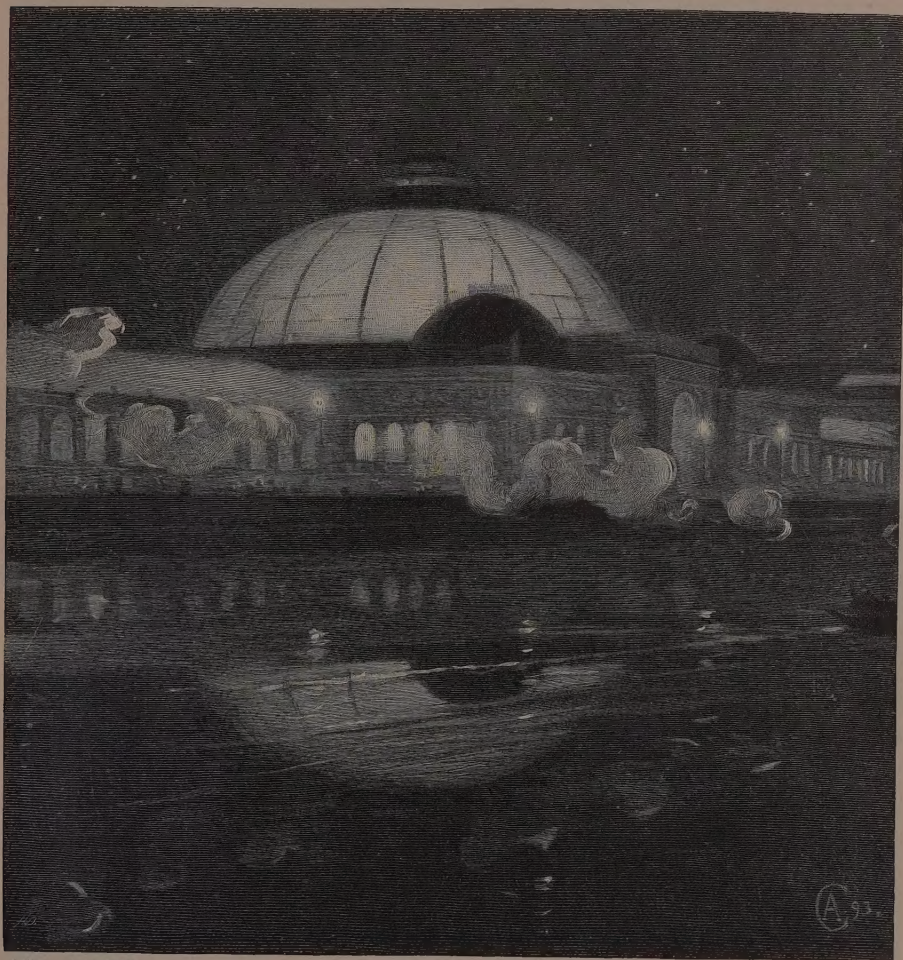
Often such people take great pride in their apathy. They think that it is banal to want to do what every one else is doing; and they say to themselves that it is not lack of intelligence which keeps them away from Chicago, but an especially keen degree of intelligence; they say that they can amuse and instruct themselves, and therefore need not try to profit by the biggest object-lessons, the showiest illustrative panoramas, the most emphatic



lecturing to the eye, the most stupendous variety-show, that the times afford.

But such people, if they are true *flâneurs*, will make a great mistake in keeping away from Chicago. Of course there are dawdlers of an inferior sort, people who are simply stu-

impressions. He likes to idle in the city because, if he keeps himself purely receptive, the city prints each instant a fresh picture on his brain; or to idle in the country because nature, or the contemplation of his own soul, more slowly does the same. He loathes the



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

DOME OF THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING—BY NIGHT.

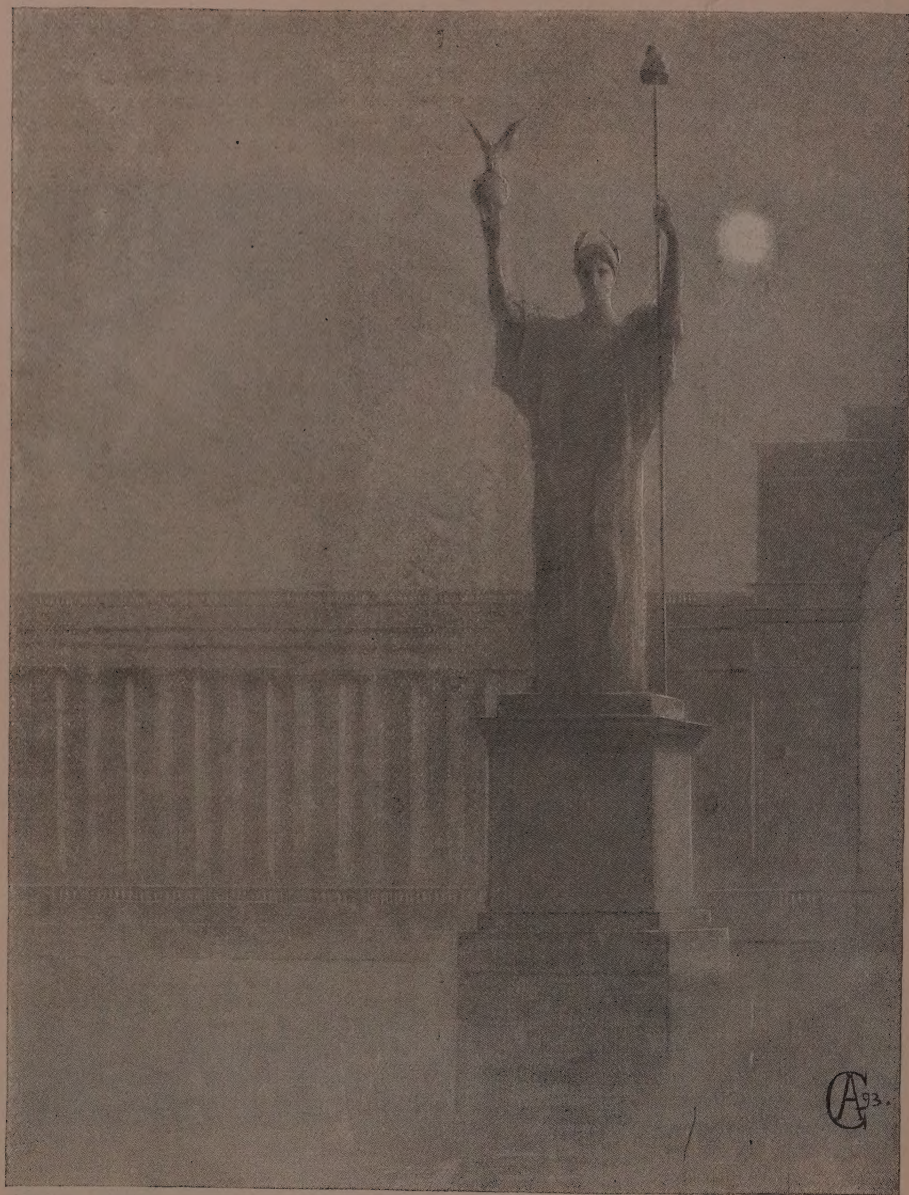
ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

pid, and can enjoy nothing but doing and thinking nothing; and it makes no difference whether these go to Chicago or stay at home. But your true *flâneur* feels a genuine interest in one thing—his own capacity for the reception of such new ideas and emotions as may be received without exertion of any kind. He does not care for facts or objects as such, or for what they teach, but he does care for their momentary effect upon his eyes and nerves. He does not crave knowledge, but he delights in

thought of Chicago, because it suggests hard work at sight-seeing, and his ideal is the easy work of holding himself passive yet perceptive.

But he loathes this thought either because he does not know what the Fair will be, or, more probably, because he has some little shred of the true American intellectual conscience in his make-up. It is hard for an American to get wholly rid of the feeling that he ought to improve himself. If his intellectual conscience is not potent enough to turn him into a worker,





DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE

FRENCH'S STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE PERISTYLE—AN HOUR AFTER SUNRISE.

it suffices to hamper his pleasure as an idler. He is perfectly happy only where every one else is idling too, and, therefore, much more often in Europe than at home.

But, if you belong to this guild, you had better stifle your mental conscientiousness altogether for a time, and go to the Fair. Certainly

it will torment you if you take any last remnant of it with you; but if you go in perfect freedom, you will find such an idler's paradise as was never dreamed of in America before, and is not equaled anywhere in Europe to-day.

If, I say, you go wholly conscienceless,—not like a painstaking draftsman, but like a hu-



man kodak, caring only for as many pleasing impressions as possible, not for the analyzing of their worth,—you will be delighted in the first place by the sight of such crowds of busy human bees, and the comfortable thought that, thank heaven! you are not as they. And what a setting for these crowds! What a panorama of beauty to drink in and dream over, and to carry home, in general views and bits of detail, for the perpetual adornment of your mental picture-gallery!

You need not avail yourself of all the quick means of getting about. You can hire a little boat for yourself, if you choose, and drift slowly around all day in this new white Venice of the West; or, when the sun beats too hot through your awning, land on the island, be refreshed by green shrubberies, and fancy yourself lolling in true gardens of Japan. Or, not caring whither you go or when you get there, you can saunter about on foot, on sunny marble *quais* or canopied bridges, in sound of splashing fountains, along great shadowy arcades of columns, pausing at last under palm-trees beneath the tropic dome of Flora's temple, or in the veranda of some little rest-house on the esplanade where the brilliant stretches of Lake Michigan will give your imagination room and verge enough to convince you that you have passed out of the old workaday world altogether—that you are looking from this great palatial bit of fairy-land into a further realm of mystery and marvel. If the beautiful in nature especially appeals to you, Lake Michigan will indeed furnish you with fine emotions, exquisite sensations. There is no water like it in more eastern regions. It has twenty moods for one that the ocean shows; and compared with the famous lakes of Europe, it is like a string of many precious stones—beryls, opals, amethysts, aquamarines—compared with a single sapphire.

But if you like best to win from humanity your changing vague delights, you will have it before you in great plenty and variety, against astonishing piled-up backgrounds of commercial products, mechanical marvels, artistic elaborations, which you can placidly contemplate as backgrounds, not trying to appraise their monetary, scientific, or artistic worth. Or if you care particularly for esthetic impressions, these you will get in wonderful reaches of architectural magnificence, emphasized by the shifting lights and shadows of a variable but sometimes almost tropic climate, accented by gay passages of color, enlivened by the flutter of a myriad

flags and awnings, and everywhere doubled in beauty by their reflection in the waters which, after all, are not the waters of Venice, since they are pure and blue; and these marvelous panoramas, again, you can accept at their high pictorial worth, not troubled, like the critic or the student, by the need to appraise, consider, and recollect.

Something of what you, a happy idler, may perpetually enjoy at the Fair our artist has tried to show, telling of its colossal effectiveness by night as well as by day, and giving glimpses from those quieter points of outlook which will stand in picturesque contrast to the showier, gayer panoramas. If, this artist tells us in his pictures, Turner would have found good material in certain places, Corot would have found as good elsewhere. Indeed there is no artist concerned with interminglings of natural and architectural beauty, or with human beings of modern types, who would not be enchanted by the opportunities of our Fair. One wishes only that during its short six-months' life it might be painted by as many hands as, in the last four centuries, have painted the Italian Venice; and one feels sure that no two painters who may attempt the task are likely to paint the American Venice in identical ways.

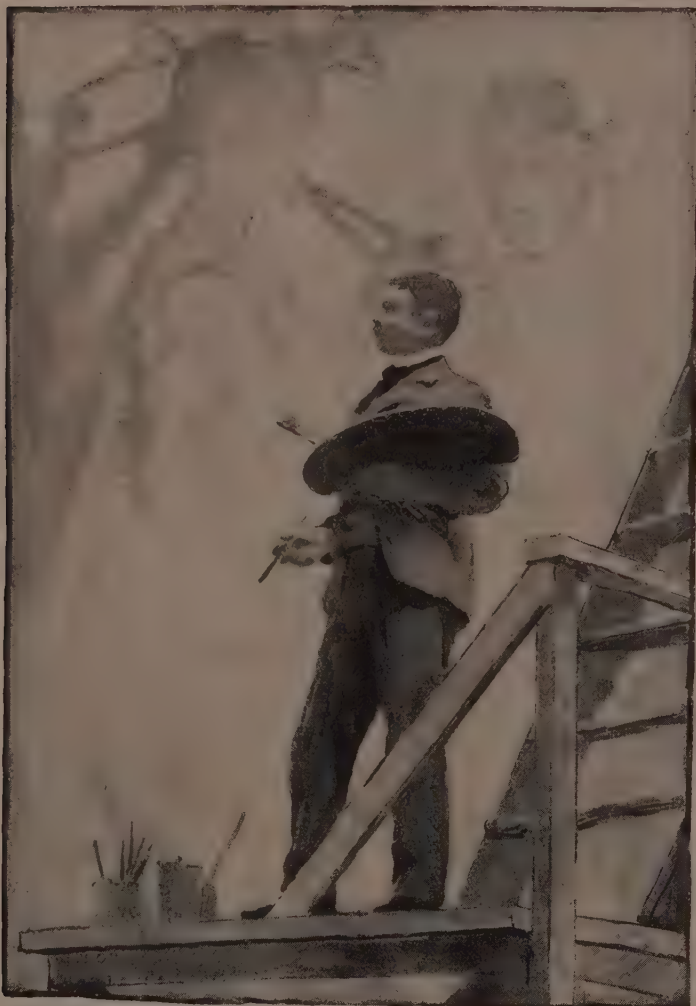
I have always wished for a chance to celebrate a certain friend of mine who, with great trouble, got himself a holiday and journeyed from the far West to see the Centennial Exhibition. He arrived on a very hot day; near the entrance of the grounds he found a Hungarian band playing delightfully in a delightful little restaurant; there he sat down for mental and physical refreshment; there he sat all day; and thither he returned each subsequent day during his hard-earned week of leisure, and sat till eventide. He saw no more of the exhibition than this, but he still declares that he got "more good" out of it than any one else, and looks back upon it with feelings of unmixed self-approval.

He, indeed, was a true *flâneur*. People of his kind will probably be tempted at Chicago to do a little more than he did at Philadelphia; there will be so many enchanting spots for placid contemplation that they will not remain for a week in one. But if they really are of his kind, they will not be tempted into over-exertion, or disturbed by the conscientious activity of others; and the longer they stay, the oftener they pitch their mental camera on a new spot, the richer will be their feeling of pleasure and self-approval in after days of retrospection.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

## DECORATIVE PAINTING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE WORKS OF GARI MELCHERS AND WALTER MACEWEN.



DRAWN BY GARI MELCHERS.

WALTER MACEWEN AT WORK.

WE were not without art before the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, but nobody will quarrel with the statement that our great art impulse dates from that exhibition. It is therefore only three or four years younger than the new Chicago. Why should not that city produce a great work of art? She has wealth, pride, and boundless ambition, and around these art will gather and artists rally, for we moderns have changed only the manner, not the spirit, of art patronage. We have no Cosimo

de' Medici to pet and pamper the artist; no Philip IV. to confer honors and titles. Cosimo's work, however, is carried on in an unconsciously cooperative manner by our merchants, bankers, and others, through dealers and exhibitions; and rulers, such as the Bavarian Regent, sometimes assume—as in the case of Carl Marr and Gari Melchers—the rôle of the Spanish king.

This matter of art patronage, divested of all verbiage, simply means that the artist, no matter how exalted his inspiration, has physical



needs which must be satisfied; that the rich man has intellectual needs which must be gratified; and that the gratification of the latter provides for the physical needs of the former. If artists have but lately congregated in Chicago, it is not because in the West "the perfumed flower of imaginative genius" has not soil to grow in, but because Chicago has been in the habit of coming East to buy its pictures.

That the White City on the shore of Lake Michigan is a wonder, a marvel, an embodied dream, all admit; but our surprise ought not to be that Chicago, but that America, has produced it. The art initiative was Chicago's, and in the carrying out of this initiative it has proved itself an art center of the first magnitude; but while giving due praise to the directorate (and that is high praise indeed), we ought to remember that the result is not a local product. Chicago has only been Aladdin's lamp, the rubbing of which has summoned the geni Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Landscape-Gardening.

We should be grateful to Chicago for the fair-mindedness which could forget local pride and local interests, and in so large and open-handed a manner could call from New York, Kansas City, Boston, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia architects, sculptors, painters; and reaching out further, could follow the trail of American artists across the Atlantic, and allure them from Rome and Paris, in order that all might participate in the first great public recognition of the allied arts they practise, might help in the sowing of the seed which, germinating, must bring forth a fruitful crop of beauty.

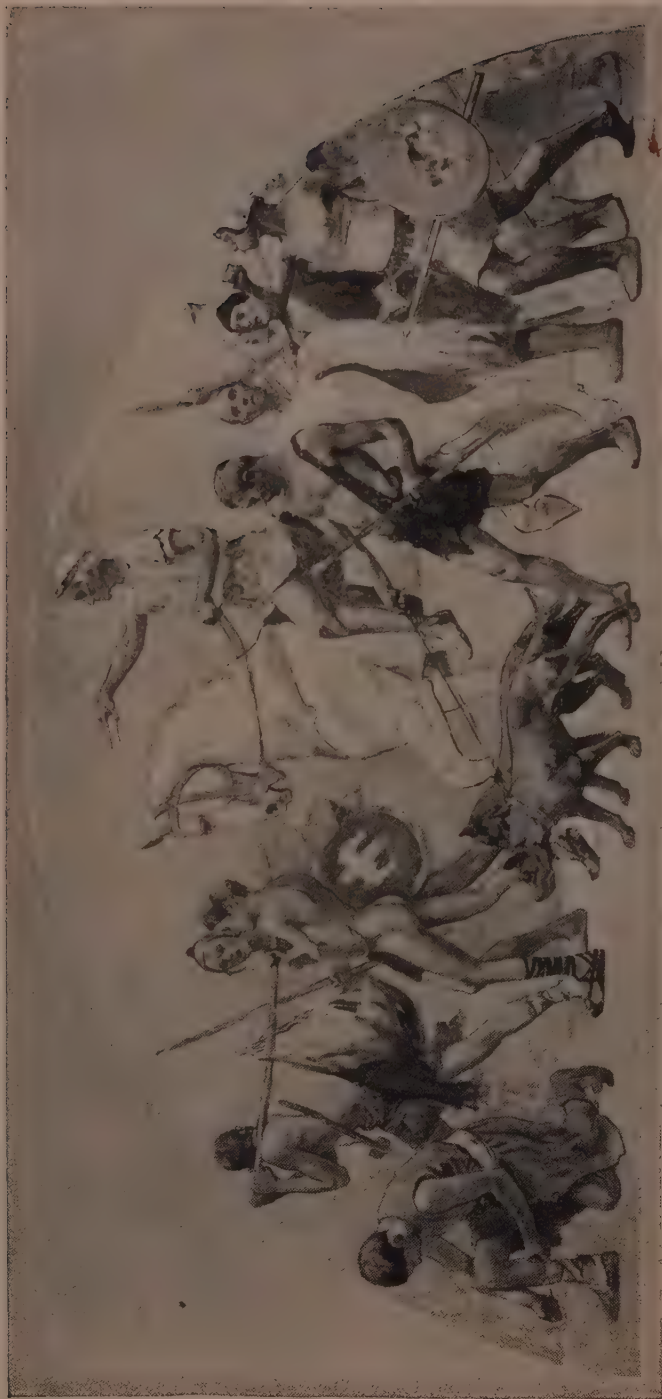
I see that already we are accused in certain foreign quarters of overestimating what America has done in Jackson Park. These accusations take the form of implying that the collection of buildings which compose the World's Fair is not perfect. Perhaps we do overestimate its beauty,—it goes without saying that there are eyesores there,—but I think we may be forgiven if we are not more stoical—forgiven if Jackson Park shapes itself in our minds as a union of Rome, Palmyra, Athens, Venice, Constantinople, and in reality is only a collection (save its crowning glory, the Art Building) of plaster shells. "Man cannot live by bread alone." He is blind indeed who sees nothing more in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" than imperfect drawing. Moreover, we can reply to our critics that the gage of merit is comparison, and where in the wide world to-day is its equal?

We frankly acknowledge its shortcomings; for while we do not cease to love and admire the beauty of its *ensemble*, we have no doubt that Mr. Atwood would sleep easier should the Illinois State Building burn down,

and the designers of the Agricultural, Liberal Arts, and Machinery halls would feel more respect for the Federal authorities should the Government Building be engulfed by an earthquake. Speaking for myself, I feel that sculpture, excellent as much of it is, has been overdone to the exclusion of painting. When I stood under the domes of the towers of the Liberal Arts Building, and saw the paintings by Shirlaw, Blashfield, Reed, Beckwith, Simmons, Weir, Reinhart, and Cox, and stood before Maynard's work in the porticos of the Agricultural Building, and turned from these to the magnificent flat wall-spaces on the Transportation and other buildings, and imagined what might have been done thereon, I could not help wondering why I should be compelled to crane my neck in the search for paintings, and why bas-relief in some instances should have been preferred. But after this is said, I cannot help admitting that it savors of captious criticism: for the whole country should be thankful for what painting has been done (and I am told that more is to be done by Millet, Earle, Dora Wheeler, Mrs. MacMonnies, Miss Cassatt, and perhaps La Farge)—thankful to Chicago for having taken the initiative in showing to the people who are too busy to go abroad what a powerful adjunct to architectural effect painting may be; for proving what those who know our art best have for several years asserted, that our painters are particularly fitted for this branch of art activity; and for the hint, not to the builders of great public buildings only, but to those who seek beautiful and artistic homes.

Another cause for thankfulness lies in the rare skill and judgment displayed first by Mr. Prettyman, and later by Mr. Millet, in the selection of painters; for while there are many who perhaps could have done as good work, those selected have shown their competence in so extraordinary a degree, that although when it is viewed as decoration there must be differences of opinion about the work done, its merit is of such an even degree that it is difficult to accentuate the effort of any one man.

Because I saw them grow, I was most interested in the pictures for the tympana of the towers of the Liberal Arts Building, by Melchers and MacEwen. In discussing the World's Fair, we all like to avoid the subject of bigness. We knew it would be big, and that it would be none the more esthetic for that; but the bigness of these pictures, and the studios in which they were being painted, were not without their effect. It has seldom happened that an artist has had for atelier a whole art gallery in which to paint two pictures, even when the pictures were forty feet long, but such was the happy fate of these two gentlemen; and while seated beside the enormous stove into



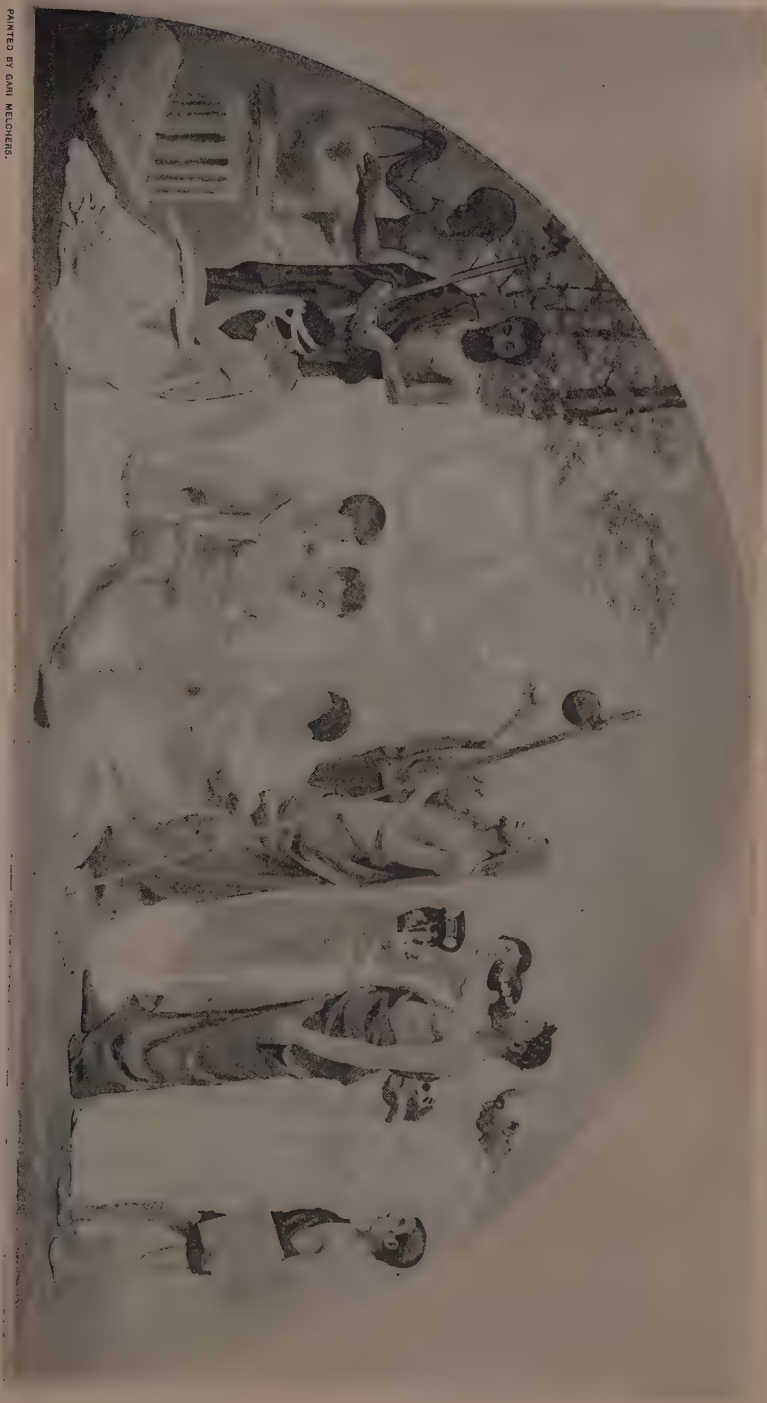
PAINTED BY GARI MELCHERS.

THE ARTS OF WAR.



PAINTED BY GANI MELCHERS.

THE ARTS OF PEACE.





MUSIC.

PAINTED BY WALTER MACEWEN.





PAINTED BY WALTER MACEWEN.

LIFE.



DRAWN BY WALTER MACEWEN.

GARI MELCHERS AT WORK.

which coal was poured by the wheelbarrow load, shouting chat at the artists, who looked absurdly small — like Palmer Cox's Brownies — when compared with the colossi they were painting, I could not help drawing a comparison between their comfort and the discomfort of those who, painting on top of risky scaffolds, in an uneven, uncertain light, — and developing that particularly irritating ailment, crick in the neck, — had decorated the Liberal Arts domes, or of the Dodge brothers, in the dome of the Administration Building, making each morning their aerial flight up 287 feet of spindly ladders, and their earthward and bedward descent in the darkness after midnight. Surely MacEwen and Melchers, in their com-

fortable, atelier-like surroundings, were the fortunate ones of the art colony in Jackson Park. Little wonder that the inhospitable sign "Keep out" was posted on their doors: a warning, by the way, effective with the workmen and laborers, but of no avail with the industrious women of the fourth estate who had paid a license fee of two dollars per day for the privilege of using a camera, and were all too faithful to the papers they represented, but who, I am glad to say, received a kindly if a grudging welcome from the artists.

Five minutes in the ateliers was long enough to demonstrate that the artists were by counsel and advice mutually helpful, that they were good comrades, and that their comradeship was



based upon respect for the artist in each other and on the fact that each was strong enough to stand alone; for while the works of both are conceived from the same standpoint of decorative effect, there all resemblance ceases. MacEwen's temperament has led him to the gentle, the poetic, to the more feminine of the arts. In his two compositions womanhood and childhood take the leading places. Women and children form the central groups, and man, while not wholly absent, occupies a secondary and unimportant place, as though but for artistic reasons the painter would have dispensed with him altogether.

Melchers, on the contrary, has been impelled toward the grand, the heroic. In his strongest composition, "The Arts of War," man, and the most manlike of the brute creation, play every part. I was much impressed with this picture, with the fullness without crowding of the composition. How gallantly, how like a god, the old warrior carries himself, and how intelligently the lines of the attendant figures support him! In the second composition the artist is not so happy, because here the heroic and grand have little place. In it, however, man still predominates. I should say that the chief quality of Melchers's compositions is their masculinity without brutality, seen in the fullest extent in the "Arts of War"; of MacEwen's, their femininity without feebleness, as seen in the sweet, subtle charm of his "Life." I cannot justly compare their color, having never seen the completed pictures; but judging from the finished studies, little changed in the large painting, it will show these same opposing qualities.

The true artistic temperament of these men was well exemplified on two occasions when I was with them. Melchers had just begun "The Arts of War," and had painted in the head of the central figure. He descended from the scaffolding, walked across the floor, stood for a few minutes irresolute, and then, opening a door which communicates with the atelier of the sculptor Baur, called to the only one in sight, Baur's assistant, "Come in here, please, will you? I want to ask you something. What do you think of the key of that head? It is too dark, is it not, for out-of-doors?" and waited anxiously for the answer as though it would come from one of the most celebrated

of painters. Then turning to me, "What do you think? It is so hard to know when one has struck the right key, so easy for a fellow to mistrust himself. Ah, I have it. It is not too dark, but too brickly in color. It wants better grays," and in ten minutes the head was repainted.

It tormented me to see MacEwen day after day spending himself on the sixty or seventy feet of border around his pictures while the compositions called aloud to him, and I remarked, "Why don't you let Cameron [his clever assistant] do that?"

"I suppose I ought to. Cameron would do it as well as I, but—oh, well, it won't take long; it's a part of the work, and naturally a fellow, given a chance, wants to show what he can do, and nothing ought to be slighted."

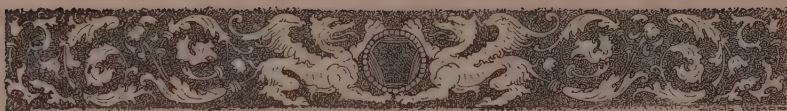
It was to me most melancholy, as I looked at the decoration of the Liberal Arts domes and the porticos of the Agricultural Building, that so much excellent art had been put upon raw plaster, that up to date the greatest efforts of so many of our leading painters must in a few months pass out of existence,—be but a memory,—and I am glad that the pictures for the tympana, being painted on canvas, and therefore removable, are not to perish in the using; that these examples of two American artists, the recipients of many honors abroad, but all too little known in the land of their birth, are likely to remain with us.

Gari Melchers was born in Detroit in 1860, studied in Düsseldorf, Munich, and Paris, and received honorable mention and a third class medal at the Salon, the former in 1886, the latter in 1888; two medals of the first class in Amsterdam in 1887 and 1888; and two medals of honor, one in Paris, 1889, the other in Berlin, 1891. He was created last year, by the Bavarian Regent, a Knight of the Order of Saint Michael. Mr. Melchers is a member of the Society of American Artists, Society of Munich Artists, and Associate of the National Fine Arts Society, Paris. By comparing the dates it will be seen that he received the major part of his honors before he was thirty.

Walter MacEwen is also a Westerner, born in Chicago in 1859, and has studied in Munich and Paris. He has been an exhibitor at every Salon since 1885, and has been the recipient of many honors.

*W. Lewis Fraser.*





## "THE WHITE CITY."<sup>1</sup>

### I.

GREECE was; Greece is no more.  
Temple and town  
Have crumbled down;  
Time is the fire that hath consumed them all.  
Statue and wall  
In ruin strew the universal floor.

### II.

Greece lives, but Greece no more!  
Its ashes breed  
The undying seed  
Blown westward till, in Rome's imperial towers,  
Athens reflowers;  
Still westward — lo, a veiled and virgin shore!

### III.

Say not, "Greece is no more."  
Through the clear morn  
On light winds borne  
Her white-winged soul sinks on the New World's breast.  
Ah! happy West —  
Greece flowers anew, and all her temples soar!

### IV.

One bright hour, then no more  
Shall to the skies  
These columns rise.  
But though art's flower shall fade, again the seed  
Onward shall speed,  
Quickening the land from lake to ocean's roar.

### V.

Art lives, though Greece may never  
From the ancient mold  
As once of old  
Exhale to heaven the inimitable bloom;  
Yet from that tomb  
Beauty walks forth to light the world forever.

February 11, 1893.

*R. W. Gilder.*

<sup>1</sup> The Columbian Fair Buildings at Chicago have thus been named by Mr. H. C. Bunner.





## SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

### XIV.



HE principal person, strange to say, to take umbrage at Mrs. Vernon's rapid rise was her original backer, Lady Shorthorn. One afternoon in July, when town was thinning fast, the dowager's one-horse brougham stopped before the house in Prince's Gate, and the dowager, going in, was encountered on the threshold by her son, who bowed to her, smiling, and hurried on to a hansom for which one of Mrs. Vernon's footmen had been whistling from the step.

Lord Shorthorn was a handsome young man, with a blond mustache, and legs so long that when he sat down they seemed to stretch interminably across the room. He was well dressed, from his shining hat and perfectly rolled umbrella, to the polished shoes upon his uncommonly large feet. Lady Shorthorn did not smile on him. She went at once up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Vernon sat, and refused tea from that lady's hands, as well as bread and butter in thin slices from a large silver plate.

"I thought you would be leavin' town," she said. "Every one is leavin' town."

"I have the kindest invitations to Lord John's, and the Duke's, and those dear Cholmondeleys," said Mrs. Vernon, easily; "and I dare say I shall manage to do them all. But that is for August."

"You might go to—well—Eastbourne—for a while."

"Oh, I hate Eastbourne," said Mrs. Vernon, who, two months ago, would not have ventured to hate any place named by the dowager. "I have knocked about so much, I really like it better here."

"I saw my son goin' out of here. I am surprised he is not at Enslage."

"Yes; every one says it is a most beautiful place."

"Beautiful in situation, yes; but damp, as I told you once before. I don't think any one living at Enslage could long keep their health. And those three children—no, four, there are

four—have their mother's temper; and I am obliged to say Shorthorn's own temper is—I told him so when they gave him his divorce—Shorthorn's own temper is dreadfully tryin', as any one who lives with him must find."

"Are you going to the Princess Argentine's garden-party at Lean Lodge?" said Mrs. Vernon, pleasantly.

"No; I'm not asked—are you? Well, nothin' surprises one to-day. I suppose Shorthorn will be goin', too. I should think he'd be careful about doin' as much as I hear he does. I believe it's not generally known Shorthorn has a—er—a valve in his heart. Sir James warned him about it when he was quite a lad at Oxford."

"It is very sad," murmured Mrs. Vernon, looking at her with sympathetic eyes.

"He has undoubtedly a valve; and he has lived so fast, and got himself into such a ridiculous lot of debts, I don't know what's to become of him. The only hope we have is the marriage with his cousin Kelso's girl."

"Lady Sybilla is a charming person," Mrs. Vernon answered.

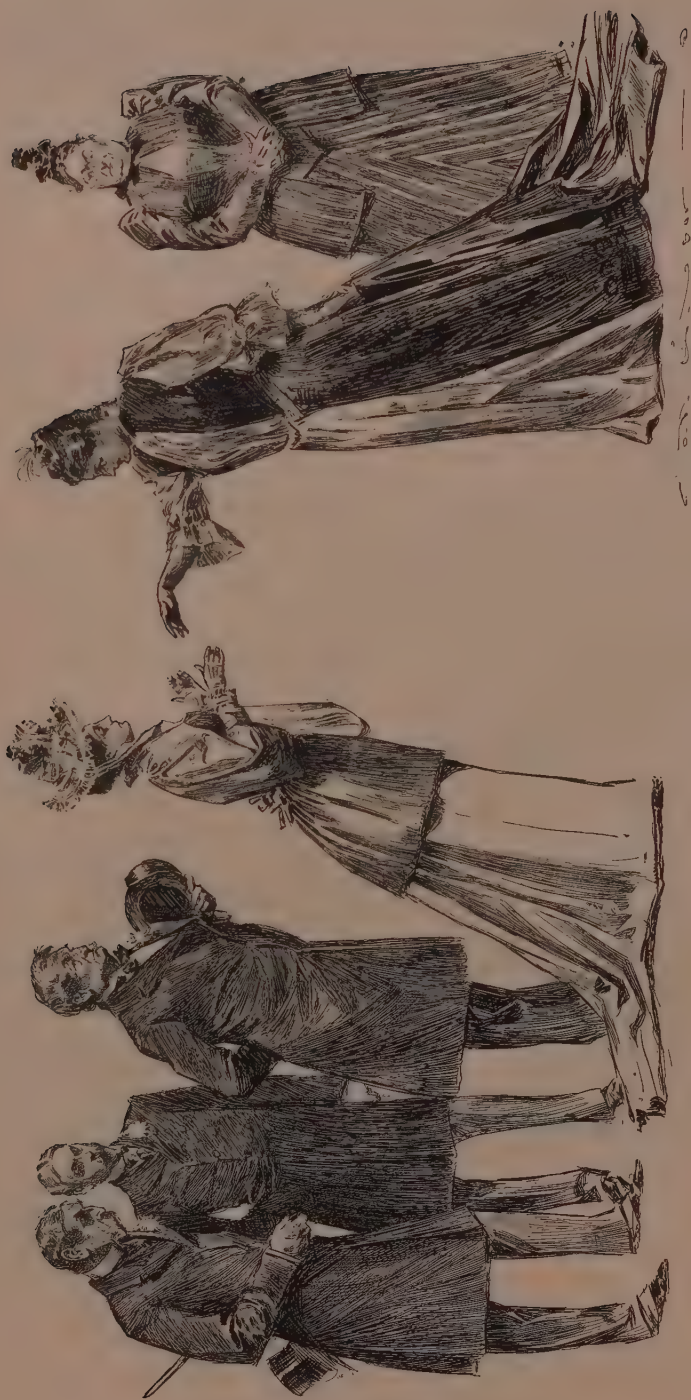
"It is so suitable; just what both families want. You will be interested, because you have a married son."

"Yes, I have a married son."

"Who must be nearly Shorthorn's age, is n't he? You know how you'd have felt, if people had said he was goin' to throw himself away upon—er—ah—a nobody old enough to be his mother," said the countess, getting on her feet, losing her temper, and blurring out her words.

"Lord and Lady William Hampshire. The 'onorable Harthur Fitz-Greene. Sir Lionel Delacour," chanted a man-servant, withdrawing the portière.

"You will show Lady Shorthorn to the door," said Mrs. Vernon to this functionary, after greeting her new guests; and down-stairs puffed the large countess, in helpless, speechless wrath. She stepped into her brougham and drove away, feeling that she had not helped Lady Sybilla's chances, and registering a vow to have done with all Americans. Meeting Mrs. Vane-Benson in the park, she began by cutting that unoffending lady dead.



"LORD AND LADY WILLIAM HAMPSHIRE."



SOON after the onslaught of the irate countess, Mrs. Vernon was called, on her own account, to experience certain pangs of anxiety regarding a son of whom other women took kind heed.

A few days later, when she was making ready to receive Gerald and Eleanor, who were due to arrive in Prince's Gate for a visit on their way to the Continent, came a startling note written by Jerry on the steamer and posted at Queenstown, telling her that he had crossed the ocean alone, leaving his wife with her mother in America—an arrangement of which he saw no definite prospect of change, and in consequence of which it would hardly be pleasant to meet his mother until feeling on the subject had had time to die down. He gave the address of a hotel in Paris where a letter from her might reach him, but warned her that no attempt at mediation would have a hearing from him, and that he meant to "travel till further notice."

Now, indeed, the world seemed for a while dark before the mother. But with characteristic energy she decided her plan of action, and, crossing by the night boat, was in Paris the next day, and early in attendance at the address given by her son.

Jerry, who at the most had expected from her an angry telegram or letter to which he would turn a deaf ear, as he had done many times before, was taken disagreeably by surprise. He received his mother sullenly, and she at once saw that he was under the influence of a mixture of emotions among which wounded pride was uppermost.

"Answer me one question, Gerald Vernon, or you are no son of mine," the widow said fiercely. "Has any other woman got to do with this mad performance of yours?"

"I don't know what business you have to ask," her son said, "and I wish to heaven you'd let me alone and go away. I got a chill, or something, on that infernal ship, and I have n't slept all night, and my back and head are as heavy as lead."

"You do look ill," his mother said, struck, as he had meant her to be, with sudden solicitude. "But, Jerry, I can't rest till I know all. I'm not going to appeal to you for myself, or for that poor girl you've left in America, who's worth twenty such women as you've let make a fool of you. I will change my question. Where is Hildegarde de Lancey, who was a passenger on the ship with you, as I saw by the published list?"

"At a hotel, or on a train—or—how should I know?" cried he, stung into open answer. "It's all somebody's mischief. I've not seen her since we landed. She went up from Liverpool with a lot of people to London on an earlier train, and left me no address."

"She's flying for higher game, Jerry, my lad," said the widow, a satiric smile breaking upon her countenance. "She knows now you get every cent you have from me; and she's a deep one."

"Don't abuse her. I won't stand it," he cried violently, a dull red flush settling around his heavy eyes. "She's the best friend I have, and the noblest woman I know—the only woman who understands me, and gives me the sympathy I need."

"If that is your case, my dear boy," said the widow, seating herself deliberately beside the lounge on which he had cast himself, and taking out an envelop, "perhaps you will run your eye over this letter, written recently by Hildegarde to her sister-spirit, Mrs. Shafto, and giving her frank opinion of a certain dangler at her apron-string. Don't ask me where I got it. It's *hers*, and that's enough."

THAT night Mrs. Vernon with her son recrossed the Channel. They reached Prince's Gate for breakfast. But no consideration of the matin meal was of interest to Jerry, or would be so for many a morning to come. By the time he stepped out of the hansom, following his mother, the footman who came to take out the bags had to give him his arm across the pavement to the door, and within five hours Gerald was in bed, with a doctor and a trained nurse in attendance, in the first stage of a serious attack of typhoid fever.

## XV.

TEN days before these things took place on the other side of the great Atlantic ferry, Eleanor Vernon in New York was joyously concluding her final preparations to go abroad with her husband. Their passage having been engaged in a ship leaving the next day, her heart was full of happiness at thought of what awaited her.

After a farewell visit to her mother's place on the Hudson, where the Hallidays were enjoying country life with their laurel-crowned hero Jack, she had come with her maid to town, to join Jerry at their own house.

Nell could not believe it was she whose spirit banded with such delight at the prospect of putting the sea between herself and the old home. She was past reasoning. For so long she had dwelt upon this thought—if she could get Jerry away, off to herself, the happy time of their honeymoon would surely again return. Now it was soon to come; Jerry had ceased to vacillate, their plans were made, she was to taste of a deep, brimming cup of joy, Jerry's shortcomings were washed away in a flood of new tenderness. No need to go back to their sad days like the one upon the yacht. Since Betty's

engagement with Theobald had been announced, Jerry had asked his wife's pardon for what she considered his greatest offense against her—asked in such manly fashion that her heart melted with pleasure in yielding it. Mrs. De Lancey and the Shaftos had gone on a cruise along the eastern coast in Van Loon's yacht, and the young couple had been perforce thrown upon each other for entertainment. During the visit to Eleanor's mother, they had lived together for a brief restful time, and then Gerald had been summoned back to town by Mrs. Vernon's man of business, to consult about some of her affairs.

It had been arranged between husband and wife, their establishment being mounted for the summer in picnic fashion, that he should take her for dinner to Delmonico's. As the hot summer's dusk fell over the dull streets, and Jerry did not appear, Eleanor began to feel the pangs of her healthy appetite deadened by growing anxiety. When Elsa brought up and pressed upon her a tray of food, she made pretense of eating, but, as the girl left the morning-room where she sat, returned quickly to the window, and strained her eyes into the gathering night. The gas-lamp near their house, flaming out, seemed to mock her with dancing in her tears.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, and a ring at the front door. Eleanor, springing to the head of the staircase, saw below a messenger boy's cap and uniform. The note Elsa handed her was in an unfamiliar hand, and once or twice she turned it over without opening, after the foolish fashion many people have of speculating about what can so quickly be ascertained.

Eleanor had had no previous experience with anonymous letters, and this, her first, was a bitter one. She could not comprehend why there should be no signature, and looked again ere she read the hateful lines that forced their way into her bewildered understanding. An older, wiser woman would have destroyed the note without reading, upon the first indication of its contents; but knowledge so to deal with the most cruel implements of modern social warfare comes only with experience. She was still clutching the paper, staring at what it told her, when her husband came into the room.

"Nell dear, you must have thought I was a wretch not to telegraph you I could n't come," he said, leaning down to kiss her. "But I was kept by a disagreeable thing: a man—an old college-mate of mine—got himself into a mess with drink and foolishness, and sent for me; and I had to haul him on his feet, and pack him out of town to his wife in the South. I'm just back from Jersey City, where I saw him to the train—why, what on earth is the matter, Eleanor?"

"It is not the first, but the most plausible, story you have made cover deceit to me," she

said fiercely, facing him, and crumpling the paper in her hand. She lighted it above the lamp, and threw it into the fireplace, watching it blacken to tinder. "Oh, if I could only burn up as easily the shame my life with you has brought me!"

"Eleanor, are you insane? What is that letter? What has put you into this state? Come, calm yourself. Are n't you well? Do you need a doctor?"

"There is no doctor who could help me," she said drearily. "And I'm not one to hide and equivocate like you. I'll tell you what the letter said—not all—you may guess the rest. It said that woman—the woman you still loved when you married me—is going in the ship with us to-morrow, and that I am the laughing-stock of all who know us."

Jerry was silent for a minute. He had fancied Eleanor always the loving, pardoning creature she had hitherto shown herself. He had absolutely no conception of the hard scorn and anger now in her face and voice. It drove out of him the soothing words and kinder impulses he had brought up-town to her, together with the truth upon his lips about the cause of his detention.

"Oh! why is there no angel to stand by with a flaming sword, and warn young girls what married life is really?" she cried. "No one tells—no, not one living soul—what we have to meet. The parents that give us away, the clergyman that binds us, the books we read, all lead us to the altar and leave us to our fate! Who could dream of what I've suffered in half a year? And what help have I? None—God help me—none!"

The burst of vehement indignation had dropped suddenly into pathos, but Gerald was not moved.

"If you expect by this to make me fall down on my knees, and own I'm a wretch, you're out of your reckoning," he said frigidly. "There's not one person out of ten you could get to say you're anything but a jealous, hysterical girl. And what you hint about another woman I don't mean to notice further than to say it's the first time I've heard of expecting any one to overhaul a big ship's list, and say who shall or shall not sail in her."

"She is going, then, with us?" said Eleanor.

"With us? Certainly not. I am not so sure about our going at all, if this is the kind of traveling companion I'm likely to have. Mrs. De Lancey has decided to take her daughters and their governess to Switzerland for the summer; and *we*, as you know, intend to go direct to my mother's house in London."

"I will not go," she cried, with a swelling heart.

"Try to understand what you are doing,"



Gerald answered, after a pause wretched to both of them. "It may come to you too late to be sorry you made this stand against your husband."

Eleanor interlaced her hands, and her breath came panting. She looked at him with a wild appealing glance. He stood before her, determined, stolid, treating the whole affair like the outburst of a silly child. There was no sign of softening in his face.

"I refuse to go with you—and *her*," she said again, doggedly.

"Then you may go home to your mother, and ask her to teach you reason," he answered—and left her to herself.

SHE lay sobbing alone, all night, and early in the morning heard Gerald go out of the house. The hours wore on; men came and took away his luggage, already packed; and Eleanor, dreary and bewildered, felt as if each piece were a coffin carried down. By noon, shortly before the hour fixed for the ship to leave, she had made some excuse to her servants about a delay in their journey, and, calling a cab, drove in desperation to the steamer's wharf.

Even in the full air from the water she seemed to stifle as they drew nearer to the pier. Leaving the cab, she went, thickly veiled, along the passenger-way to the gang-plank, and stood for a moment behind a crowd of onlookers, gazing up at the thronged decks of the steamer. She had a wild idea that Jerry might even then see and know and want her; might beckon to her, and she would follow him to the death. But she did not catch a glimpse of her husband until after the warning gong had cleared the deck of visitors, and the little groups of passengers were beginning to congregate behind the rail to wave good-by to their friends on shore. At last, emerging from the throng, she saw him, alone, looking down as if searching in the crowd.

A keen delight filled Eleanor, and instinctively she darted forward with the impulse to fly up the gangway and fasten upon his arm, never to leave her darling more. Just then a carriage drove swiftly up, intercepting her, and a party of belated passengers were hurried by the steamer's men on deck. They were a governess, two dainty, pretty children, and a beautiful blonde woman, her arms full of flowers.

A moment, and the gang-plank was withdrawn. The last mail-sack was hoisted on board, the last longshoreman scrambled down his ladder bridge, the great steamer cast off from the wharf, and bore majestically down-stream.

As Eleanor went back to her cab, a gentleman looked after her, paused, looked again, and then hurried to her side.

"My dear Nell, what does this mean?" said Theobald. "Surely you were to have gone to-day. I came down at the last minute to see a friend off, and sought for but failed to find you in that extraordinarily genteel mob on board. Where is Vernon, and why have you changed your plans?"

"Will you drive up-town with me, Tony?" she said, under her mask of heavy gauze.

Seeing that something was amiss, he acquiesced without further query. When they were seated, and driving off, her head dropped on her breast, and she broke into gasping sobs.

"Oh! to whom can I turn, if not to you?" she said despairingly. "Tony, my heart is broken. He told me to go back to my mother, and—oh, my God!—what shall I do? He has forsaken me."

"The brute!" Theobald said between his teeth. He could hardly speak for the sudden violence of emotion she excited. It was not only the sight of the shipwrecked young life driven by storms back into port that moved him. In this moment of tenderness, the restraint of years was dashed away like a cobweb at a touch. He forgot himself, the time and place, his pledge to Betty; and the man's heart inside of him burst into fierce speech.

"Ah, let him go!" he said, hoarse and tremulous. "You can be free. You can be happy. And I'm here to help you—I who'd give my life to save you tears like these."

Eleanor started and shrank as if she had been stung.

"This from you!" she cried wildly. "Oh, it is more than I can bear!"

Then Theobald's brief madness passed from him, and he was filled with bitter self-reproach.

"Don't draw back from me, Eleanor," he said, striving to steady his tones. "Don't be afraid to trust me. Do I need to tell you that you are sacred to me? Let me take you to your mother; and I will go, and you need never look at me again. Oh, how you pain me with those eyes like some innocent creature's that I've shot to the heart! Speak to me, Nell, little cousin; tell me I am forgiven."

Behind this man's one offense there was a lifetime of unselfish tenderness; but, woman-like, she withheld from him whom she could never have loved the pardon always poured in full measure at Jerry's feet. Drawing the veil again over her face, she leaned back in her corner in silent anguish until her own door was reached.

When Theobald, who dared not offer to go in, awaited her instructions upon the threshold, she put her fingers into his faintly, coldly, and bade him good-by in accents barely audible.

"Then I may do nothing—save you nothing?" he pleaded, cut to the quick. "You

dismiss me without pardon, or hope that I may come to you again?"

"Not now," she answered, in a voice he would not have recognized as Nell's; "but it is not that I don't believe in you. Go, please." And she passed away from him.

THE day wore to its interminable close, and Eleanor had beaten about in a dreadful circle of indecision as to what course to pursue. One thought was dominant—she must try to hide from those who loved her the wrong done her by him she loved. Among all the people who had been her friends and intimates since childhood there was no one to whom she could bare this bleeding wound. Theobald, almost her brother, would have been the first to occur to her, and he—Eleanor's face flushed hotly with the remembrance of that shock.

What was right? What was best and truest to Jerry and to her higher self to do? It might be that she could find still in town the rector who had officiated at their marriage, and who had held her in his arms at the baptismal font; and stealing from the house, she walked, veiled as before, through the cool of evening to his home.

"Would the rector see a lady for a moment only?" was the message she sent in, waiting with an odd sense of the change from her position of command and influence wrought in her own mind by the cause of her present visit.

She sat, trembling, and was presently relieved, in a degree, by the appearance in the room of the rector's wife.

"If you will tell me your errand, I will speak to my husband—" she began, peering curiously at the stranger, and when Eleanor, lifting her veil, came forward, uttered an exclamation of jocular surprise.

"Nell Vernon! Why, child, who could suppose it was you? If you knew the watch I have to keep on ladies who visit the doctor! They take up so much time, and worry the life out of him with their fads and fancies. Men are men, and the clergy are human, though the laymen never make allowances. The way the women hang upon my good man's words—no wonder he's a little short when we contradict him at home sometimes. And they tell him everything, from quarrels with cooks to spats with husbands. The truth is, child, he is dressing to go out to dinner, and if I will do as well—some of your 'Girls' Lodging House' business, no doubt."

"What I had to say need not disturb him now," said poor Eleanor, quietly moving toward the door.

"Then you'll call again or write? I heard you were going to the other side. And how's that handsome husband of yours, my dear? My girls are just wild over him, but I believe

all women are. Take my advice, and don't let him flirt too much."

"I ASKED for bread, and ye gave me a stone," the girl murmured involuntarily, as she found her way again into the street, and the crushed spirit that had yearned to be made whole by the healing touch of God's pity expressed through his minister was sent out unhelped to wander stumbling in the night of its despair. She looked down the vista of a side street, and knew that it ended in the river.

"When a tie like ours is wrenched apart, and there is no help, death were sweet and merciful," she thought, staying her steps for a confused moment upon the curbstone of the crossing.

Then two girls, accompanied by a young man, walked by her, laughing lightly. The voice and manner of one of them put her in mind of her sister Beatrix, and instantly the claims and duties of her life of every day rushed back to take possession of the distracted citadel from which grief had temporarily dislodged them. With the thought of Trix came that of the girl's happy young love, just now on probation with the authority at home, and Eleanor was cheered by it as if a warm hand had taken her frozen fingers into its clasp. It roused in her human interest, and melted the hard resentment against Fate that had begun to glaze over her sympathies, and that made her forget the world contained others than Jerry and Hildegarde.

Unconsciously she quickened her steps in the direction of her home, but, at the corner nearest it, stopped again, overcome by the thought that her servants, already in possession of an evening paper, might see, perhaps, some announcement that Jerry had gone without her, and thus her miserable pretense of a delay would be exposed. How could she face Elsa's smooth civility, veiling the servant's galling knowledge of a domestic skeleton? Oh, for brief respite from the humiliation of public comment or sympathy!

To-morrow—there was no help for it—she would be forced to go back battered and bleeding to her mother's home, carrying her shame to be shared by those tender hearts! But now, ah, now—only to escape another night in her desolated home!

The image of Gerald's aunt, the avoided and isolated Miss Tryphena, presented itself in sudden invitation. Eleanor, hastily, lest she should repent, retraced her steps to the avenue, and got into an omnibus bound up-town.

The long, jolting expedition gave her time to reflect on the temerity of expecting sympathy from the source she sought. Of the passengers who climbed in and dropped out of the vehicle along its route none were known



to her; for the society element of town was off on its annual hejira, and people who remained within its limits were of the fraternity of workers. She found herself studying the faces of these strangers, eagerly wondering if their hearts carried a dead weight like her own, envying the couples who were bound together to their homes, envying the gossips who sat, knee to knee, gaily discussing important trivialities. And when a young woman, laden with parcels, gave her hand to her husband, who helped her to descend, beaming on him with a transparently loving smile, Eleanor turned away fretfully, and wondered if she should never reach her goal.

Aunt Tryphena's house, one of sad brown-stone exterior in a long, forbidding block of buildings from which it varied not a whit, was inhabited, and her butler, in coming to open the door, stopped on his way to light the gas in the hall from a fixture like a shepherd's crook. This homely sign gave Nell courage to send up her name to the mistress of the castle, who, if an ogress, lived in the conventional way of other householders; and at once Miss Tryphena descended to her long drawing-room swathed in gray linen coverings, and illumined by a single jet of gas.

"I was bitten by a mosquito here last night," she said severely. "Edmunds knows I told him to keep this room quite dark. There is light enough from the electric globe across the way." And, to Nell's satisfaction, the offending luminary was at once put out. "Now, you will tell me, if you please, what brings you here when the soup is just ready to be sent up. Unless Jerry's in jail for debt, or Luella's married, I can't imagine what you can have to say to me."

"Oh, Aunt Tryphena, be kind to me," cried the girl, seizing one of the old lady's large, rough hands in both of hers, and bursting into bitter sobs that could no longer be controlled.

"Do?" said the spinster, when, the belated soup discussed, and dinner over, the two resumed their talk. "There, child, you look like a human being, not a ghost, now you are fed, and have had a glass of wine. Why, there is but one thing to do. I will go down-town first thing to-morrow morning, and engage a room in the quickest steamer we can get for Saturday. I will take you straight to London, and leave you at Luella's house before even your mother has had time to find out the condition of affairs. And I will then catch the first boat by the Dover-Calais route, and go to a place in Switzerland I left three years ago. It is a place that suited me exactly, but I could n't stand a pair of esthetic idiots from England

who were stopping there, who used to complain of the sunsets because they were too crude. Now, write a line by Edmunds to your maid, and have some things sent here for the night, as it will be lonely for you in that house, and cheer up, child, for heaven's sake, for I could never abide to have anybody complaining but myself."

"But, Aunt Tryphena," said Eleanor, a crimson tide overwhelming the pallor of her face, "even if Jerry is there, I ought not to—should I?—thrust myself upon him. Oh, did n't I tell you how he cast me off, and killed my love?"

"For better, for worse, child; you must remember that for both of you," said the old woman, with a break in her gruff voice. "Whatever comes, you will have been true. And your love's not dead; don't think it. Keep it alive,—breathe new breath in it,—it will make this struggle strengthen you. And, as certainly as I live, if anything will bring him back to you love will."

"Back from another—oh, no, no!" cried Eleanor, tortured by the thought.

"My dear, it is for you to choose. But I think you'll find your jealous miseries have exaggerated things. The chief offender is that De Lancey person, backed up by your 'best society.' Jerry's had the bad luck, from all I hear, to fall into the hands of a woman who has the consciousness of disappointed schemes to help on her love of coquetry. It's not a common experience you've had to bear so early in married life—even among what I call the most frivolous and brainless set of people on this continent. But that creature will continue to go at large, and ruin other homes, no doubt. Our boy's weak, but he's not all bad. If his father had n't had the misfortune to die and leave all that money in the hands of a silly woman, Jerry Vernon would have been, as men go, a fair sort of man; I don't suppose you know, or he cares, but the fact is I loved Jerry dearly when he was a boy. I thought he would grow up to be—but that's neither here nor there. In my opinion, it is for you to straighten out this snarl. If you think enough of an old maid, tough as a nut, who's nobody's friend, to take advice from her—don't let the gulf widen, don't let your husband go without stretching out your hand to bring him back. Come with me, Eleanor, and leave your pride behind."

There was silence for a moment in the shadowy room, and the sound of a woman's short, quick, gasping sob; then Eleanor

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd  
in music out of sight.

"I will go," she breathed, and with a sudden movement cast herself upon Aunt Try-

phena's neck, and let the delicious cordial of new hope warm the sad current of her widowed heart.

Two years have passed since the green shades of the widow Vernon's marble palace in the higher regions of Fifth Avenue first proclaimed that lady out of town. The wide portal is boarded over, and the premises are in charge of an Irishman and his wife, whose frowzy children gambol behind the basement windows, and skate on rollers over the asphalt of the adjacent street. Above the area level all is silent, gloomy; and as yet there is no hint that the mistress of the palace will resume possession.

From within doors the best of the bric-à-brac and pictures and books, with the portraits of Gerald and his mother, since admired at the Royal Academy, were long ago taken to be boxed and expressed to the domicile in London, where the dowager Lady Shorthorn has not yet called upon her son's recently made wife. The American Lady Shorthorn can, however, afford to be indifferent to this blow of Fate, as she is already a social power in her adopted home, and as her young husband, upon whom she has settled a liberal income, in addition to paying his debts, makes an attentive and good-humored spouse. She is also on excellent terms with her son Gerald and his wife, who, of course, spent all of that summer at her house while he was convalescing from the long attack of typhoid through which Eleanor, arriving just in time from America, nursed him so devotedly. And the new countess ("Martha Louisa Anne, daughter of Colonel William Judd, United States Army, U.S.A.")—you will find her recorded in Burke and Debrett and Dod) has had lately the satisfaction of refusing a card (requested through a friend) for her world-famous ball to a Mrs. Van Loon of New York, who has been stopping at Claridge's.

Mrs. Calliope Jane Ketcham is at present in one of her periodical states of eclipse. When and where she may next appear it is impossible to predict, but my Lady Shorthorn will, no doubt, be among the first to ascertain.

Miss Tryphena Vernon, not in the least like the crusty benefactor of the novelist who, under the impulse of a good action in the last chapter, reforms and remains angelic ever after, would probably take the head off any inquirer as to her relations with her niece and nephew. But Nell knows that they are affectionate, and both she and Jerry submit to be hectorated by the old lady in grateful memory of her influence at the crisis of their married life.

Nell's home people suffered, as may be imagined, from the strange reports that were set afloat at the time when Gerald left his wife to follow him across the ocean. But although

slander did its best, nothing was fixed upon any participant in the affair, beyond the fact of "some foolish quarrel between the young couple about Hilda de Lancey, who it was well known was chaperoned on that voyage over by the Blanks and the Dashes," and, it was equally well known, meant nothing serious by her little flirtation with Jerry Vernon, now said to be "the shadow" of his wife.

And so even Mrs. Halliday, her other daughters, and her son knew little of the darkest chapter of the young wife's experience. In the autumn after these events Nell's mother and sisters joined her in Paris for a fortnight before the Vernons set out for their winter's journey in the East, and, during that time, satisfied themselves that the first year of her married life bid fair to round itself peacefully to a close.

The wide old Halliday house in New York, facing the railed square on the eastern side of town, and noticed by passers for its growth of wistaria looped between the chimney-tops in great ropes tasseled in spring with purple under a mist of greenery, is forever deserted by its former occupants. For months workmen had it in their hands, coming and going between piles of brick and mortar encumbering the street. Its front has been transformed with plate-glass windows and gilded balconies. Within marble halls, a buttony page keeps watch where once old Andrews came creaking to open the front door. A prosperous club has taken possession, and the Hallidays will be known in it no more.

Beatrix, who was, after all, the chief sentimentalist about this change, is supplied with a fount of private happiness that enables her to rise above minor considerations of every material kind. In her eyes, as in those of his mother, to whom and his grandfather Trix will one day go for a visit when the roses are in bloom, Brock Vyvan is a "man of to-morrow," as to whose future there can be no doubt. Betty's marriage with Mr. Theobald occurred upon her return from Europe. And Jack, for whom the four years of college life leave the imagination no room to vary occupations, is still at Yale, holding the blue banner manfully as he ascends.

A piece of news that afforded almost a fortnight's gossip for the fashionable world was the marriage of the heir of the Van Loons with Mrs. Hildegard de Lancey, "privately," at Nice. Betty Theobald says the fur has not ceased to fly in the Van Loon family, but then, as Mrs. Van Shuter would observe, everybody knows how Betty Theobald will talk.

The other home in New York in which we have been called on to take passing interest—Eleanor's first nest, fitted up for her occupancy with such lavish love—remained for a time



vacant after Mr. and Mrs. Vernon set out for their two years' wandering. In January an agent had orders from Lady Shorthorn to find for it an occupant, and succeeded in placing there the Hempstead Hunters, who take a different house every year, but are in demand as tenants because they are conscientiously childless, and dine out six nights in the week.

And so—fortunately, if temporarily—our young couple have dropped out of the society

that claims them for its own, and that came so near breaking the bond it once assembled to applaud. In the companionship of their nomadic existence, each has learned dependence on the other; and the irresistible habit of married life has had time to weld their chains. Already they have learned to look back upon that early ordeal, bitter though it was, as an episode that may be forgotten in the memory of happier days.

THE END.

*Constance Cary Harrison.*

## THE KNIGHT OF PENTECOST.

PRONE as he lay before the dim, high altar,  
No strain of any solemn prayer or psalter  
Disquieted the stillness of the night;  
No long roll of the organ's golden thunder,  
No voices, keyed to sweet and joyous wonder,  
Fled like a flight of angels into light.

The painted panes of the rose-window sparkled  
A moment, as some cold star shone and darkled,  
And awful shadows filled the vaulted space.  
Prone on the flint he lay and kept his vigil,  
All his soul waiting for the sign and sign  
That should appoint him to his knightly  
place.

Nor sound nor silence, light nor dark, he  
noted.  
Up from the under-world the slow moon floated,  
And looked upon the trance that held him  
there;  
With half her snowy glimmer stooped and  
wrapped him:  
Naught knew he of the gracious bloom that  
lapped him;  
He waited flame more glorious, sight more  
fair.

Far, far, the night swept on through deeps un-  
broken,  
While his thought, seeking the supremest  
token,  
Mounted among unknown infinitudes,  
Where still beyond his dreaming or his seeing  
The Soul that fills the universe with being  
Above all calm, above all tumult, broods.

As if a star burst, with a clang of warning  
The great bell tolled the holy hour of morning:  
No blessed chrism had found him where he  
lay.  
He rose like one long worn with weary marches,

And, passing underneath the heavy arches,  
He came out to the open break of day.

Wide, wide, the wash of the free air was flowing,  
And high the soft gray flower of dawn was  
blowing,  
Fresh, fresh, the dewy wind that sighed and  
ceased!

Into eternal heavens the heaven was lifting,  
Light, radiant light, across the world was sifting,  
The fire burned on the altar of the east.

Not in the dark the tongue of flame came leaping  
Upon his lips, across his forehead sweeping;  
Not prostrate in great glooms of temple shade:  
But while he gazed, one only with his Master,  
In deathless circles swelling vast and vaster,  
The dawn, swift-sworded, flashed his ac-  
colade.

Glory of argent space all space ensphering!  
Sweeter than sound a voice surpassed his  
hearing!  
Close on his heart he felt great pulses swim!  
He knew not as he stood there, trembling,  
yearning,  
All heaven about him in that moment burning,  
That spirits came and ministered to him.

Weapons of skyey temper had they wrought him,  
Deific armor from afar they brought him,  
And bound it on with touches swift and fine.  
There stood the good steed ready for his guiding,  
Through the dark places of the sad land riding,  
Light for the watchword, Love the counter-  
sign.

A mighty shape, scarfed with the sun uprisen,  
Where tears distilled, where spirits were in  
prison,  
Where doubt went groping, and where dolor  
lay,

Where in despairing death the dying languished,

Wherever sin, wherever suffering anguished,  
He in their service took his shining way.

And soaring, an aërial apparition,  
Ever before him hung a splendid vision,

Where, far within the sapphire crystalline,  
Unstained by wrong, unspotted by a sorrow,  
The sweet earth floated in a gleaming morrow,

And joy welled through it from the heart  
divine.

Full of the word that made the sunlit weather,  
Full of the strength that holds the stars together,

White with the whiteness of the Holy Ghost,  
By all the forces of the day surrounded,  
Then rode he forth, his trump of onset sounded,  
All sacrosanct, a Knight of Pentecost.

*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD TENNYSON.

### AN EVENING AT THOMAS WOOLNER'S.

#### PREFATORY NOTE.



WHEN I was a young man of twenty-five, it was my good fortune to spend an evening in company with the great and noble poet whose loss all England is now deploring. I had a very retentive memory at that time, and was able afterward to write down accurately not only my impressions, but also the conversation which I heard. The manuscript has lain by me all these years, and though I have enjoyed many opportunities of conversing with Lord Tennyson, I never recorded so much of his talk as upon that first occasion. It seems so very long ago that I feel justified in publishing the passage from my diary just as it stands.

While doing so, I ought to pay a tribute here to the memory of our host of that evening, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, who died only a few weeks after Tennyson. Inspired by the early enthusiasm for nature of the Pre-raphaelite school, he broke away from the traditions of the English academic line of sculptors, and adopted a style of marked individuality. The realism of Woolner remained crude, imperfectly harmonized with motives of imaginative art. Still, he claims a place of honor for the sincerity of his aims and the honesty of his practice. We owe to him vivid portraits of some great Englishmen who will live forever in the Valhalla of the nation—Tennyson, F. D. Maurice, W. E. Gladstone, and others. Among my own cherished possessions I reckon a bust of my father chiseled by Woolner's hand.

The diary is dated Friday, December 8, 1865. Woolner's house was at 29 Welbeck street, London.

My father came to us this afternoon. He is going to dine with Woolner, to meet Tenny-

son, Gladstone, and Holman Hunt. I am to go in the evening at 9:30.

When I arrived at Woolner's, the maid said she supposed I was "for the gentlemen." On my replying "Yes," she showed me into the dining-room, where they were finishing dessert. Woolner sat, of course, at the bottom of the table, Tennyson on his left, my father on his right hand. Next Tennyson sat Gladstone, and Hunt next my father. I was seated in an arm-chair between Woolner and my father.

The conversation continued. They were talking about the Jamaica business, Gladstone bearing hard on Eyre, Tennyson excusing any cruelty in the case of putting down a savage mob. Gladstone had been reading official papers on the business all the morning, and just after I had entered said with an expression of intense gravity, "And that evidence wrung from a poor black boy with a revolver at his head!" He said this in an orator's tone, pity mingled with indignation, the pressure of the lips, the inclination of the head, the lifting of the eyes to heaven, all marking the man's moral earnestness. He has a face like a lion's; his head is small above it, though the forehead is broad and massive—something like Trajan's in its proportion to the features. Character, far more than intellect, strikes me in his physiognomy, and there is a remarkable duplicity of expression—iron, vise-like resolution combined with a subtle, mobile ingenuousness.

Tennyson did not argue. He kept asserting various prejudices and convictions. "We are too tender to savages; we are more tender to a black than to ourselves." "Niggers are tigers, niggers are tigers," in *obbligato, sotto voce*, to Gladstone's declamation. "But the Englishman is a cruel man—he is a strong man," put in Gladstone. My father illustrated this by stories of the Indian Mutiny. "That's not like Oriental cruelty," said Tennyson; "but I could not kill a cat, not the tom-cat who



scratches and miauls and keeps me awake" — thrown in with an indefinable impatience and rasping hatred. Gladstone looked glum and irate at this speech, thinking probably of Eyre. Then they turned to the insufficiency of evidence as yet in Eyre's case, and to other instances of his hasty butchery — the woman he hanged, though she was recommended to mercy by court-martial, because women had shown savageness in mutilating a corpse. "Because *women*, not the *woman* — and that, too, after being recommended to mercy by *court-martial*, and he holding the Queen's commission!" said Gladstone with the same hostile emphasis. The question of his personal courage came up. That, said Gladstone, did not prove his capability of remaining cool under, and dealing with, such special circumstances.

Anecdotes about sudden panics were related. Tennyson said to my father: "As far as I know my own temperament, I could stand any sudden thing; but give me an hour to reflect, and I should go here and go there, and all would be confused. If the fiery gulf of Curtius opened in the City, I would leap at once into it on horseback. But if I had to reflect on it, no — especially the thought of death — nothing can be weighed against that. It is the moral question, not the fear, which would perplex me. I have not got the English courage. I could not wait six hours in a square, expecting a battery's fire." Then stories of martial severity were told. My father repeated the anecdote of Bosquet in the Malakoff. Gladstone said Cialdini had shot a soldier for being without his regimental jacket. Tennyson put in, *sotto voce*, "If they shot paupers, perhaps they would n't tear up their clothes," and laughed very grimly.

Frank Palgrave here came in, a little man in morning dress, with short beard and mustache, well-cut features, a slight cast in his eye, an impatient, unsatisfied look, and some self-assertion in his manner. He directed the conversation to the subject of newspapers. Tennyson all the while kept drinking port, and glowering round the room through his spectacles. His mustache hides the play of his mouth, but, as far as I could see, that feature is as grim as the rest. He has cheek-bones carved out of iron. His head is domed, quite different from Gladstone's — like an Elizabethan head, strong in the coronal, narrow in the frontal regions, but very finely molded. It is like what Conington's head seems trying to be.

Something brought up the franchise. Tennyson said, "That's what we're coming to when we get your Reform Bill, Mr. Gladstone; not that I know anything about it." "No more does any man in England," said Gladstone, taking him up quickly, with a twinkling laugh; then

adding, "But I'm sorry to see you getting nervous." "Oh, I think a state in which every man would have a vote is the ideal. I always thought it might be realized in England, if anywhere, with our constitutional history. But how to do it?" Soon after came coffee. Tennyson grew impatient, moved his great gaunt body about, and finally was left to smoke a pipe. It is hard to fix the difference between the two men, both with their strong provincial accent — Gladstone with his rich, flexible voice, Tennyson with his deep drawl rising into an impatient falsetto when put out; Gladstone arguing, Tennyson putting in a prejudice; Gladstone asserting rashly, Tennyson denying with a bald negative; Gladstone full of facts, Tennyson relying on impressions; both of them humorous, but the one polished and delicate in repartee, the other broad and coarse and grotesque. Gladstone's hands are white and not remarkable, Tennyson's are huge, unwieldy, fit for molding clay or dough. Gladstone is in some sort a man of the world; Tennyson a child, and treated by Gladstone like a child.

Woolner played the host well, with great simplicity. His manner was agreeably subdued. He burst into no unseasonable fits of laughing, no self-assertive anecdotes. Palgrave rasped a little. Hunt was silent. My father made a good third to the two great people. I was like a man hearing a concerto: Gladstone first violin, my father second violin, Tennyson violoncello, Woolner bass viol, Palgrave viola, and perhaps Hunt a second but very subordinate viola.

When we left the dining-room we found Mrs. Woolner and her sister, Miss Waugh (engaged to Holman Hunt), in the drawing-room. Miss Waugh, though called "the goddess," is nowise unapproachable. She talked of Japanese fans like a common mortal. Mrs. Woolner is a pretty little maidenly creature, who seems to have walked out of a missal margin.

Woolner gave Gladstone a manuscript book to read containing translations from the Iliad by Tennyson. Gladstone read it by himself till Tennyson appeared. Then Woolner went to him and said, "You will read your translation, won't you?" And Palgrave, "Come you! A shout in the trench!" "No, I sha'n't," said Tennyson in a pettish voice, standing in the room, and jerking his arms and body from the hips. "No, I sha'n't read it. It's only a little thing. Must be judged by comparison with the Greek. Can be appreciated only by knowing the difficulties overcome." Then, seeing the manuscript in Gladstone's hand, "This is n't fair; no, this is n't fair." He took it away, and nothing could pacify him. "I meant to read it to Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Symonds." My father urged him to no purpose, told him he would be reading to an intelligent audience; but he cried, "Yes, you

and Gladstone; but the rest don't understand it." "Here's my son, an Oxford first-class man." "Oh, I should be afraid of him." Then my father talked to him about his poems — "Mariana in the Moated Grange." This took them to the Lincolnshire flats, as impressive in their extent of plain as mountain heights. My father tried to analyze the physical conditions of ideas of size, but Tennyson preferred fixing his mind on the ideas themselves. "I do not know whether to think the universe great or little. When I think about it, it seems now one and now the other. What makes its greatness? Not one sun or one set of suns, or is it the whole together?" Then, to illustrate his sense of size, he pictured a journey through space like Jean Paul Richter's, leaving first one galaxy or spot of light behind him, then another, and so on through infinity. Then, about matter. Its incognizability puzzled him. "I cannot form the least notion of a brick. I don't know what it is. It's no use talking about atoms, extension, color, weight. I cannot penetrate the brick. But I have far more distinct ideas of God, of love, and such emotions. I can sympathize with God in my poor way. The human soul seems to me always in some way — how, we do not know — identical with God. That's the value of prayer. Prayer is like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels." Then of eternity and creation: "Huxley says we may have come from monkeys. That makes no difference to me. If it is God's way of creation, he sees the whole, past, present, and future, as one." Then of morality: "I cannot but think moral good is the crown of man. But what is it without immortality? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. If I knew the world were coming to an end in six hours, would I give my money to a starving beggar? No; if I did not believe myself immortal. I have sometimes thought men of sin might destroy their immortality. The eternity of punishment is quite incredible. Christ's words were parables to suit the sense of the times." Further of morality: "There are some young men who try to do away with morality. They say, 'We won't be moral.' Comte, I believe, and perhaps Mr. Grote, too, deny that immortality has anything to do with being moral." Then from material to moral difficulties: "Why do mosquitos exist? I believe that after God had made his world the devil began and added something."

A move was made into the dining-room. Tennyson had consented to read his translations to Gladstone and my father. I followed them, and sat unperceived behind them. He began by reading in a deep bass growl the passage of Achilles shouting in the trench. Gladstone continually interrupted him with small points about words. He has a combative

House-of-Commons mannerism, which gives him the appearance of thinking too much about himself. It was always to air some theory of his own that he broke Tennyson's recital; and he seemed listening only in order to catch something up. Tennyson invited criticism.

Tennyson was sorely puzzled about the variations in Homeric readings and interpretations. "They change year after year. What we used to think right in my days I am told is all wrong. What is a poor translator to do?" But he piqued himself very much on his exact renderings. "These lines are word for word. You could not have a closer translation: one poet could not express another better. There! those are good lines." Gladstone would object: "But you will say 'Jove' and 'Greeks.' Can't we have 'Zeus' and 'Achæans'?"

"But the sound of Jove! Jove is much softer than Zeus — Zeus — Zeus."

"Well, Mr. Worsley gives us Achæans."

"Mr. Worsley has chosen a convenient long meter; he can give you Achæans, and a great deal else."

Much was said about the proper means of getting a certain pause; how to give equivalent suggestive sounds, and so on. Some of the points which rose between the recitations I will put down.

*Τανύτεπλος* — My father asked why Gladstone translated this "round-limbed." He answered that he had the notion of "lateral extension" of the robe, since a long trailing dress was not Achæan, but Ionian. Homer talks of the Ionians, *ἐλαχέτωρες*. Tennyson did not heed this supersubtle rendering, but said, "Ah! there's nothing more romantic than the image of these women floating along the streets of Troy with their long dresses flying out behind them. Windy Troy! I dare say it was not windier than other places, but it stood high, open to the air. As a schoolboy, I used to see them. A boy of course imagines something like a modern town."

*Φοιβεὸς αἶα* — My father instanced this as a curious fixed epithet, and incongruous for a burial-field of battle. Gladstone objected that it was not a common epithet. He and Tennyson agreed in the pathos which it strikes by way of contrast with death. The exactness of Homer's epithets — not nearly so fixed and formal as supposed.

*Γλαυκῶπις* — Tennyson translated this "gray-eyed," in the Shaksperian meaning of "blue-eyed." Gladstone said it ought to be "bright-eyed." Homer knew nothing about colors: the human eye had not yet learned to distinguish colors. Question raised whether it were not that the nomenclature of colors had not yet been perfected. Gladstone preferred to think that the sense itself had not been edu-



cated to perceive colors. No green in Homer—*χλωρῆς ἀγρῶν* means truly “the nightingale that loves the greenwood.” But this is a rare instance, and the idea of greenness is not predominant. [Query, whether this has not reference to the color of the bird itself. Scholiast says, ἡ ἐν χλωροῖς διατρέβουσα: Liddell and Scott add, “but wrongly.”] Again, *πορφύρεος* means simply dark-brown or blue; even *ιοειδής* is applied to sheep. [Query, what *ἰον* really meant—a violet? or some other flower?] There was, of course, some probability in this argument; but Gladstone overworked it, and denied that even Egyptians understood color, who, however, in frescos at least as old as Homer, as my father suggested, evinced a most accurate sense of color. [E.g., the Negroes, Nubians, and Assyrians, black, red, and yellow, under Rameses; even complexions finely distinguished—the different colors of the lotus, etc. On the other hand, they paint some skins of men blue.] It seemed as if Gladstone were a champion in the medieval schools, throwing down theses and defending them for pure argument’s sake, not for any real love of truth—a dangerous quality in a statesman, and apt to make him an untrustworthy debater. The only contribution I made to this discussion on color was to quote the fragment from Xenophanes about the rainbow.

*Καλλιτέρες ἵπποι*—Tennyson rendered “beauteous horses.” He thought it meant sleek, etc.; might have said “fair-haired,” but wanted same quality of sound which beauteous had. Gladstone said what had occurred to me, that *καλλιτέρες* was meant as a picturesque epithet, to describe the flowing mane of the horses as they stopped suddenly and turned, affrighted by the shout of Achilles. This seemed supersubtle.

*Ἥδδα, φθέγγετο*—Tennyson had made the first *spoke*, the second *shouted*. Gladstone said, “I think rightly, that it ought to have been *ἀπάτερθε*.” What did this exactly mean? Tennyson had an image of Pallas standing above Achilles with her *ægis*, and shouting above him—but he had been told *ἀπάτερθε* meant a sort of echo from behind doubling her voice.

Difficulty of getting Homer’s meaning. The old conventional translations. *Αἰζηῖος*, Gladstone said, used to be rendered *youth*; ought to be *able-bodied man*; from youth, when the scepter is taken into a prince’s hand, to old age, when he puts his garden-gloves on, like *Laertes*, and leaves it to his son. Tennyson instanced *γέφυρα*, “bridge, ridge, bridge, ridge,” in successive editions of Liddell and Scott.

Other points:

(1.) Gladstone said Virgil had misrepresented Homer intentionally; had used him, but altered, so that we could gain nothing from reading Homer in Virgil’s light.

(2.) His deep meaning. Gladstone thought a special significance might be found in the list of Thetis’s nymphs. They have pure Greek names, whereas Nereus was an old non-Hellenic Pelasgic god. Homer, Hellenizing Thetis, the mother of his Greek hero Achilles, invents a train of pure Greek ladies for her. He never mentions Nereus by name, calls him “the old man,” keeps him in the background. Is not this supersubtle? He was angry with Lord Derby for cutting up these names.

(3.) “Lord Derby’s not blank verse; prose divided into five beats.” Said to have been improvised as the mood seized him, and wondered at by some people accordingly.

(4.) Could Homer be got into hexameters? Tennyson repeated some quantitative hexameters, “beastly bad,” which he had made. English people could not understand quantity. “I showed ’em to a man, Allingham; he wanted to scan ’em; could n’t see they had quantity.” Gladstone observed that modern Greek readings of Homer must be all wrong. We have lost accent, which was not emphasis, but arsis and thesis of voice. At end of word, e.g., the grave becomes the acute, and the voice is raised. There are three parts in pronunciation: time, emphasis, and pitch.

Palgrave suggested a translation of Homer into biblical prose. He began it. Jowett dissuaded him, saying he thought he had not enough command of English. [How like Jowett!] “Rather disparaging to you,” said Tennyson.

Tennyson said he had read the “Odyssey” offhand in old English to his wife. “And it struck me I did it very well.”

(5.) Real difficulty of translation. No two languages hit each other off. Both have some words “like shot silk” [Tennyson’s metaphor, good]. These cannot be rendered. We can never quite appreciate another nation’s poetry on this account. Gave as an instance the end of “Enoch Arden,” “calling of the sea,” a phrase well known to sailors, for a clear night with a sea-sound on the shore in calm. A German translator rendered it “geschrei,” which suggested storm, etc., wrongly. He meant a big voice of the sea, but coming through the calm. [The Venetian sailors say, “Chiamo il mare.”]

Gladstone, just before we parted, said he always slept well. He had only twice been kept awake by the exertion of a great speech in the House. On both occasions the recollection that he had made a misquotation haunted him.

At about one we broke up. Gladstone went off first. My father and I walked about the studio, then shook hands with Tennyson, and got home.

## MY LAST INTERVIEW WITH LORD TENNYSON.

THE last time I saw Tennyson was on August 28, 1892, not quite six weeks before his death. Fortunately, I related what happened in a letter to my daughter, from which I will now proceed to make extracts.

Angelo (my Venetian gondolier) and I came here (Haslemere) yesterday; and to-day we walked over with our host to Aldworth. It was a lovely day, after storm and rain. The road leads through a lane overarched with witch-elms, up to moorland deep in purple heath and bracken. The prospect from those ridgy hills included the whole weald of Sussex, with Fairlight just visible above Hastings at one end of the horizon, and Leith Hill at the other. Surveyed in a straight line, the extent is said to be sixty miles. The whole panorama — so green, so violet, so blue, so dappled with cloud-shadows, so diversified by heavy-tinted copses, meadows, yellow corn-fields — lies stretched out before the windows and the terraces of Aldworth. The house, embosomed in trees, and thickly planted with conifers, seems to be suspended on a steep descending slope.

We left Angelo in the shrubbery, and were taken up to Mr. and Mrs. Hallam Tennyson's sitting-room. After a few minutes' conversation, we went down to Lord Tennyson's study, a large room longer than its breadth. He was sitting near a window at one end of a wide lounge-sofa; shawls over his knees, and a velvet-skull-cap defining the massive, nobly sculptured bones of his forehead. He welcomed me very kindly as an old friend, and began immediately to talk of former meetings. I reminded him how he once asked me at Farringford what I thought Shakspeare meant by "long purples" in the speech about *Ophelia's* death, and how I promptly answered "arums" to his satisfaction. "Aye, aye; you were right. I think he meant jack-in-the-box" (a name I had not heard before for "lords and ladies"); "but I have used the word in my poetry to signify a hedgerow vetch with trailing lilac flowers." We also spoke about the daisies on the lawn at Farringford, and how a lady's skirts sweeping over these flowers will make them bend their heads, and show the crimson of their under petals — a fact recorded in that line of "Maud":

For her feet have touched the meadows  
And left the daisies rosy.

He showed me a French translation of "Enoch Arden," which was intended to be used in schools by teachers of English. This led him to discuss grammar. "I don't understand English grammar. Take *sea-change*. Is *sea* here a

substantive used adjectively, or what? What is the logic of a phrase like *Catholic-Disabilities Annulling Bill*? Does *invalid chair-maker* mean that the chair-maker is a sickly fellow?" Apropos of the French book, he repeated Renan's story about himself and the Breton landlady, winding up: "She made me pay her bill, though. Renan was wrong there." Then we got on to English meters, how they had never yet been reduced to rules of prosody. "True; and just as I don't understand English grammar, so I don't understand English verse." "For one man who can read poetry, there are a hundred who can whistle a tune. I heard some one the other day read out that line of mine — beneath a picture of Lear's — *Lit by a large low moon*. The proper accents are, of course, on *lit* and *large*." I remarked how, in spite of the English heroic line being described as an iambic, you could often find only one iamb, and that at the end. I quoted from his own "Lucretius":

Ruining along the illimitable inane.

"True," he said; "but you will find five beats." I replied that there sometimes seemed to me to be but three beats in a blank verse, and instanced from "Paradise Regained":

Lancelot, and Pelleas, and Pellenore.

He admitted there were only three strong beats, and repeated a line of his own from one of the "Idyls of the King" constructed on the same type as Milton's. The verse in question is repeated several times in "The Coming of Arthur":

Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere.

"But you must be sure to say Pellenôre, Pellenôre," he added.

Then he began to talk of Milton and Virgil, reciting passages from both to show how the English poet had modeled the pauses and cadence of his blank verse upon the Latin hexameter. "Strange, considering the difference between the languages and meters." Next he told me that he was going to write a poem on Bruno; and Hallam showed me the seventh volume of my "Renaissance in Italy," which they had been reading together. He asked whether I could understand Bruno's attitude toward Christianity. I tried to express what men like Pomponazzi, and Bruno himself before the Venetian Inquisition, maintained about the possibility of speculating like a skeptic and believing like a churchman. Tennyson observed that Bruno's great discovery was the infinity of the universe, filled with solar systems like our own, all penetrated with the divine life. "That con-



ception must react on Christianity—I mean its creed and dogma; its morality will always remain invulnerable.” Somebody had told him that astronomers could calculate 550,000,000 solar systems. “There is no reason why each of these should not have one planet inhabited by people like ourselves. Then see what becomes of the sacrifice for fallen man upon this little earth!” At this point a neighbor, dressed in a very neat suit of lavender-colored cloth, came in. “How d’ ye do?” said Tennyson. “You look like the gray dawn, so fresh and clean!” We all laughed; and he went on: “Well, so you do. Look at those fellows [myself and my friend], how dingy they are!” The conversation turned on Ireland and Gladstone. Tennyson disbelieves in Home Rule, and thinks Gladstone mischievous in politics. In his view, the Irish are the people least capable of political freedom and self-management under the sun. It was nearly time to go, when he accused me of having said he borrowed his *Margery* from *Dame Quickly*. I had forgotten utterly what and who his *Margery* is,—a character of one of the plays, I suppose,—and protested that I never said anything of the sort. “Oh, but you did. I have got the article in print, signed by your name, and pasted into that book yonder.” This proves me, if it be so, to be an “irresponsible reviewer” with a vengeance; for I cannot remember *Margery*, or my remarks upon her at all, *at all*. Then the great man wanted to see Angelo, whom I called up from the shrubbery. He looked very soldierly and

<sup>1</sup> “This gentleman, Angelo, is the greatest poet of England—perhaps of the world. Never forget this moment.”

handsome in his gondolier’s costume, bending over the poet’s outstretched hand, and kissing the long, shapely fingers. I said in Italian: “Questo signore, Angelo, è il più grande poeta di Inghilterra—forse del mondo. Non ti scordar mai di questo momento.”<sup>1</sup> “Eh? What’s that you’re saying to the fellow?” asked the bard. I repeated my words in English, and he looked as though he thought I had not overshot the mark. He then asked me about Davos, and said he had once been in Chur, but could remember nothing there except a grotesque incident in the hotel corridor. That was after crossing the Splügen, as recorded in “The Daisy.” This beautiful poem, so original in rhythm and so perfect in its succession of carefully executed landscape-vignettes, is comparatively little known, I think; which justifies me perhaps in citing the stanza in question:

What more? we took our last adieu,  
And up the snowy Splügen drew,  
But ere we reached the highest summit  
I plucked a daisy, I gave it you.

Angelo seemed to remind him of Italy, and he suddenly exclaimed: “All the Tennysons have big calves. My brother was bathing at Naples, and as he came up the hotel-steps in his bathing costume, a maid cried out: “Santissima Madonna, che gambe!” The impression left on me by this visit to Lord Tennyson was of a vigorous and green old age, full of cheer and interest and humor, intellectually acute as ever. He complained only of a chronic cough and of gout in the jaws, which made mastication painful.

John Addington Symonds.

## TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE land whose loveliness in verse of thine  
Shows lovelier yet than prank’d on Nature’s page  
Shall prove *thy* poet in some future age,  
Sing thee—*her* poet—not in measured line  
Or metric stave, but music more benign;  
Shall point to British Galahads who wage  
Battle on wrong; to British maids who gage,  
Like Agnes, heart and hope to love divine.  
Worn men like thy Ulysses, scorning fear,  
Shall tempt strange seas beneath an alien star;  
Old men from honored homes and faces dear  
Summoned by death to realms unknown and far  
Thy “Silent Voices” from on high shall hear;  
With happier auspice cross the “Harbour Bar.”

# AN EMBASSY TO PROVENCE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, SÔCI DÒU FÉLIBRIGE,

Author of "Stories of Old New Spain," "The Uncle of an Angel," "Color Studies," etc.,

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

## PART FOURTH.

I.



HAT we should go to the Fountain of Vaucluse was a matter of necessity. As the ambassadors of a poet we were, in a sense, poets ourselves; and for even a vicarious poet to be within a dozen miles of this time-honored shrine of poetic love and yet not visit it would be a sort of negative sacrilege, an outrage of neglect.

To be sure, as troubadours, we were disposed to look with but little favor upon the chillingly precise verses which the calm Petrarch addressed to his calm Laura; to regard somewhat disdainfully an ardor so prudently iced. But — whether we approved or disapproved of his methods of love-making — the fact remained that this Signor Petrarch merited some token of outward respect from us, for the reason that he belonged to our brotherhood, and was one of ourselves. Therefore we decided that before going to Saint-Remy and to Salon we would bear away eastward to the Fountain of Vaucluse, and pay his memory a passing call.

La Ponette and the shabby little carriage were brought forth from the stables of the Hôtel de l'Europe — which we were led to infer from the hostler's supercilious air had been somewhat contaminated by giving shelter to our poverty-stricken equipage. On the other hand, had the humble Ponette known how lordly a price we paid for her subsistence in this aristocratic establishment, I am confident that her short and very thick head would have been completely turned. That our own heads were a little turned by the parallel process in our own case is undeniable. For several days after emerging from our golden and crimson quarters we maintained the fiction that we were ticket-of-leave sovereigns, and made a point of addressing each other as "Your Grace."

Amidst the open smiles of the waiters, stable-boys, and other hangers-on of the Hôtel de

l'Europe, we drove forth from the courtyard, and shaped our course — having a cargo of books to pick up at Roumanille's shop — for the Rue St. Agricole. All the members of the household flocked out to feast their eyes upon our car of state drawn by our gallant steed. As I close my eyes I can see Roumanille leaning for support against the door-jamb, and I can hear the ring of his laugh. We had endeavored to prepare him for the spectacle; but he told us frankly, in a voice broken with emotion, that what he had regarded as efforts of our imagination had given him but a feeble notion of the truth. But Roumanille was forced to admit — as we stowed the books in the locker beneath the seat, and disposed of the big package of photographs between the apron and the dash-board — that a good deal was to be said in favor of our conveyance on the score of practical convenience. What it seemed to lack, he said, was style.

Our parting that day was only temporary. We were to come back presently — traveling like ordinary mortals in an ordinary railway-carriage — for a long visit. Therefore we said *au revoir* with good heart, and got under way without regret — Roumanille standing out on the pavement, still laughing, until the turn into the Cours de la République hid him from our sight.

Over our passage down this street, the Broadway of Avignon, I draw a veil. It is sufficient to say that we attracted more attention, a great deal more, than our modesty desired. It was with a sigh of relief that we passed the city gate, and so came in a few minutes into the quiet country road leading eastward to L'Isle-sur-Sorgue. There are times in one's life, and this was one of them, when the grateful vacancy of the country brings rest and soothing to the mind harried by a city's noise and crowd.

Our way led eastward; but we actually took a route southeastward, that we might spend a few hours in the gay company of the swiftest and most joyous river in all Europe, the Durance. It was a charming road, this, that led us through parks and gardens from the outer edge of the valley to the riverside. Great trees



arched over us; pollard willows were ranged along the irrigating canals in unending lines; the soft gurgling sound of flowing water filled the air. Now and then we met or passed a friendly traveler with whom we exchanged greetings. From an old stone gateway, just touched by a sunbeam that penetrated the thick foliage above it, a little girl came out and held up for our admiration her new doll—a very Sheban of a doll, dressed in vivid yellow and girded with a scarlet sash. The Ponette jogged along in her own slow way, and we did not hurry her. Had she known our humor, she would have turned it to her private profit by going at a walk.

About noon, swinging away to the north, we parted company with the Durance at Bonpas. It is a silk-factory, now, this ancient abbey—a change fit to make the dust of Simon Langham, the Archbishop of Canterbury who built the abbey church, compact itself again and arise in the shape of a curse. The Bridge-building Brothers threw a bridge of stone across the river here; but the river promptly threw it off again, and its several successors after it. Now, quite in keeping with the silk-factory, the stream is spanned by a suspension-bridge—the only sort of structure that this light-hearted devil of a river does not sooner or later get the better of.

Across the valley, a couple of miles away, is Noves, where of old Laura lived. For a moment we hung in the wind, at the fork of the road, while we debated the propriety of turning aside to visit her former habitation. But Laura is distinctly a second-rate personage. The best that can be said of her is that she was the consignee of Petrarch's verses. The debate was a short one.

"We cannot be at the mercy of every whiff of Fancy's breeze," said the Ambassador.

"We must occasionally be firm to our intentions," said the Ambassadors.

And, having uttered these resolute words of wisdom, we turned our backs upon Noves and Laura, and bore away for Thor. We had been assured, I may say in passing, that in Thor, at the little Hôtel de Notre Dame, we should get a good breakfast; had we possessed a like assurance in regard to the breakfast possibilities of Noves, the case thus decided against Laura might have gone differently.

## II.

MIDWAY in the village of Thor the highway takes a sharp turn; and just in its bend, so that the traveler cannot possibly miss it, is the hospitably open entrance to the Hôtel de Notre Dame. A woman nursing a plump baby rose to greet us as we drove in, and a stern hostler—hav-

ing the look and manner of Prince Bismarck—came forth from the stable and took charge of the mare. That we might wash away the dust of our journey, we were shown to a little box of a bedroom. All the floors were of stone; the steps of the narrow stair were of stone, worn deeply; and in keeping with this fine flavor of antiquity was the garnishing of the kitchen fireplace with delightful tiles. Excepting the new humanity that had come into it, I doubt if there had been the smallest change in this whole establishment for a round two hundred years. The baby was very new indeed, and his young mother thought the world of him. She held him on one arm during most of the time that she was engaged in getting breakfast ready, but popped him down anywhere, on the table or into a basket half filled with potatoes, when she required the use of both hands. When at last breakfast was served, he was stowed away in a big cradle in one corner of the dining-room.

Four people breakfasted with us; but they all were shy and taciturn, and only one of them—a carter in his shirt-sleeves—looked interesting. Had we been alone with the carter, we should have made friends with him; but he was oppressed, as we were, by the chill presence of the other half of our company, and devoted his large mouth solely to eating and drinking. Yet was he naturally a voluble man, and with a fine loud voice: as we knew—a moment after he had bolted his last mouthful and had left the table with a jerky bow—by hearing him roaring away in animated talk with Prince Bismarck outside.

On the wall of the dining-room was a notice stating that the Mayor of Thor had the honor to inform the public that the annual market of grapes of all qualities would be held in the commune, at the accustomed place, on the 25th of August and the 15th of October, proximo. All about the town were vineyards, and the crisp aromatic smell of the ripening grapes hung heavy in the air. At the little café, whither we went when our breakfast was ended, the old man who served us spoke of the vintage with enthusiasm. The vines had done well, wonderfully well, he said. A great harvest was assured. "And when our grapes are good," he added jollily, "we laugh and jingle our money in our pockets through all the rest of the year."

He was charmingly talkative, this old man—quite unlike the sad company at breakfast that had erected a chill barrier of silence between the carter and ourselves. My pipe appealed to him. "It is a fine large pipe that monsieur smokes," he said cordially. "And is it really so light as they say, this German clay? Will monsieur indeed permit me? . . . Mon Dieu,

how light! What a wonder of a pipe it is!" After the severe repression to which our natures had been subjected at breakfast, coming into the presence of this genial old man was like coming forth into sunshine from a cold, dark room.

While the Ponette rested — what she had to rest from Heaven only knows; in all the morning she had covered only eight or ten miles — we paid our respects to the unknown architect who seven hundred years ago built the church for which Thor ever since has been famed. This duty to art and antiquity being discharged, we ascended into our chariot, and then the Ponette's scarcely perceptible progress detached us gently from Thor, and set us adrift in the direction of L'Isle-sur-Sorgue.

From the one town to the other is but a step. Even the Ponette could not make a journey of it. By mid-afternoon we were bowling along the shady main street, beside the main channel of the Sorgue, at a spirited walk; and so came gallantly to the door of the Hôtel St. Martin. It is customary for visitors to the Fountain of Vaucluse to stop at the Hôtel de Pétrarque-et-Laure; but in our case — apart from our coolness toward those cool lovers — there was so much of appositeness in finding shelter for ourselves and our beggarly equipage at a hotel presided over by St. Martin that we did not hesitate for a moment in making our choice.

### III.

L'ISLE is nothing less than a fascination — a tiny Venice, without the bad smells. The Sorgue, outflowing from the near-by Fountain of Vaucluse, divides above the town into three channels, which below it are united again into a single stream. Upon the northern island, and around about it, the town is built. The main stream, at its widest but a couple of rods across, shaded by ancient trees, flows beside the highway — which also is the principal street of the town. Stone bridges span it here and there; broad flights of stone steps, with the look of having escaped from a drop-curtain, lead down to its margin and are thronged with operatic washerwomen; huge undershot wheels slowly revolve in it (a good deal of unpoetic carpet-weaving is done here), and suggest melodramatic possibilities of a comfortably shuddering sort — there being always about a great water-wheel something very horrible that sends a chill to one's heart. The southern branch flows along the town's outskirts; and the northern, not more than six or eight feet wide, runs in a strait channel between the houses and even under them — with doors and windows opening upon the stream. All day long the cool sound of rippling water is in the air; and its lulling

tinkle comes soothingly across the soft silence of the night.

It was the boast of the people of L'Isle in former times — before the Fountain of Vaucluse had had thrust upon it a desecrating paper-mill — that they could sit at their ease in their houses and fish for trout and eels through their open doors. Noble traditions survive of these dainties, and of a certain delicate variety of cray-fish, with which the Sorgue did once abound. According to the guide-books and the hotel people, the Sorgue abounds with them still; and the representative of St. Martin even went so far as to assure us that the specimens served for our delectation had come from the river to the pan with but a single bound. Yet, in point of fact, because of that vile paper-mill, the fish of the Sorgue are all as dead as Julius Cæsar. The hotel fish really come from the Gardon, — clear on the other side of the Rhône, — and do their bounding by rail. This painful secret was imparted to us by the proprietor of the café: an intelligent young man who had no motive for abetting the local fiction, and whose business was of a sort to set him a little at odds with the proprietors of the hotels.

### IV.

WHILE these facts in regard to the migrant nature of the fish of L'Isle were being confided to us, — we were taking our after-dinner coffee, — a man passed by beating loudly upon a drum. His untempered music, we found, was the announcement of a play to be given that very evening in an open-air theater down by the water-side in the rear of our hotel. The players, said our young man, were the wreckage of a strolling company that had gone to pieces in L'Isle a month or two before; they gave occasional performances to keep themselves alive until some happy turn of fortune should enable them to get away.

As we found when we had come to it, this open-air theater justified its name. The stage was a raised and covered platform, with a practicable curtain; but the seats, cut off from the rest of the universe by a wooden fence, had between them and the sky only some chance branches of trees. The best seats — two rows of chairs which stood in front of the eight or ten lines of benches without backs — cost twenty centimes. We unhesitatingly paid our eight cents, and took places in the front row.

There were six players, all told, and the cast included seven characters. In the first act the *Villain* — quite a desperate villain — very properly was killed; but in the second act he confused us by reappearing — it was the same man in precisely the same costume — alive and well. As the play went on, however, we





L'ISLE-SUR-SORGUE.

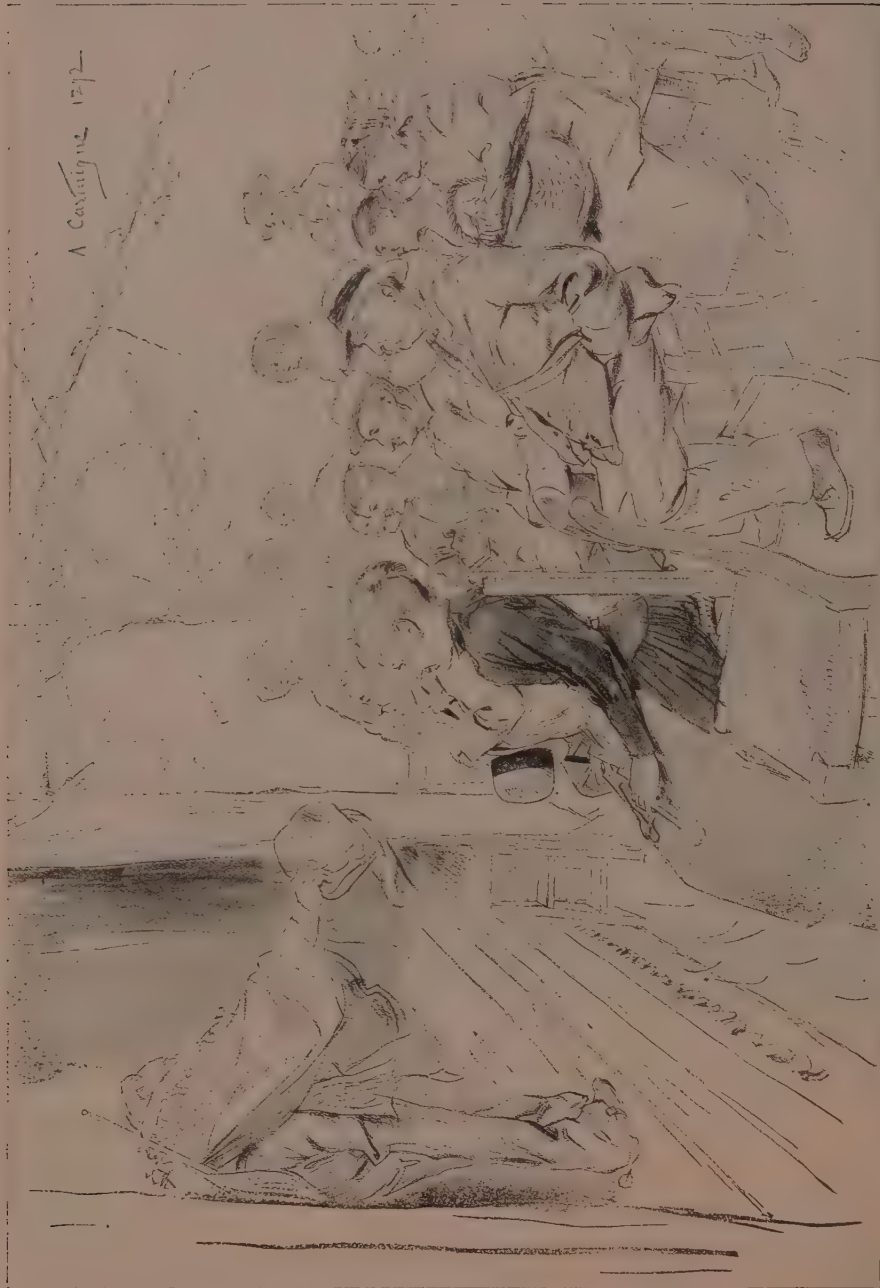
ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

discovered that he had ceased to be the *Villain*, and at a stroke had become his own uncle and the respectable father of the *Marchioness*. We inferred that there was a shortness in the wardrobe as well as in the company; and this probability was emphasized by the references in the lines to the somber black in which the *Marchioness* was clad—when, actually, that interesting widow was arrayed in a gown of exceptionally bright blue.

Between the tragedy and the farce the *In-génue* came out among the audience and supplemented the gate-money by taking up a collection

in a tin box, her efforts being most pointedly directed to squeezing something out of the crowd that was massed outside the railing and had not paid anything at all. The *Duenna*, not cast in the farce, resumed possession of her brace of children, who had been in the care of friends on the benches, and went home with them when the tragedy was at an end. We heard her say something about breakfast the next day and a pot of tripe. At the end of the performance the *Tyrant* made us all a handsome speech of thanks, and announced that on the ensuing Thursday the company would have the honor

A Cassinette 12/2-



THE OPEN AIR THEATER.

of presenting the tragedy of "Jeanne d'Arc," to be followed by a side-splitting farce. I was disposed to arise in my place and to assure the *Tyrant* that for ourselves the obligation was wholly on our side. It was a longing of our hearts realized—this veritable bit out of "Le Capitaine Fracasse."

## V.

BEFORE returning to our quarters, we walked for a while in the starlight beside the Sorgue, seeking to attune our souls by its rippling music to the key of poesy fitting to the pilgrimage on the ensuing day to the Fountain of Vaucluse. In this endeavor we succeeded so well that I was beginning to put together an apostrophic sonnet to Laura and Petrarch, when sleep overtook me and obliterated the concluding ten of the necessary fourteen lines. And then, at five o'clock in the morning, came the proprietor of the Hôtel St. Martin, with violent knockings, to inform me that the Ponette had developed a severe colic and was in a very bad way indeed!

For all the remainder of my days the Fountain of Vaucluse will be associated in my mind with the keen internal miseries of that dull little mare. Never will I hear a reference to Laura and Petrarch without instantly remembering the unpoetic nature of my frequent conferences with the veterinary surgeon, who was the better, as I was the worse, on each of these occasions by two francs.

It was the late Lord Verulam who made the astute observation (in his essay "Of Seditions and Troubles") that "the rebellions of the belly are the worst." But even my Lord Verulam, who was blessed with a fine vein of fancy, never imagined a rebellion of this nature at so inopportune a time. Instead of reveling in a luxury of poetic reminiscence, I was forced to dwell upon the prosaic details of equine pathology; while a haunting dread beset me of what would happen should the sluggish soul of the Ponette separate itself from her sluggish body, and so bring me to a direful reckoning with Noé Mourgue at Nîmes!

Happily for me, the Ponette was endowed with so vigorous a constitution that she did not succumb to her painful disorder. By the ensuing morning she practically was well again, the veterinary surgeon assured me; and as his interest was wholly against this statement, I did not doubt that he spoke the truth. But it was with chastened spirits that we drove her gingerly to the Fountain of Vaucluse; and our conversation turned not upon Laura and Petrarch, but upon the possible further internal disturbances of the mare. Positively, it made me nervous when she but twitched her ears!

Yet, in despite of these painful memories of

the trials and tribulations which befell me there, I think of L'Isle-sur-Sorgue only with an affectionate tenderness. It possesses a beautiful old church, it is renowned for the excellence of its dried fruits, and there is in its composition a most wonderful mingling of sparkling water and sparkling sunshine. These merits are considerable; but its greater merit, wherein lies its especial charm for me, is its habit of repose. I never have known a town where a larger proportion of the townsfolk seemed to have so comfortably little to do. Their capacity for being negatively busy—that is to say, for consciously and deliberately doing nothing: a very different thing from mere idleness—is nothing short of ideal. During the three days of our sojourn there some masons were making believe to be at work upon repairs to the wall of the main canal—close beside an old stone bridge whereon was cast by a great plane-tree growing beside it a rest-inviting shade. All day long relays of the townspeople accepted the invitation of the plane-tree and sat upon the parapet of the bridge, watching with an intelligently languid interest the masons keeping up their show of toil. Sometimes the members of these self-appointed committees fairly went to sleep. But it was only by looking closely that their somnolence was apparent—so exquisite, even in their wisest wakefulness, was their repose. A town like that is a bulwark of civilization, against which the Huns and Goths of our era, whose barbaric war-cry is "Haste!" may strive in vain.

## VI.

SALON, where dwelt of old the prophet Nos-tradamus, lies due south of L'Isle at a distance of twenty miles. But by going along two sides of a triangle, only thirty miles or so out of the direct way, we were able to lay a course through Saint-Remy and Les Baux that was much more to our minds. Our visit to Salon was a matter of diplomatic necessity—to the end that, as Ambassadors, we might wait upon the chief citizen of that town: Monsieur Antoine Blaise Crousillat, oldest of all the *Félibres*, to whom his brethren have given the affectionate title of dean of their poetic guild.

Early in the morning I held a final conference (at the regular two-franc rate) with the veterinary surgeon; received his positive assurance that the revolt in the interior of the Ponette was wholly quelled; and by seven o'clock we were on the road. We started at this untoward hour partly because we expected to drive far that day, and partly because the Ponette's physician in ordinary had warned us against pushing her at too great a speed. Little did this man know about her, or never would he have coupled her name with so vivacious a





MARIUS GIRARD.

word! His counsel was delivered in her presence, and she very obviously made a note of it for her own purposes. That day she outdid herself in prodigies of laziness, and whenever I ventured mildly to remonstrate with her, she would give a warning quiver to her fat flanks which thrilled us with alarm. She was dull, the Ponette, but not stupid—oh, no!

Although the landscape may be said to have clung to our chariot wheels with an affectionate

persistence, we did actually advance. By nine o'clock we were in Cavaillon—a bowery little town, in all this part of France famous for its melons. The elder Dumas made a solemn gift of his collected works to the municipality of Cavaillon, on the express condition that every year he should receive a tribute of its melons; which tribute—it was a good business transaction for the novelist, for in Paris the melons of Cavaillon are fruit of price—was paid regu-

larly until the contract was liquidated by his death. By ten o'clock we had crossed the Durançe; and a little before noon we gently edged our way into Saint-Remy — when the Ponette, being of a gluttonous habit, suddenly snuffed at possibilities of breakfast, and brought us almost at a trot into the *remise* of the Hôtel du Cheval Blanc.

It is a delightful old tavern, this: with narrow stairways of stone, crooked passages of various

backed in a practical fashion her display of hospitality by giving us a breakfast fit for the Lords of Baux.

Most gentle is the business carried on by the people of Saint-Remy: the raising of flowers and the sale of their seed. All around the town are fields of flowers; and the flowers are suffered to grow to full maturity, and then to die their own sweet death, to the end that their seed may be garnered and sold abroad. Everywhere delicate odors floated about us in the air; and, although our coming was in August, bright colors still mingled everywhere with the green of leaves and grass. Insensibly, their gracious manner of earning a livelihood has reacted upon the people themselves; the folk of Saint-Remy are notable for their gentleness and kindness even among their gentle and kindly fellows of Provence. We understood better Roumanille's beautiful nature when we thus came to know the town of gardens wherein he was born, and we also appreciated more keenly the verse — in his exquisite little poem to his mother — in which he chronicles his birth:

In a farm-house hidden in the midst of apple-trees,

On a beautiful morning in harvest-time,  
I was born to a gardener and a gardener's wife  
In the gardens of Saint-Remy.

In Saint-Remy was born, and now dwells (though we were not so fortunate, on this occasion, as to encounter him), still another poet: Monsieur Marius Girard, Syndic des Félibres de Provence, Félibre majoral, Maître en Gai-savoir, Chevalier of the Order of Charles III. of Spain — who especially is the laureate of the mountains near which he lives. Into his "Lis Aupiho" he has gathered the many strange legends of the Alpines, and has enhanced the value of his poetry by his scholarly researches into the curious history and sociology of this isolated mountain-range: and so has won deservedly the crown of the floral games at Apt and the olive-branch of the Academy of Béziers. And, finally, in Saint-Remy lives the present queen of the Félibres, Mademoiselle Girard, who was chosen to her high office at the septennial festival held at Les Baux in August, 1892.

But the wonder is not that two poets and a queen of poets have been born in Saint-Remy. Rather is it that the ordinary speech of everyone born in this delicately delectable little town is not pure iambics; that there should not be poetry in every mouth (as at Abdera), "like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drops from it whether it will or no."

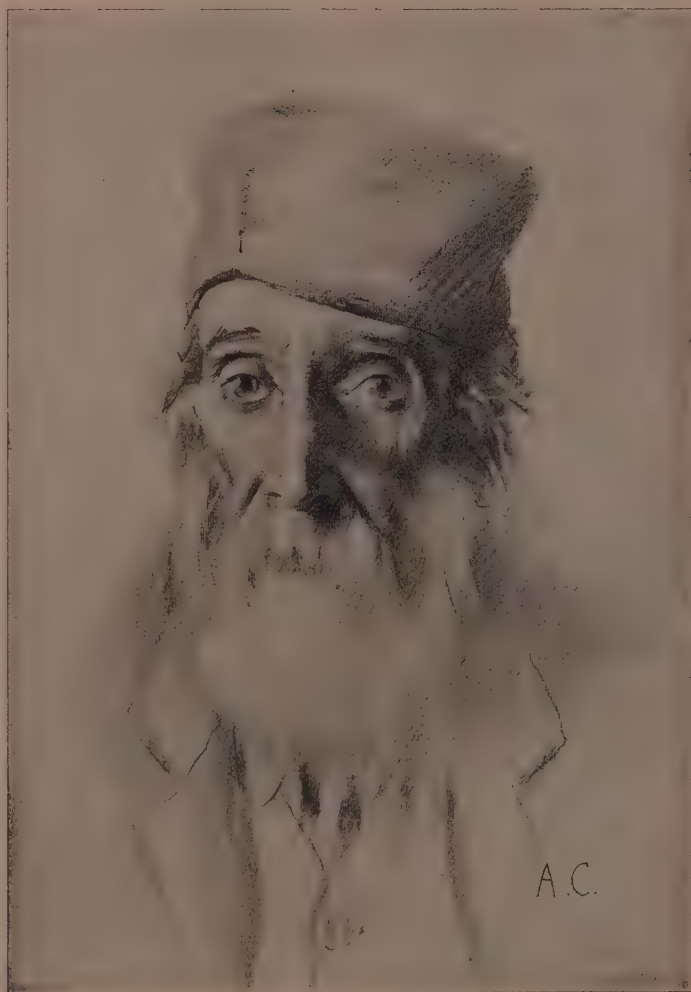
#### VII.

In the early afternoon we went onward, by a road that led up a mountain pass into the



OLD ROMAN WINDOW.

levels laid in tiles, tile-paved chambers with ancient heavy furniture, the lower rooms vaulted, the dining-room fairly extending out into the open air under a vine-clad arbor, and beyond the arbor an acre or more of tangled garden in which grow all together fruit-trees and shade-trees and shrubbery and vegetables and flowers. A beautiful woman, in the beautiful dress of Arles, received us with the most cordial of smiles. It was as though she had been waiting long for our coming, and was joyful because at last we had arrived. And she



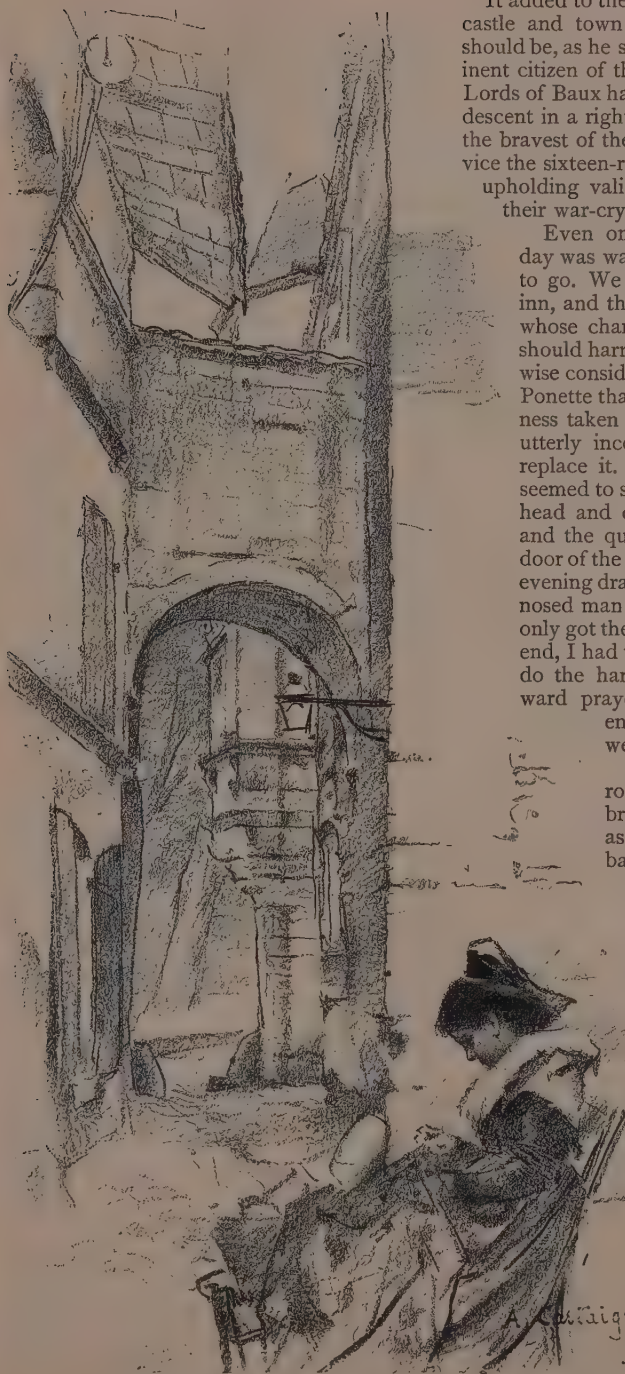
ANTOINE BLAISE CROUSILLAT.

very heart of the Alpines, to Les Baux. A red-nosed man gave us the doubtful benefit of his company during our exploration of the ruined castle and the partly ruined town. It was his custom to act as a guide, he said; and he seemed to think that this exposition of his own habits, without regard to what our habits in the matter of guides might be, was amply sufficient in the premises. But in his whole vinous body there was not an atom of usefulness, either as a guide or as anything else; and his meager soul—injudiciously preserved in alcohol—was quite in keeping with its useless carnal environment.

There was no need for a guide. The ruins spoke for themselves—a wreck so total, so wild, so harsh, that upon it seemed to have fallen

relentlessly the withering wrath of God. The few poverty-stricken souls, quarrymen and their ragged families, who found shelter in what remained of the houses seemed to be crushed down under the same general curse. The red-nosed man officiously led us to a sheer cliff, a fall of a hundred feet or more, over which a woman but recently had cast herself, he said, because she was so miserably poor and her life was so bitter and so hard. Beholding the desolation amidst which this sorrowful creature's home had been, and knowing how harsh had been her life, we did not wonder that in a crisis of heroic cowardice she had leaped out from the dark certainties of that height and of Time together into the luringly bright uncertainties of Eternity.





HOUSE OF NOSTRADAMUS.

ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

It added to the desolateness of the wreck of castle and town that our degenerate guide should be, as he seemed to be, the most prominent citizen of the ruin of all over which the Lords of Baux had reigned—glorying in their descent in a right line from the youngest and the bravest of the Magi; bearing for their device the sixteen-rayed star of Bethlehem; and upholding valiantly through the centuries their war-cry: “Au hazard, Balthazar!”

Even on that mountain height the day was waning when at last we turned to go. We came back to the wretched inn, and there waited until the boy into whose charge I had given the Ponette should harness her again. It was an unwise consideration for the comfort of the Ponette that had led me to order the harness taken off as I perceived when that utterly incompetent boy attempted to replace it. Even the stolid little mare seemed to smile at him as she turned her head and contemplated his misdoings; and the quarrymen, standing about the door of the *buvette* and the worse for their evening drams, openly laughed. The red-nosed man officiously tried to help, and only got the harness more tangled. In the end, I had to shove them both aside and do the harnessing myself—with an inward prayer that I might do it well enough to hold together until we got back to Saint-Remy.

We went down the mountain road at a good trot, with the brakes set hard. The road was as smooth as French roads—barring *chemins d'exploitation*—always are, and the descent was sharp: even the Ponette could not refuse to trot with the carriage fairly pushing her along. Dusk

was falling on the heights, and darkness had come by the time that we reached the plain. From the unseen fields of flowers sweet scents were borne to us; sweetest of all being the richly delicate odor from a field of *heliotrope* close beside us, but hidden in the bosom of the night.

Our dinner at the Cheval Blanc was served to us at a small table in the arbour,—



Mlle. Girard, Present Queen of the Félibres.

lighted by lamps hung from the lattice,—close beside the vine-covered archway that opened upon the dark garden beyond. At another small table three elderly men were dining, who bowed to us gravely as we took our seats, but who were sufficiently remote from us to make an attempt at general conversation unnecessary.

To one of them—a pleasant-looking old boy, with a mahogany face that testified to an outdoor habit of life and to a liking for honest red wine—we evidently were objects of interest. We caught him shooting sidelong looks at us, and he evidently was keeping his ears wide open to our English talk. They finished their

dinner before we had finished ours, and again we interchanged bows as they rose to leave. But our mahogany-faced gentleman was not quite done with us. In the doorway he paused for a moment, as though steadying himself for some venturesome deed. Then, with another bow, he said with a sharp abruptness: "Good night"—and instantly disappeared!

It was most startling to have this scrap of English fired at us, at point-blank range, with the unexpectedness of a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Obviously, however, the effect of his deliverance was most severe upon himself—the recoil incident to his lingual explosion carrying him clear out of our sight. Doubtless his digestion that night was the worse for his violent tampering with a foreign tongue. And did we, in that single lurid gleam of speech, get the benefit of his entire English vocabulary? We never knew!

Bearing in her hands our two candles, our beautiful hostess piloted us to our bed-chamber—up the narrow worn stone stairway, along the narrow crooked passages broken by incidental flights of steps, and so to the large tile-paved room whereof the mahogany furniture had grown black with age, and where everything was exquisitely clean. The bed-linen had a faint smell of lavender, and the beds were comfortable to a degree. As I sunk away into sleep I was aware of the delicate, delicious odor of flowers swept in through the open window by the soft night wind.

## VIII.

ALL Saint-Remy was astir—'t was the Feast of the Assumption—as we left it the next day. The shady Place d'Armes was crowded with men in blouses, who ate melons, and smoked short pipes, and all the while talked so vigorously that there was a buzzing in the air as though of bees. The women—beautiful with a stately beauty, and wearing the beautiful dress of Arles—were clustered in front of the church, wherein they attended to their religious duties in relays, and added to the buzzing a sharper note with the simultaneous going of all their tongues. Every moment the two gatherings were enlarged by new recruits come in from the outlying farms: affluent country-folk in high two-wheeled carts drawn by round little horses of the Camargue, or less affluent country-folk who came joyfully to the feast on the two legs which God had given them.

Only our strong sense of duty as Ambassadors enabled us to fetch away from Saint-Remy and the glad company assembled there and to go onward to Salon. As we drove off through the flower-fields, and then through vineyards and olive-orchards and plantations of almond

trees, the feast still was present with us in the persons of those whom we met going to it, all gallant in their feast-day clothes. Toward the end of our journey we met other holiday folk returning from Salon; and then our hearts were comforted for the loss of Saint-Remy by our delight in this bravely castellated little city set sturdily upon its hill.

Our credentials to the dean of the *Félibres* were as slight as ever an embassy carried. "He lives beside the fountain," said Roumanille. "Tell him that you come from me." That was all! But we knew that it was sufficient. Doubts as to our calling we never had entertained; and the welcome that had been given us at Avignon had convinced us that our election was altogether sure.

We had ample time to present ourselves to Monsieur Crousillat before dinner—it was but half after five when our establishment at the very comfortable *Hôtel des Négociants* was completed, and the days still were long. When we asked for information in regard to the whereabouts of Monsieur Crousillat's home, Toinette, the daughter of the house,—plump as a little partridge and beaming with smiles,—instantly offered to be our guide. "It is but a step," she said. "You turn the corner, and you are upon the boulevard—in a moment you come to the fountain and the Place d'Aubes. But were it a great deal farther," she added earnestly, "I should have the most of pleasure in showing m'sieu'-madame the way." She was the kindest-hearted little creature in the world, this good Toinette. The next day she went with us to the church in which Nostradamus lies buried, where we encountered a crusty sacristan whose stock of merchantable civility was sold in small portions at the rate of fifty centimes each. The rate struck me as low; but Toinette, witnessing the purchase of that which by her creed should be given freely, was sincerely shocked. "To think," she said, "of being paid for politeness! That is not the way in our town." And presently she repeated: "No, that is not the way in our town at all!"

Toinette's courtesy was as delicately discriminating as it was cordial. When she had led us nearly to Monsieur Crousillat's door she left us—"because m'sieu'-madame doubtless wish to make this visit alone," she said. She could not have exhibited a nicer consideration had she been the very finest lady in the land.

We knocked at the door of the poet's house, but there was no reply; nor was there when we knocked again. Our third knock brought out from a shoe-shop in the adjoining house a pleasant-faced young girl, who informed us that no one was at home just then, and who advised us to return at six o'clock, when we would be sure to find some one, because that was the hour



at which the family supped. It was with the utmost good-heartedness that she spoke, and with the air of one to whom the success of our visit was a matter of serious concern.

There is not anywhere a more delightful town than Salon in which to ramble in the quiet time of sunset. All the center of it—the part lying about the castle, within what were the limits of the ancient walls—is a tangle of narrow crooked streets, which give fresh combinations of picturesqueness at every turn; outside of this tightly compressed area, occupying the site of walls and moat, is a broad boulevard shaded by double lines of trees; and beyond the boulevard are houses set more openly, between which are far views out over the vast level of the Crau, or across vineyards and olive-orchards to the distant hills.

So charming was it all that the hour was nearer half after six than six when we returned to Monsieur Crousillat's door. The pleasant-faced young girl was on the lookout for us, and with her was her pleasant-faced mother. The mother begged that we would not knock—"because M'sieu' Antoine is at his supper, and it is not well, as madame no doubt knows, to interrupt old people at their meals." And then she added with a frank friendliness: "Perhaps madame and m'sieu' will have the goodness to seat themselves in my shop and wait for just a very little while; it certainly will not be long."

They made us as welcome as though we had been old friends, yet kept in view the fact that we were distinguished strangers, and preened their feathers—while cooing perfunctory dissent—as our magnificences were pleased to express an obviously sincere admiration for their town. Then a neighbor dropped in, and took a lively part in our dish of friendly talk; and so, for half an hour, we all chatted away together as comfortably as though we had known one another through the whole of our respective lives.

#### IX.

WHEN, at last, we despatched the young girl upon a reconnaissance, Monsieur Crousillat returned with her—in a fine state of perturbation because we had been kept waiting for so long a while. He was a most sprightly old gentleman, with a fresh complexion decidedly at odds with his full white beard, and carried jauntily his five-and-seventy years. In his eagerness to make amends for our waiting, he scarce gave us time to say good night to our obliging friends of the shoe-shop: in a moment we were whisked out of it and into his own home. And his cordiality was of a sort that manifested itself in deeds as well as in words: with what an amiable energy did he lead us first to the house of Nostadamus, and thereafter about the town, ex-

pounding to us its history and its traditions, on the ensuing day!

Just within the doorway his sister was waiting to welcome us—a gracious little white-haired lady, with a lively yet gentle manner, and with the freshness of youth still lingering upon her sweet old face. With her was their elder brother, to whom we were presented with a certain amount of ceremony: a vigorous young gentleman of eighty-five. There was a becoming touch of gravity in his manner; but this seemed to be due to his responsible position as head of the family rather than to his years. It was the most charmingly quaint household that can be imagined—where the perpetual youth of sweet and gentle natures had held a gallant guard upon the threshold against the assaults of age. The most delicate touches of all were shown in the affectionate deference of the *cadet* and the young sister toward the head of their house; and in the loving pride with which the poet was regarded by his kinsfolk—this poet who was their very own, united to them by the closest ties of blood, yet who was on terms with the Muses and had won for himself the recognized right to fetch honey freely from Hymettus Hill.

The poetry of Monsieur Crousillat is graver in tone than is that of the majority of his fellow Félibres. In the preface to his collection of "Noëls"—which work he did the Ambassador the honor to present to her—he has written: "The main object of all poets being to instruct as well as to please, I have, from love of truth, though not forgetting that poetry is tinged with fiction, imposed upon myself the duty of avoiding a little what is legend alone and what belongs entirely to theology. And I have endeavored, within the limits of my power, to make each of my noëls teach, as fables teach, a moral lesson." Yet is there a strain of exceeding tenderness in his grave verse, and a naïve simplicity which gives it a touching and peculiar charm.

He is a master of many tongues, this oldest of the poets of Provence: uniting with the two languages which are his birthright a knowledge of Italian, gained in the course of an enchanting journey into Italy in the time of his youth; an elegant Latinity, that finds expression in highly finished verse; and a reading command of English. Two English poets are especially dear to him: Milton and Dryden. With the first of these his own utterances, though less grandiose and more humane, have something in common; and it is easy to perceive how the verse of Dryden—flowing, melodious, sonorous—commends itself to one whose own rich language especially is suited to the composition of poetry in which precisely these qualities are found.

For the lack of opportunity to train his ear to its sound, Monsieur Crousillat could not understand spoken English; nor did he venture to speak it. He could write it, he said; and even had carried on an English correspondence with a cousin living in our own country, in Philadelphia—the daughter of a refugee from France in '89. Once she had come to Salon, this kinswoman, and had paid them a visit. But that, he added slowly, was a long, long while ago—nearly half a century. After her return to America their letters had sped back and forth briskly for a time; but as they had grown old the letter-writing had languished; and at last it had ended—when she died.

There seemed to me to be a suggestion of the delicate perfume of ashes-of-roses about this episode of the American correspondence that had withered and perished so long ago.

And I am entirely confident that the welcome given by the dean of the *Félibres* to the Embassy was the warmer because America was the country whence it came.

WITH this visit of respect to Monsieur Crousillat—that changed, without our taking thought about it, into a visit of affection—the stately formalities of our mission were at an end. As an Embassy we had presented ourselves to the Capoulié, and to the Senior Poet, of the *Félibrige*; our credentials had been approved by these high functionaries, and ourselves had been accepted as *personæ græte*. For the remainder of our stay near the Court of this Poetic Power we were entitled, as recognized Ambassadors, to receive from all its subjects—and, verily, we did receive—that cordial consideration which in such cases the comity of nations prescribes.

Thomas A. Janvier.

## BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

### XIII.



N his first groping, and bitter explanations of it to himself, Philip saw how natural it was that he should find Jasper with her. He had not known of his return, and he must have come this morning,

as he was certain that he had not been in Maverick the day before; but being returned, and hearing of her presence in Maverick, what could be more in the course of things than a meeting of old lovers, long separated, in the first hours of Jasper's home-coming? Oh, it was natural enough!

"A type-writer!" he said, in the easy and flowing tones of one who tries to be easy. "I congratulate you. It's a great thing. You will write your father's sermons now, I suppose."

"I don't know," she said. "Yes, perhaps, if I can learn."

It was, in fact, a longing desire with her to write her father's sermons for him at his dictation—he detested the manual labor of writing. But nothing seemed quite so possible and worth while as it had seemed a moment ago.

"Do you know anything about it? Perhaps you can show me," she said, to make conversation. She chafed under this difficult exchange: it had never been like this between them hitherto. They had always talked freely and naturally: it was one of the things which made this Mr. Deed a pleasant man to get along with, she had thought. He was so straightforward, so simple and direct; he had no attitude, he never got himself up, he had not even that man's pose in talking to a woman which she disliked. He talked to her, she felt sure, as he might have talked to a man. He understood things without being told. Men to whom one had to explain irritated her. And now he was not going to understand; and he was defending himself from the natural course of their usual talk with an artifice.

Was it in fact true, then, that such a thing as a frank and cordial relation between young men and young women was an impossibility? She heard Philip saying that he had once spent a month or two in studying the type-writer, as she asked this question of herself. It was going to fall in with one of his young plans for being successful in some other way than the way his father wished, and had been dropped when the plan had followed the other plans. She heard this distantly while she passed in hasty review all possible and impossible oc-

casions for the scene at the door and for his constraint. Was the blame hers, in any way? she asked herself. Or, whosoever the blame, might it be her opportunity to reconcile them? Dorothy's goodness was always impulsive; the people who did not like the consequences of some of her rash bursts of kind-heartedness said that it was absurd. It was true that she was good in haste, and often repented at leisure; but she liked better to stumble and wound herself, as she must, in her rush to help some one who had fallen, than to suck wise maxims about prudence in contented inaction. She kept a generous scorn for the mincing caution of the proverbs. All proverbs were stingy and selfish, she thought, and taught one to live for one's self in the handsomest security.

She went to the type-writer, and began to finger it with the gingerly deliberateness of the novice, while he stood above her looking on, and they exchanged question and answer without much notion on either side of what they were talking about. She was feeling, with a woman's sense of social obligation, that she must do something to keep the affair moving; while her kindly puzzlement about the little drama at the door went on steadily in her thoughts.

Philip was capable of listening at any time to the taking modulations of her sweet, rich Southern voice, without troubling his head about what she was saying; and it was in this dreamy way that he was listening to her now, thinking also, as if it were a novel thought, how utterly pretty she was. She was dressed in a house-gown of black, with the daintiest suggestion of a dark-green velvet at the throat, shoulders, and sleeves; and the quietness of this effect seemed to exalt the beauty of her fresh coloring, her good, honest, sincere, admirable eyes, her shapely face. How she stared at her type-writing! He wished she would look about at him. It was two minutes since he had seen her eyes; the whimsical brown, floating intermittently in their gray depths, would have had time to change or go.

There suddenly seemed nothing further to say, and, leaning back from the type-writer, she patted her hand upon her dress, and called, "Here, Jack!" A great Newfoundland dog, which had been lying on the floor by the side of the type-writer, leaped up, placing his fore-paws in her lap, and wagging his tail. Jack had been given up by Messiter while they were at Laughing Valley City, and it had been one of the pains of her hurried departure that she must leave him behind; but Messiter had arranged to have him brought over the Pass by careful hands, and it was a week since he had been restored to her. She was extremely fond of him. He plunged his paws in a moment

into the keyboard of the type-writer, and Philip dragged him off.

The diversion seemed to restore them to themselves, for Philip said, more in the tone of their usual talk than anything that had been said since he entered the room, "I did n't know you had a type-writer."

And, glad of the change, Dorothy answered: "I have n't. To really *have* a type-writer I suppose one should know how to use it, if only a very little; and besides, it does n't belong to me, but to a clergyman, a friend of my father, who left it for me to try. He has gone East on his vacation, and spent a night with us on his way down from Leadville."

"You will like it immensely. You will hate him when he comes to take it back."

She shook her beautiful head, laughing. "I don't know. It makes me—wriggle," she said. "I can't bear to pick out the letters. I don't like the noise, and it's all so mechanical, so barbarous. It's a great convenience, I suppose, and I shall go on with it on papa's account, if I find I can. But I can't see how any one could *like* it. What is there to like?"

"Everything. Let me show you."

"Oh, if you do it like that!" she exclaimed, as he rattled off a number of sentences, in the seat she gave up to him.

"You *must* do it like that," he rejoined, without looking up from the keyboard, over which his fingers twinkled bewilderingly. "You did n't think that you were to go hesitatingly from letter to letter, with a little fearsome pause between each jump, like Eliza in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' escaping across the floating ice, did you?"

He was feeling much happier now. After all, it had been only a school-girl and -boy engagement. He knew that it no longer existed—that it had not existed for four years. Was it likely that—pshaw! Had not Jasper called on the day of his arrival in the place? He had not forgotten. Did he ever forget any purpose? He brought himself back to the consideration of the type-writer lesson with an effort.

She was interested. "You won't mind if I ask questions?" she said, as she consented to try again for herself. She let her fingers idle over the letters without pressing their white circles. "Why is n't the alphabet set in order?"

"The better to puzzle you, my dear," quoted Philip, absently, but enjoying the use of the epithet.

"There is a better reason than that," returned Dorothy. She laughed, flushing a little at his phrase.

"Yes," he admitted; "you will find it a very good thing, after you have gone a little farther, to have the most-used letters nearest your hand. Suppose, now, you put in a fresh



sheet of paper, and try a sentence or two on your own account."

He inserted the paper, showed her the use of the little device for separating words, taught her to pull back the running-gear at the top at the warning of the bell, made plain the means of governing the space between lines, and then gave her a little lecture on the position of the small and capital letters, the punctuation-marks and the numerals. She listened with serious attention, and, as he bent over to illustrate his meaning, withdrew herself to leave space for the play of his arms, while he pressed the letters, or caught back the sliding-rack.

In this close and amiable proximity the constraint between them of a few moments back seemed already to have aged itself into an un-historied past. She was wondering how this could be the man who had given Jasper the look at the door which she could not forget; and he was saying to himself that in all the world there were not eyes like those he looked down into when she would glance up suddenly from time to time to ask him a question, or to give one of her flashing turns to his replies, with that charming manner of reserved freedom which was constantly a new grace in her.

She became proficient enough at last to write out coherent sentences for herself, and together they found the things she wrote very amusing.

"Suppose you see if you can read what I write from the movement of my fingers, Mr. Deed," she said. "You are not to turn the cylinder up to look; but only to read, if you can, as I go along." She began in a kind of embarrassment, and did not get on as well with the first words as she had in her earlier experiments. But she tried again, in a moment, and completed the sentence with a little air of bravado.

She kept her eyes on the keyboard, but as he did not speak she glanced up at him hastily.

"Oh!" exclaimed Philip, recalled to himself. "I was to read from your fingers. Well, shall we begin?"

Dorothy laughed nervously. "We have begun," she said. "Did n't you see?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" assented he. "Or—no; I was—" It was impossible to say that he had been watching the movement of her fingers, and speculating upon the question whether all women had such hands, and why he had never noticed how adorably contrived for type-writing they were. He had got to the point of remembering that he had seen a number of young girls hammering away at type-writers in offices without being moved by the spectacle, when her glance called him back.

"Will you write it again?" he asked. "I will really watch this time."

"Oh, I don't think I could write it again," returned Dorothy, quickly.

"Why not? As a punishment for inattention? I suppose I've deserved it," he said.

"No; I don't think I ought."

"It was a real sentence, then. I claim it as a right, in that case. You have made a communication to me, Miss Maurice. You've no right to withhold it. It has passed out of your hands."

"Yes," owned she, with amusement, "that's true; but it did n't pass into your eyes. I offered it to you, and you would n't look. You were engaged."

"Then you *are* punishing me, and that's equally unfair."

"No—no, I'm not," she denied doubtfully; "but—" with a whimsical smile that enchanted him—"why, it was not discreet, what I wrote." She smiled up at him.

"No?" he asked, in pure enjoyment.

"No." And then, in a moment, "You would n't urge me to be *in-discreet*?"

"No, I should n't urge it. I should insist upon it. I do. Come!" he said, and she wondered why she liked his air of domination better than Jasper's, though she did not altogether dislike Jasper's.

"And the demon said unto me, 'Write!'" paraphrased she.

"It was an angel," said Philip.

"Was it?" She bent her hands hesitantly above the keyboard. "But you must promise to stay angel," she said, suddenly arresting herself. She glanced up doubtfully at his face. "No; I won't write it again. It was n't wise; it was n't—nice."

"That settles it, then: I *must* see it."

"No," repeated Dorothy; "you would n't like it. It was a quite wrong thing to ask." Her fingers hovered above the keyboard meditatively. She suddenly began to pick out the letters.

Philip followed her fingers closely. He read, letter by letter, "*Why would n't you speak to your brother at the door?*"

He rose abruptly from his stooping position above the machine, coloring painfully.

She looked up, at his impulsive movement, and rose herself. "Oh, what have I done?" she exclaimed at sight of his face. After a miserable pause, "You need n't tell me. It was very wrong of me. I knew it. But it was n't I who asked, Mr. Deed. I would never have asked—not myself. I thought," she said, gathering her explanations painfully, "or the type-writer thought,—it was n't I—it escaped me,—that perhaps I could reconcile, bring you togeth—" The words died upon her lips. "It was a foolish thought, I see; and yet," she added, with recovered dignity, "perhaps I had a kind

of right to it. Your brother is an old friend,"—Philip looked up at this,—“and you—you have been very good. We have always felt that we partly owe our lives to you—father and I—since the day of the storm, and—” Philip lifted his hand with an appealing gesture. “Well, there’s nothing else to say, except that I’m very sorry.” But, oh, Mr. Deed,” she cried suddenly, “why won’t you make it up with him, whatever it is—and be—be friends? I’m sure he can’t have done anything very bad—nothing that could make it right that you should turn from him. He is good—sometimes he is hard, and he is always masterful: yes—but he is good. You must feel that.”

“Oh, yes,” said Philip; “I feel that.”

She glanced at him doubtfully, as if in question of his tone.

“I’m sure I’ve every reason to know of his goodness,” she said, after a pause, with feeling. “If it had n’t been for that—”

“You would n’t have been here to appreciate it with me, perhaps. No; I remember that. It’s another of the quiet things, done without talk or fuss, by which Jasper has put me in his debt. I owe him a great deal, Miss Maurice—more than you know.”

Again she hesitated at an indefinable note in his voice; but she said immediately, with her usual openness:

“I suppose an elder brother has always that great advantage—the advantage of being able to do a great deal for a younger brother. It must be very pleasant to him, and he must always wish, if he is a man like your brother, to do always a little more, that he may be able to make you forget his friendly advantage over you by the mere quantity of his friendliness.”

In the midst of his pain and bitterness, Philip could not help smiling faintly at this, but he said, with less care about his tone: “Oh, yes; I’ve never had to complain of short weight with Jasper. He does n’t do things by halves. When he does a really friendly thing, he heaps the measure up, and runs it over. I don’t always know what to do with so much magnanimity. You can’t put a landslide in your pocket, you know, Miss Maurice, and sometimes you can’t even find your manners in time to make your bow.”

She could not avoid feeling the sardonic undertone this time, and she thought she saw, at once, that the cause of offense between them, whatever it was, was largely due to Mr. Philip Deed’s sensitive, almost nervous, pride; and she thought, too, that she could guess pretty clearly, from her knowledge of the two men, something about what would be the usual situation between them. She could see how Philip might detest his brother at times for his very power of doing him favors. She

knew how that was, herself. She was painfully aware in herself of the strain of meanness, or self-will, or conceit,—she did not know what it was,—that made the kind of generosity which is open-handed enough to allow another to be generous among the most difficult kinds of unselfishness, and she could understand—yes, she could understand entirely—how Philip (whose pride would be less manageable than her own by the degree in which it was a man’s and commanding) would feel this peculiarly. The very delicacy with which Jasper would try to conceal a kindness would be an added offense: the need for delicacy was itself humiliating. She could imagine how Philip would become angered on provocation of this sort, and how Jasper would helplessly make the matter worse—not that there would be any way of making it better—by his forbearance. It would be the kind of case in which neither was to blame, and in which each must blame the other.

Filled with this idea, she said, with a note of sympathy in her voice that at first bewildered and then angered Philip, and finally caused him to laugh a little to himself at the completeness of her error: “I’m sure we must all have felt that. It’s strange, is n’t it, that it should be so hard to *accept* a kindness as we all find it? One would think that the effort connected with a kindness would be all over when it had been done. It is n’t so very easy even to do it; but to receive it needs heroism. At least I find it does. And I can understand how you would feel that way about your brother, even when you were most grateful to him; and you would all the time be divided between a wish to make him feel how much you appreciated his kindness, and a wish to box his ears.”

“Oh, it’s not a *divided* wish,” said Philip, falling in with her mistake as the easiest defense that offered; and at this they both laughed.

“His ears must be smarting most of the time,” said she, as her laugh ended in a smile.

“Why, no; not all the time,” returned Philip, unwarily.

“You mean—” she began, still smiling.

“Nothing that I’d better tell you,” he said, quickly withdrawing.

“Oh, Mr. Deed,” she exclaimed, with an electrical return to soberness, “I see that there is something really serious between you—something that I must n’t intrude on. Forgive me! I have been thinking it one of those little disagreements that a word would set right—one of those wretched mistakes where two persons need only to be explained to each other. I see I can’t do it; but you can, Mr. Deed.”

“What? Explain myself to Jasper?”

“I don’t know. Make it right with him, or whatever men call it. Some one has always to

play the generous part, don't you think, where there has been—has been a disagreement?"

"No, Miss Maurice; I can't do that." He turned away from her, and strode toward the window.

"Oh, that is not like you, Mr. Deed! He would not hesitate, I am sure, in your place."

"In my place?" returned he. She began to stammer a reply; but he said, "Oh, I beg your pardon—my place, in the wrong? No; my brother would not hesitate in my place."

"I did not say that," she put in sorrowfully. She saw that she had implied it.

"It does n't need saying, Miss Maurice. You only recognize a universal fact. There are laws of character, you know, and a planetary orbit is wobbly to them. Everybody who knows us at all would know, without telling, that in any question between us I must be in the wrong."

"And are you in the wrong in this?" she asked earnestly. "Tell me frankly. I will believe whatever you say. You bewilder me. I don't know what to think. Tell me!" she repeated.

Philip laughed harshly. "You must ask Jasper that."

"I will," she said.

"No; don't, Miss Maurice. Don't on any account. Don't think of such a thing."

"Ah, he would be more fair!"

"Promise me that you will not say a word of this to Jasper."

"Tell me yourself, then, Mr. Deed."

Philip took a turn up and down the room.

"I can't," he said at last.

"You see what you leave me to think," she said sadly.

"Nothing good of me," he answered bitterly.

She glanced up at his face. The frankness and genuineness which she had always liked in his look shone through the hurt which possessed him, and gave her confidence to say, looking up to the tall, strong-limbed figure standing above her, "Do you think it just to your brother to leave him under the imputation of such a silence?"

Philip started. "Jasper?" he said.

"Surely. Your silence implies—it seems to say that your brother is somehow much in the wrong; or else—"

"Or else?" asked Philip, steadily.

"I will not say what else. But if that is so, it is fair, it is right, that you should tell me." She sat down abruptly, as if not quite certain of herself.

Philip felt, girdingly, the extreme inconvenience attaching to all endeavors to do the fair-minded thing—the impossibility, namely, of explaining with decency.

"In order that you may not be thinking *me*

much in the wrong?" he said. "No, Miss Maurice; I could n't do that." He turned away.

"You are not fair," she said, after a moment, with dignity. "I do not know that there is any right or wrong in the matter. I am ignorant of everything but that you would not bow to your brother in my presence. I have put my plea on the score of peacemaking, and if you feel that I have meddled, I am rightly served; but I have a right to ask why you should put a slight on a gentleman whom you meet here as—as—" her voice broke—"as my guest, Mr. Deed."

He came back and stood before her. "You *have* a right to ask that, Miss Maurice, and perhaps I have no right not to answer you. But I cannot answer you."

"Then I must think—"

"That I have done a wrong to Jasper which I am unwilling to repair or own. Yes, Miss Maurice."

"I do not mean that," she said wistfully, and he saw that she was on the verge of tears, yet had to blunder savagely on.

"What else can you mean? There is but the choice. You must believe in Jasper or in me."

"Oh, I knew it!" she cried, as if to herself. "I foresaw it! It was for that that I had to try to make it right between you. I could not bear—" She broke down suddenly.

"You mean that you wished to keep us both for friends. You know now that that is impossible. We are enemies. We cannot have or keep a common friend. Which will you choose?"

The passionate tone of demand roused her. She straightened herself imperceptibly in her seat on the couch, and raised her head, looking up, and confronting his flushed face.

"I will answer your question when you have answered mine," she said.

She rose, and held out her hand listlessly. Philip took it as formally, and suddenly left the room. His head was down. He felt sick—spiritually sick to his inmost fiber.

## XIV.

PHILIP went out and got on his horse, and rode furiously toward the "Snow Find." This was the end, he supposed. And for this, again, he had to thank Jasper. He gnashed his teeth as he set his spur in the pony's flank and swept over the long level stretch by the river, outside the town. He had made a fool of himself again, and, as usual, not in a way in which Jasper would have made a fool of himself. His sense of the unhandsomeness, of the impossibility, of telling her of the actual state of



the case between them seemed in this open light of the prairie, with the wind blowing in his face, an incredible piece of folly. Why should he consider Jasper? Would he have spared him in the same situation?

He saw at once that this had nothing to do with the matter, and that it was not for Jasper's sake that he had held his tongue. It was for his own: he could n't have gone on living in the body of a man who had told her that. If he had told it he knew very well with what object he would have spoken. He would have done it to malign his rival to her (it had come to that between him and Jasper; he might as well face it); he would have done it to take a sneaking advantage with a woman of an opportunity to spike another man's guns. That would be bad enough with any man for his rival; but with Jasper it would be a thing which he would never be able to hold up his head after doing. It became too dirty a piece of reprisal to think of. The perception of the impossibility of doing anything to Jasper's injury, which he had urged upon his father, had laid a firm and withholding grip upon him in the midst of the temptation to tell her everything; and now it reasserted itself as a final motive, as a thing not to be questioned or dodged; as a principle to which he must be faithful, wholly without regard to what it might cost him. It had cost him indirectly his father's friendship, already, and had driven his father to the wretched refuge of flight from an imagined evil; and now it had probably cost his own happiness. He cursed Jasper, as he thought of it, between his teeth.

He was glad to be going to Durango on the morrow to seek his father; he thought he should remain a week. But in the event he was back the second day. It had become a necessity to him to see her, if only at a hopeless distance.

Dorothy often bit her lip in the days immediately following Philip's call, when she thought of the part she had played. She had been wrong in meddling, of course, and she accused herself bitterly; but she also accused him. What right had he to drag her into the question between himself and his brother, whatever it was? Why should she take sides? She said to herself that, whatever he might do, he should not change her neutrality. She was the friend of both. What effect could any quarrel between them have upon that fact? She was most their friend when she refused to allow their difference to invade her relation to them. She was grateful to Jasper for refraining from making on his part so difficult a demand upon her friendship; she felt his silence about the whole matter to be a fine generosity. It delicately implied the real character of the

difference between the brothers as she had guessed it from the first; it was part of that forbearance which he would have used to avoid the quarrel itself, and which he would now be the first to tender to his brother if he would accept it. The other kind of generosity—the freedom with which Philip gave himself and all that he had in the smaller daily matters—she saw was, after all, a less deep and genuine unselfishness than this patient restraint and self-effacement of Jasper's. In smaller things his attitude had not the charm of Philip's gay and thoughtless open-handedness; but when a serious opportunity arose—an opportunity for a brave and self-denying magnanimity—it was easy to see which was the stronger. She said to herself that it was true, what she had often thought, that Philip was light.

When a woman makes reflections like these, it would be a mistake to seek their basis wholly in the psychological facts with which she believes herself to be reasoning. It was at all events true that before Dorothy had matured all of these thoughts about the character of the brothers, Philip had remained away from the house several days, and that a certain chivalric reserve in Jasper's bearing toward an old question between them had renewed in her a vague remorse.

She had supposed herself to have settled all that, to have put it away in the lumber-room of her memory, where she need visit it only in those moments of sentiment when a dreamy willingness to pain herself possessed her. But a discarded lover is both a more material and a more importunate fact when he happens to be in the same town than when he lives before the mental vision only in the letter of dignified complaint which must be answered with the statement of an unhappy truth. Jasper, in the flesh, patient, unreproachful, and obdurately faithful to a love which she had fancied as dead in him as it was in her, was a different man from the one she had pictured as suffering for as long a time as her action had remained a vivid theme of remorse to her, and as getting over it by the same gradual process through which she had emerged from her remorse. He had not got over it, and he was by her side.

Their engagement, if one could call it that, — if it was the kind of engagement on which marriage is supposed to follow; Dorothy believed that she had never called it that to herself,—had been one of the school-boy and -girl follies at which one smiles with wonder at twenty-five, and tells to one's grandchildren at sixty with a fond laugh, and a passing inward question touching the color of those curls now. It had been a pleasant diversion between them — the kind of thing which is a little more intense and a little more entertaining than the tennis

that one would be playing at that age if one were not engaged in being engaged; but to think of it as the sort of stuff of which one would make a life, was to speak from the disordered outlook upon things in which all measures and values melt into a mess of triviality.

It had lasted between them until Dorothy began to go out into society, and to see the world and other men. She did not begin to compare, then, but she perceived a betrothal to be a different matter from the agreeable plaything it had seemed at school: she began to question with her conscience whether she had a right to go on with so serious a thing unseemingly. Was it dealing fairly by him? She saw that it was not; yet she tried, with a woman's devotion to an impossible unselfishness, to keep it up. Jasper had gone West to the ranch by this time, and in degree as the affair seemed wrong and mistaken to her, she found herself endeavoring to make up to him for the wrong (which, if it was really any of hers, was hers unconsciously) by writing him more faithfully. This, too, seemed dishonest, after a time, and, in despair, she let the correspondence flag, believing, or hoping, that he would divine what had happened, and that he would save her the pain of explaining. Surely it was natural enough; he was a man by this time, as she was a woman, and he must know how inevitable it was.

He perceived as quickly as she could have desired that there was a change; but he showed no inclination to spare her in defining it. Brought face to face with the necessity for action, she passed a bitter time, in which she struggled with her conscience and the proprieties. To a young girl it still seems doubtful whether, after all, she may not better wreck her life and a man's than be talked about. In her highest moments of self-sacrifice she thought she could go on with it; then it would come time to write him a letter, and she would see that she could not even do as much as that. How was she to live with him for fifty years?

Jasper's complaint took at last that tone of demand which lay under the surface of his most pliant moods; and in the end she saw that she must write him all that was in her heart. It was a very right-spirited letter, telling him the bare truth: that she did not love him as she had supposed, that to marry with no better feeling than she could bring to him would be a permanent wrong to both him and her, and would merely procure their common unhappiness; and begging him to release her from their engagement. Jasper came on to the Pennsylvania city where her father was just then settled over a church, and an interview followed of the sort which men and women remember on their death-beds. But she did not yield, and Jasper went back to the ranch a changed man. He

was hard about women now; he felt himself cruelly misused. He was very bitter. He said to himself that he did not care what he did now. She was responsible for it. He had said as much to her in his anger. Dorothy, in fact, stood for and symbolized every good thought that he had ever had: she was the goddess of his dreams of being some time a little cleaner and a more straightforward man than he had yet contrived to be. He was accustomed to say that she could do anything with him, and he had kept her in a species of bondage to this, while they had been together during their engagement.

This was one of the facts which had wrought upon Dorothy while it was still a question whether she should do right to break the engagement; it was part of the perilous power that there is for every woman in the passionate need for her of a man who does not on other accounts create an answering need in her. It is perhaps a phase of the mother instinct into which all forms of woman's love tend to dissolve; but it is certainly always an argument with a woman strong out of all proportion to its actual validity; and it had not only been a part of the reluctant push toward the self-sacrifice she had once contemplated, but, in meeting Jasper, the sense of it was found to have still a power for pain.

She was surprised and chagrined that it should be so, but so it was; and in the solitude of her chamber at night, after Jasper had taken away his melancholy eyes, with the look of a settled sorrow in them, and she had freed herself from the influence of his patient reserve about all that had been between them, she wept miserable tears. She dried them when she remembered to be indignant at his attitude. She would rather a thousand times be upbraided for what she had done—if she had done anything—than to be arraigned by that deferential silence which forbearingly would not bring its charge. It was a studied insult, she said to herself. But the next day it seemed a chivalry beyond praise. It seemed this most when she recognized, as she found herself doing in occasional flashes, her girlish ideal in his handsome face and figure, his daring and commanding manner, his air of power, his effect of having his hand on the wheel of the earth, his brilliant and indomitable will.

Jasper came often during this period of Philip's withdrawal; but she never proposed to him the question she had told Philip she should ask him. Something in his manner when she mentioned Philip forbade it; and it would be unfair, she saw, to make him own up to the gallant gentleness and magnanimity he would have used in all this affair with his sensitive and high-strung brother. The use of the ad-

jectives that both condemned and praised him brought Philip sharply before her mind, and she felt again, as if it had been at the moment, the pain that the scene between them had given her. She liked him too well to wish to hurt him, and she had felt that she was hurting him with every word she said. Perhaps he was too easily wounded; but that seemed, now, a fault that one might forgive—nay, certainly ought to forgive—to such an occasion. How hot-headed he was! She found herself saying this, with a kind of laughing fondness, to herself. It seemed suddenly almost a likable trait in him. It was his fineness—the wrong side of it, to be sure, but still his fineness. And if he was swift to anger, he was swift to feel: it was because of that. It was easy for other men to be calm: they did not care so much—perhaps did not care at all. This made her think of Jasper; and to think of Jasper made her lift her eyes from her type-writer, and allow her glance to rove out of doors, with an impulsive wish that it might be Philip instead of Jasper with whom she was to ride at two o'clock.

The Maurices' house stood, not far from the Vertners', on the outskirts of the town, and the sun swept an unbroken stretch of plain to look on Dorothy at her window. The glowing light and the brisk air without gave her a longing to be galloping away into the shining day. Her eyes rested with liking on the broad, sunlit level reaching to the mountains. If she looked straight before her she could keep the prospect untouched by the sight of a single habitation. She heaved a little sigh. She should probably never meet Philip again, let alone ride with him. The outlook from her window gave all her thoughts a pleasant turn, however; and she saw herself forgiving something to any one who should ride up into the foreground of this prospect leading a saddle-horse.

XV.

JASPER took up the interrupted thread of his life at the ranch with zest, in ignorance of what had happened in his absence. It gave him an agreeable thrill to resume his place, to vault into the seat of authority, once more, in putting his leg over Vixen's back. He wondered, as he went about on his horse, hearing reports and giving orders, why he ever abandoned even temporarily this little kingdom, where his word was law, and where he could see from day to day his personal foresight, shrewdness, and force taking visible shape in the increase of his herd, in the extension of his domain, and in the growth of his influence among the cattle-men of the district. Yes, it was a mistake to spend his time in running across the continent, while this position was his at home—a

position which he would not barter for that of any one he knew; which he would not sell, knowing what he did of the future it promised, for any sum he was likely to be offered; and which he would not share with any one on earth.

Ah, yes. To be sure he had done right to go to New York. The intention he foresaw in his father to force the question of Philip's share in the range on him, before his marriage, threatened the position itself. It was not a thing he could wish to face out personally; and if he had ever had the slightest inclination to divide his power at the ranch, this would have been the last time he would have selected. Just now, when the fruits of the hard work, the sagacity, the devotion of his five years on the range began to show, was he to share results—and, much worse, control over future results—with Philip? He had borne the burden and heat of the day, had watered and tended his little tree, had suffered and groaned and sweated to bring it to bearing; and here came Philip loafing, in his usual way, into a soft thing that some one else had paid for, and wanting to help pick the fruit and reorganize gardening methods. Jasper had looked on with a scornful eye while Philip spread his series of idle and fatuous experiments over a wide geography. If his father was willing to pay for such cleverness in devising schemes for dodging the main point, he was n't. The main point, as he saw it, was work—hard work, guided by stiff common sense. He was a worker himself, and he was n't taking into partnership fellows who liked fishing better than fence-building, and who, in place of his capacity for making one dollar two, knew only how to spend one and borrow two.

In Maverick, Jasper was welcomed back heartily, for the most part. There were men who had been overreached by him in a cattle-trade who marred the pleasure he found in the general acclamation by avoiding him, or by greeting him surlily; there was a widow whom he had been obliged to press in a little foreclosure matter connected with a house he had bought on speculation in Maverick, and she had her circle of sympathizers. But these were trifling notes in the chorus of good-will. Just before leaving for New York, Jasper had succeeded in organizing the cattle-men of the valley into a Mutual Protective Association, designed to check cattle-thieving (by which many owners had suffered heavily of late); to apply a stricter system to the round-ups; to put a stop to the loose practice of branding mavericks, wherever found, between round-ups; to join other associations in petitioning Congress for a better law to prevent the spread of the foot-and-mouth disease among



cattle; and especially to keep all newcomers out of the valley, the association officially declaring the range to be overstocked.

There had been certain difficulties in forming the combination; half a dozen forces, from various causes, were against it; and the fact that Jasper, against all opposition, had pushed his plan to a successful conclusion had given him, in his absence, a new and stronger position in Maverick. He had always been popular; but the town now began to feel that it owed him something. There was even talk of nominating him in the spring for the office his father had once held; and it was said that, if he played his cards well, he need n't stop at the mayoralty.

At least one eye watched interestedly the subdued and decent air of triumph with which Jasper received these signs of the predominance which he might presently claim in the town. Mr. Snell's sagacious glance pursued him furtively from behind the windows of his Miners' Supply Store, as he rode by on horseback, when he came into Maverick from the ranch—following his disappearance down the street with a sardonic smile, and a slow, humorous working of his tongue within his cheek, which seemed to do him good.

They were all at Ira's one night when some one said that he supposed the next thing they would hear would be that Jasper had bought out his father's half interest in the ranch. He said that he had heard—he did n't know whether there was anything in it or not, of course, but he *had* heard—that Jasper had made an almighty good thing in stocks while he was on in New York. Trust him for knowing a good thing! He seemed to have his father's long business head with something else besides—something like clutch. Nobody ever heard of his letting go of anything that he once laid his fist over, and his father, spite of his will (it was a dose for an adult, that will; the speaker had tried it), had let things slip, and lost a fortune. It would be queer if Jasper *should* pull up and pass his father in the race, now would n't it? It would be like Deed to be glad. He was gone on those sons of his. He did n't seem to have his natural sense where they were concerned. But it would be interesting if, after his father had given him a half share in the partnership, Jasper should be able to buy the other half for himself.

"Queer partnership, that, anyway," grunted Mr. Snell from the other side of the cloud of smoke that filled the bar-room. Snell was reputed to have made a fortune in fitting out mining-parties, in the early days of the Leadville boom, with a very bad grade of goods at prices not without a touch of naïveté for the

impartial spectator not obliged to pay them. And he had made a good thing by "grubstaking" two or three young men who had been lucky in prospecting the hills about Aspen. With the coming of fortune he had put on a precise habit of speech (it was a carefully made garment, but the old would sometimes play him the low trick of showing through in patches), and had waked up one morning with a respect for himself which required the use of the third person in referring to Mr. Snell.

"What Mr. Snell says is like this," continued Mr. Snell: "A man 's all off as soon as he begins bringing family considerations into business. Mr. Snell has nothing against them: he's a family man himself. But he says to his sons, he says, 'Look here now, Fred, if you want anything out of your old father, you have got to earn it; and if you want to do business with him, you have got to do business on business principles, every time, sir.' And he does it, too, gentlemen. The rate of interest is just as high under Mr. Snell's roof and fig-tree as it is down at his store. The multiplication-table was always good enough for me, and I guess it 'll have to do for my boys," he added grimly, with an unwary lapse into the first person.

"Two per cent. a month, unquestionable security, notes protested right along—that 's what does it, gentlemen. Ask no favors, and take none; and more especially have a cast-iron, copper-riveted, water-tight contract with your relatives, if you 're foolish enough to have *any*, and bail the machine dry of family feeling before you start. Now, Mr. Deed has got a notion in his head, near as I can make out, that there 's two answers to twice two. Down in town here it makes four; but out at the ranch, when he 's dealing with that son of his, Jasper, it makes five, or three, or some other fool figger."

A loyal murmur rose from the crowd at this, and Snell concluded doggedly: "Well, anyway, what Mr. Snell says is like this: 'There 's a place for everything,' he says, 'and the place for family feeling is at the family fireside.'"

"Family furnace up Mr. Snell's way, ain't it, Snell?" asked one of the group. He was joked on his peculiarity, of course, but the town did not venture far in this direction. He owned a good share of the houses of Maverick, was a hard landlord, and employed a number of people in his business and at his mines. Times were not always—perhaps never—of the best in Maverick; and no one felt that he could quite afford the luxury of making an enemy of Snell.

"I've put in a furnace lately, sir, I admit. Yes, sir," said he, truculently; "and I may be out of my count," he went on, with a remote implication which was not lost on men who liked

their humor oblique, "but I think—I say I think, young man—I've got a receipt for the coal bill."

"Come back to make things hum again out at your ranch, I judge," Mr. Snell said to Jasper when, about a week after the talk between Dorothy and Philip, Jasper stopped his horse in the street to speak to him. Jasper made a point of speaking all men fair, and humoring the willingness of everybody to believe his existence a constant matter for joyous surprise to all good fellows.

"Yes, Mr. Snell, yes; things get to loose ends in the master's absence, don't they? Personal supervision is the only plan, I find. I know it's your plan. Not many things escape your eye."

Mr. Snell drew his lips to a point, and, stroking them deprecatingly, pretended to weigh the question. "Well, not a great," he consented. "I suppose, now, you rather enjoy seeing the wheels start up again," he went on in a moment, in another tone; "like to crack your whip and see things moving, eh?"

Jasper glanced at him. "Why, it's pleasant to be back," he said. "When a man really likes his business, there's nothing like business, after all, is there, Mr. Snell?"

"Nothing," agreed Mr. Snell—"nothing. Not if it *is* your business, at least," he qualified; "not if you run the machine, not if you're on top."

"Well, *we* should n't care to be anywhere else, should we, Mr. Snell?" laughed Jasper, easily.

Mr. Snell flashed his furtive look on him, and dropped his eyes immediately. "No," he assented, with his dry smile. It was a wrinkled smile, like the skin of a last year's apple, withered and pensive and loose. It seemed to become in a moment a little large for his face, and he hastily smoothed it out. "No," he repeated; "I don't believe we should. You would n't, anyway, I judge. You would n't never be caught hankering, Mr. Snell guesses, for the place of that fellow in the theater orchestras that hits them brasses once in a while, and dandles them sleigh-bells, and whacks his drum in between. I guess, if any one *was* to do much figgering about your place, they'd see you belonged a leetle nigher the middle of the orchestra—something not too all-fired far from the conductor's chair; and I should n't wonder if they come around to the idee that the center of his chair was not far off the right thing. You'd want a baton in your hand, and then matters would begin to rumble around there. Eh?" he shouted in enjoyment, rubbing his hands.

Jasper laughed. He could enjoy even Mr. Snell's attribution of the naturalness of the place of command to him.

Snell went away, rubbing his hands with a glee out of proportion to the superficial dimensions of the joke; and when he was alone in his private office at the store, drew a paper indorsed "Bill of Sale of 'Triangle Outfit'" from a bundle of documents in his safe, and, seating himself in his capacious leather chair, read it over in smiling silence.

When Jasper, while still at breakfast next morning, saw Snell's leathery face come suddenly into the sunny prospect from his window, appearing and disappearing with the motions of his horse, he was unable to imagine why he should be taking the long ride from Maverick at such an hour to see him. He had had no dealings with him for nearly a year; what should he want of him? He accounted for his presence for a moment by the fantastic supposition that Snell was running out to see him for a little early morning exercise, and for the pleasure of a chat with him; and he allowed himself a smile at this idea. Snell no more took aimless exercise on horseback than the other residents of Maverick did, and if it was a question of riding five miles for the sake of a chat with him (Jasper), he thought he saw Snell wasting good business time in that fashion. The talk of yesterday came back to him: he had thought at the time that old Snell (he called him old, though he was scarcely fifty, because, in the absence of the absolutely old in the West, middle age has to typify senility) probably wanted something with all that palaver, and here he was to make what profit he could out of it. Jasper determined that it should be small. It was a bore, his coming at breakfast-time. Could n't he let a man eat his meals in peace? he growled to himself.

Jasper combined with his habit of hard work certain luxurious tastes, which he did not allow to interfere with business. He rose early for work (it was one of his counts against Philip that he was never up to breakfast); but he liked a dash of Florida water in his bath, and spent rather more than an hour in grooming himself for the day. He listened to reports about the condition of things within the immediate precinct of the ranch-house from his cowboy cook at breakfast, and gave him/his orders then; but he required a dainty table from him, and did not spare the daily energy necessary to secure a luxury so foreign to every condition of the life he was leading. He dressed like his men because they would not have tolerated anything else, and because it was part of his pose of good fellow to make himself one of them; but it was one of the marvels of the Valley that he should be allowed to go so neat without losing acceptance with his cow-punchers. It was certainly not because he was obviously a man who must be neat and dainty to live, that this unworthy

niceness was pardoned in him,—though the most casual glance must have shown any one that,—but through the respect he commanded among his men on other accounts. For a range of fifty miles about the ranch it was understood that Jasper Deed was not the man one would choose to monkey with.

The loose hang of his dressing-gown about his stalwart figure, as he sat at breakfast, concealed the physical sufficiency which was one of the sources of this feeling; as he rose and stretched himself and went to the window to bow to Snell, with his hands thrust deep into the low pockets of the robe, it might have been guessed, perhaps. He had, in fact, no such strength as Philip's; but his closely knit frame gave him the credit to the eye of every ounce of force in him, while Philip's sturdy figure, carried without Jasper's distinction, had only the effect of its rude power. Jasper was one of the perfectly molded physical products which Nature turns out in her most careful and workmanlike—perhaps not her most inspired—moods. He was built like a firmly rooted, straight, strong young tree; and his grace, his refinement, his physical adequacy were like that; they took the beholder with their absolute adaptability to their function, with the propriety of their place in Nature. It was this effect in him which made it seem natural that he should keep himself trim; it was by way of being a tribute of respect to so right a figure in the pageant of things.

His face had the symmetry that goes with such perfect forms. It was not very unlike certain other correct and manly faces, of course. That is the penalty one pays for having the standard face—that in degree as other faces approach the standard they must be like one's own; but even this fault was mitigated, when he spoke, by a hard line of determination which formed itself on each side of his mouth, and by the glance of resolve shining from his eyes. The little frown habitually lowering his strongly marked eyebrows, and a habit of twisting the end of his heavy golden mustache, when he spoke, as if quelling things stronger than it would be useful to say, contributed to his effect of force.

Jasper turned from the window, through which Snell was visible, and threw two or three sticks of wood on the andirons. The ranch-house, which was a Queen Anne cottage built by an Eastern architect under the supervision of Deed, but much influenced in its construction by Jasper's wishes, was set directly under the range of mountains that one saw from Maverick, and the rear windows looked out upon the pine-clad lower slopes of Mount Blanco.

"Ah, Mr. Snell," he said, as he turned to greet him, "you're an early bird this morn-

ing. Take a seat. Nothing like an early morning ride to put life into a man, is there?"

"No—no," assented Mr. Snell, absently, as he took the seat, laid his hat carefully on the floor, and fumbled in his breast-pocket for a paper.

"Well, I'm glad to see you letting up a bit on the daily grind. We all work too hard out here. A little too hasty about chasing up the almighty cart-wheel; yes, a trifle too hurried. But it rolls, does n't it, if you don't scramble after it with the rest?" Jasper put his hand to the back of his head and smoothed his carefully brushed hair. "It rolls. That's my experience.

"It is not wealth, nor rank, nor state,  
But git up and git that makes men great.

Our Colorado maxim says it for us, and it's about so, I suppose. Eh, Mr. Snell?" Jasper gathered his dressing-gown about him, and seated himself luxuriously in his favorite chair before the fire, watching Snell warily from beneath his drooping lids, with every trading instinct in him alert under this rambling fire of amiability and worldly wisdom. Snell was there to get an advantage over him in some shape; he knew that as well as if he had carried a placard about his neck to advertise him of the fact. He gathered himself together with the secure consciousness that he knew whose the advantage would be when he bowed Snell out of his door.

"Well, it ain't quite a holiday that Mr. Snell's taking this morning," admitted Mr. Snell, smacking his dry lips, as a preliminary to business, and observing Jasper, whose eyes were on his watch-chain, with a curious look—a look instantly broadened to a smile at some subtle joke which, at the lifting of Jasper's head, he apparently saw in this. "I guess Mr. Snell has n't taken a vacation from chasing up his own little mighty dollar yet,—not a very long one, anyhow,—and he don't seem extra likely to, while the present scarcity rules."

"Are they scarce, Mr. Snell?" asked Jasper.

"Well, don't you find 'em so?"

Jasper hesitated a moment. "Why, to tell the truth, no, I don't. It takes all my time and some lively rustling to keep them plenty, of course. But I don't mind telling you, Mr. Snell, that I have a pretty good thing here—or my father and I have. With two or three open winters, like the last two we've had, we sha'n't be poor men. The increase is enormous, you know, if you don't lose all your cattle in the winter storms, and prices have been fairly good lately. I don't believe in the policy of running down your business, and playing poor all the time. I'm not poor myself, and I don't know that I care who knows it."



"Why, that's good! That's good!" nodded Snell, and he let the gloating smile that had been working about the corners of his mouth go now, in sheer incapacity to contain his triumph longer. He longed to play his victim further, but he had to say it. "That's the kind of news that warms the cockles of an owner's heart, ain't it? Mr. Snell don't mind owning up, if you press him, that it warms his. He's been buying some cattle himself lately."

"Indeed, Mr. Snell!" said Jasper, politely. "Whose?"

"Yours," returned Snell. He locked his withered hands within each other, and leaned forward, resting his arms on his knees, and fixing his eyes on Jasper.

Jasper straightened out of his lounging attitude involuntarily. His face paled. He found his smile and cigarette instantly, and rose to pick out an allumette on the mantel, with a low laugh of self-contempt, which Snell took for derision of his statement.

"You don't believe it," said Snell to his back, with a gurgling note of contentment in his voice. "Well, I don't know as I expected you to," he drawled. "Mr. Snell said to himself, when he started out to pay this little morning call, that some of his remarks might require substantiation—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, as the 'Lone Creek Rustler' says in its 'Notices to Correspondents.' Well, Mr. Deed, I dare say I can substantiate. Might cast your eye over that," he said, coiling his tongue into his cheek to keep himself in subjection; "and that," he added, laying a second paper on the mantel, and still contriving to subdue an importunate smile.

Jasper stooped to the fire on the hearth and kindled his allumette deliberately before rejoining. He was flushed as he rose,—perhaps with stooping,—but he turned and faced Snell without haste or heat.

"Who's your employer in this game, Snell?" He rounded his lips and shaped a ring with the smoke, watching it climb to the ceiling with affectionate solicitude. "Who are you acting for? who's your principal? which of my well-wishers put you up to this scheme?" he repeated as Snell did not answer. He looked down into Snell's bemused face, as he thrust his hands into the pockets of his dressing-gown, and puffed at his cigarette. "I swear, Snell, I gave you credit for more penetration than to waste your time for *any one* on a scheme that takes me for an unfledged tenderfoot. Do you think I'm here for my health?"

Snell had recovered himself, and said, with patient good humor: "No, Mr. Deed; I never thought that; your worst enemy would n't accuse you of that. There's good reading in

them papers," he added, with the effect of an afterthought.

"Entertain yourself with it, then," said Jasper, taking them from where they lay on the mantel, and tossing them to him. Snell caught them dexterously, without relaxing the smile which he no longer took pains to conceal, and which spread beamingly now to all his features. "I'm not in want of reading-matter here," continued Jasper; "and if you've nothing more to say, Mr. Snell—"

"Oh, I've got plenty more to say, if that's all," responded Snell, imperturbably; "and you'd like this reading. Hm-hm—" "This indenture—hm—this day—hm—party of the first part, and Abraham Snell, party of the second part, witnesseth:—would you like to know what it witnesseth?" he inquired, opening wide the document he had been pretending to take stealthy peeps at while he read. He looked up at Jasper cunningly.

Jasper scowled back darkly at him. "Oh, drop that leer, Snell! What are you driving at?"

"Why, I've got a deed here of the 'Triangle Outfit'—whole concern, you know," he said, looking up into Jasper's paling face blandly: "house, land, fences, water privileges, run of the range, and one of the largest and finest bunches of cattle in the State; increasing enormously, I believe you said."

"A deed of my range—of my cattle!" repeated Jasper.

"Well," drawled Snell, with his habitual deprecating pull at his puckered lips, "not too all-firedly, tee-totally yours. Some of it your father's, ain't it?—say about two thirds. I guess it's a good deed. Ought to be—deed from a Deed, you know." He leered up into Jasper's miserable face, with a smile of enjoyment.

"From my father! Stuff!"

"Do you know his writing?" Snell began to open out the paper. Jasper snatched it from him. At sight of the signature he burst out in a great imprecation. He turned livid, and Snell got hastily on his feet, fearing that he would fall. But he left the fireplace quickly, and going over to the window read the whole document slowly through.

"What devil's cunning did you use with my father to get him to sign this?" he asked, turning on Snell, as he finished.

"Not any," responded Snell, cheerily. "I guess you used that for me, Mr. Deed, if all your father said was true. I'd have worked tooth and nail for a year to 'a' got that deed signed, just as it is there, I don't mind telling you, Mr. Deed, and been glad of the chance. But your father saved me the trouble. He came and offered me the bargain, he urged it on me, he crammed it down my throat; and after beating him down a trifle, just for self-

respect, you know, I yielded politely. He was rather in a hurry, and I did n't want to bother him with a refusal—not at that price," he qualified, stroking his chin. "Ranges like this ain't going at \$25,000—well, not every day." He glanced at Jasper, and his eye dropped irresistibly in a wink. "'T ain't no bad bargain," he went on, with a lapse into the cruder forms of his speech. "I don't mind owning up to that, now it's signed and sealed, and the outfit's mine." Snell did not miss the wince and the clench of the teeth with which Jasper received this. "But it was n't the *bargain* I was after—not entirely." Jasper stared at him. "I suppose you've forgotten that little transaction of ours a year ago come next spring, Mr. Deed? Yes; I thought you would have. Well, you see I *ain't*. That's the difference. Oh, Mr. Snell's got a memory for kind deeds. 'Kind deeds can never, never die,' the old song says. We used to sing it in our Sunday-school back in the New Hampshire days. Don't know that sacred toon, perhaps? But it's a good toon, all the same—a good, old-fashioned truth-telling toon. They can't die—kind deeds; and if they could, I would n't let 'em. But I ain't had no trouble keeping this one alive: it's got up with me every morning, and made my breakfast happy for me; and it's gone to bed with me every night, and helped me to put in a good night's rest. I ain't forgot, Mr. J. Deed, if you have," he said, rising, and nodding his head bitterly toward Jasper; "and I've paid out a tidy sum for this here little dokyment,"—snatching it from Jasper's loose clasp, and shaking it in his bony claws,—"just to get it to help say so for me. I hope the language is plain, Mr. Deed."

Jasper kept his hands from Snell's collar with difficulty. "Quite, Mr. Snell," he said, with his usual coolness. "You've paid \$25,000 for a piece of paper that is worth, at the outside, twenty-five cents. That makes the expense of registering your disapproval of something I've

(To be continued.)

done, or left undone—I really don't recall the particular villainy you allude to—twenty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and seventy-five cents. It's not a bad bargain, as Mr. Snell's bargains go."

"What!" screamed Snell.

"I say your deed, as you call it, is n't worth the paper it's written on."

"Oh, it ain't, ain't it?" sneered Snell, comfortably.

"No. My father had no more right to make that sale than you would have had."

Snell laughed cheerfully. "Think you're the only man who ain't here as a sanitary measure, do you? I took a lawyer's advice before I closed with that poor father of yours that ain't got no rights. I'm not here for my health—not altogether. When will you be ready to give me possession?"

"Never," returned Jasper, closing his lips.

"Oh, come! I'm willing to accommodate, but the date's too late. Make it a day or two earlier—say to-morrow." He flirted the deed carelessly about in his hand.

"I'll tell you something I *won't* postpone," said Jasper, his fingers working by his side.

"Yes?" inquired Snell, with the irritating rising inflection.

"And that's putting *you* out of the house." Jasper began to roll up his sleeve.

"Inhospitable, ain't you?" said Snell, taking up his hat nonchalantly. "That ain't the way I'll treat you when I'm master here. Judge I'd better bring the sheriff with me when I come to take possession to-morrow," he said tentatively at the door.

Jasper glared at him. Snell shut the door hastily. When he had gone, Jasper ran to his room, cast off his dressing-gown, and drew on his riding-boots. Vixen was ready for him when he came down-stairs, and he flung himself upon her. He dug his spurs into her. Snell was making his way back to Maverick by another road.

Wolcott Balestier.

## A LIE.

SHE told a lie, a little lie,—  
It was so small and white,  
She said, "It cannot help but die  
Before another night."  
And then she laughed to see it go,  
And thought it was as white as snow.

But oh, the lie! it larger grew,  
Nor paused by night or day,  
And many watched it as it flew,  
And, if it made delay,  
Like something that was near to death  
They blew it onward with their breath.

And on its track the mildew fell,  
And there were grief and shame,  
And many a spotless lily-bell  
Was shriveled as with flame.  
The wings that were so small and white  
Were large, and strong, and black as night.

One day a woman stood aghast,  
And trembled in her place,  
For something flying far and fast  
Had smote her in the face—  
Something that cried in thunder-tone,  
"I come! I come! *Take back your own!*"

Ellen M. H. Gates.

## PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF NICARAGUA.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



DAYLIGHT found us well off the coast of Jamaica, bound for Greytown, on the Mosquito Coast, our after-decks covered with darkies and their families going in search of work on the canal.

For several days we bowled along over high rollers so blue that the strongest color on the palette would be driven wild with envy could it but appreciate its weakness. The trade-winds were blowing strong, tempering the heat of the sun; not a cloud was to be seen; everything was lovely.

At last a morning dawned upon us at anchor off Greytown. All vessels anchor about a mile from land, as the water is so shallow on the bar that they cannot enter. The bottom and shore of the harbor are of sand, which constantly shifts, changing the coast-line and the depth of the water from year to year.

Those of the passengers about to land walked about the deck, looking strange in their hard hats and white shirts. Satchels and bags were strewn about; cabin-boys were gathering in their tips. Soon a tug came out, towing flats, or lighters, for our cargo. The sea was high: one minute a flat would be almost even with our decks, and the next fifteen or twenty feet below; one minute, thirty feet from the side, and the next, jamming into us with a tremendous crash, making the vessel tremble from bow to stern.

On the flats there were many men to receive the freight, but no one seemingly in command. When a package was hanging over the boat, yells to lower would go up from every one; the constant shifting of the boat would bring some of them under the package, and a wild scramble to get out of the way would begin; again, as it would be lowered, the flat would slide out from under, and all hands would yell to have the engine stopped. Sometimes, as the bale was lowered, the flat would go down at the same time, keeping the same distance between them; then a wave would suddenly lift it up against the bale with such force that one would think it must go through the bottom of the boat. This is the worst thing that can happen to a show-case, even though it is well boxed, as I had a chance to see. On the west coast all goods are taken at the shipper's risk; it must be the same here.

Ladies, babies, and old people are lowered

in the same way, tied in a chair, and one at a time. Two lines are tied to the chair to steady it, one held by a man on the steamer, one by a man in the float; the power is steam. But a man must climb, stay on board, or drown, and no one seems to care which.

The lighters were loaded at last, and we shoved from the steamer, and headed for the harbor. In a short time we were on shore, and on our way to the hotel recommended to us by the American consul. There are several in the place. This one consisted of a very large bar-room opening on a broad veranda that ran the length of the building, a smaller dining-room, and back of that a number of small closets called bedrooms, separated by partitions about six feet high. In each of these apartments was a canvas cot with a grass mat, a sheet of muslin, and a small, very hard hair pillow. A wash-stand, with a grass mat before it, completed the furnishing.

The town is a small one, supported entirely by the Canal Company and their employees. Most of the houses are frame-buildings; but a few of the natives still cling to the palm-thatched roof. The character and appearance of the town are different from the interior towns from the fact that there are so many foreigners living in it, and what is called the native population is well mixed up with black blood from Jamaica. The old town of the time of the gold fever has almost entirely disappeared, the site being in part washed away, and the unstable buildings that were on the remainder have long since been replaced by others. Decay is very rapid here, the humidity is so great, and such instruments as cameras warp and swell so much as to be practically useless, even when kept wrapped in rubber. Everything is moldy. It is useless to try to keep dry. In the camps where men are cutting out the line of the canal, often for days they are at work in water, and the greater part of the time in the rain. Often the water is poisonous or stagnant.

Near the shore we saw about the only relic of early days left in Greytown: this was the remains of an old fence built of musket-barrels stuck into the ground muzzle down and side by side. The guns were old flint-locks, and were used by, or were part of, the plunder of the filibuster Walker. One hears much and sees many traces of him all through Nicaragua.

I found that the steamer for the head of Lake Nicaragua left Greytown only once in





ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

A NICARAGUA POLICEMAN ON DUTY.

ten days or two weeks; and as I had seen about all there was to see in the place,—all that was left could have been done in a day,—I concluded to go on the steamer that left the next day. The morning found me abroad. These steamers are small stern-wheeled crafts similar to those used on our Western and Southern rivers. There are very few state-rooms, and most of the passengers are obliged to sleep on deck; indeed, many of the old travelers prefer to do so. Each one is expected to provide his own bedding, pillow, and mosquito-net.

The San Juan River averages probably a quarter of a mile in width; its length is about one hundred miles; its banks are very low except at the old town, and just off Castillo, two thirds of the way up, where there is a hill, topped by the old fort, of no earthly use except as a shelter for the garrison. It is very pretty, however, and would be prettier were it not for the fact that its gray stone and brick walls have been given a coat of whitewash. The custom-house is located here, and, after an examination of baggage, passengers are transferred to another steamer at the other end of the town, for there is a difficult rapid here, although the boats of the natives are pulled over it in some way.

Castillo is a small place of one street, built around the foot of the hill on which the fort is situated. A track is laid through this narrow street, over which the freight is transferred. It is purely a native town, and very dirty. Scavenger pigs run around the street and into the houses. No one seems to work; every house and shop has one or two hammocks swinging, and every one is occupied. The Transportation Company brings considerable support to this place, of course, but many of the people live by rubber-hunting through the swamps and jungles, or by buying rubber from those who do.

After leaving Castillo, the banks are again low until you near the mouth of the lake at San Carlos, where the high land of the interior begins to run back into mountains and volcanoes sometimes a mile high. The river-banks are densely covered with timber; fern and cocoanut-palm branches, hanging over into the water in most places, entirely conceal the banks. Where one can see through the trees into the black, dark recesses of the forest, it does not look inviting. One can hear monkeys chattering, parrots screeching, and would not have to look long to find snakes. We were taking on wood one day when a snake of a brilliant green was seen by one of the passengers on the limb of a tree within twenty feet of the boat. Several shots were

fired at it, when one from a Winchester cut the branch that it was on, and it fell to the ground, disappearing under a pile of wood. It must have been at least eight feet long. The deck-hands who were passing the wood did not seem to mind the fact that there was a snake, and possibly many, in the pile, but continued at work in their bare feet as though nothing had happened.

One afternoon, at four o'clock, we reached the head of the river, at the entrance to Lake Nicaragua, and tied up at the wharf of the town of San Carlos, which is built on the side of a hill, and protected by two forts, only one of which is garrisoned, the other being abandoned and going to decay. We wandered about the place until it was time to return for dinner, but found nothing of interest except the naked babies and pigs about the streets, the parrots in the doorways, the buzzards on the roofs, and the wrecks of two of the old Vanderbilt line of steamers, the stacks and boilers of which were sticking up out of the water near the shore, where the vessels had been beached and burned by the filibuster Walker.

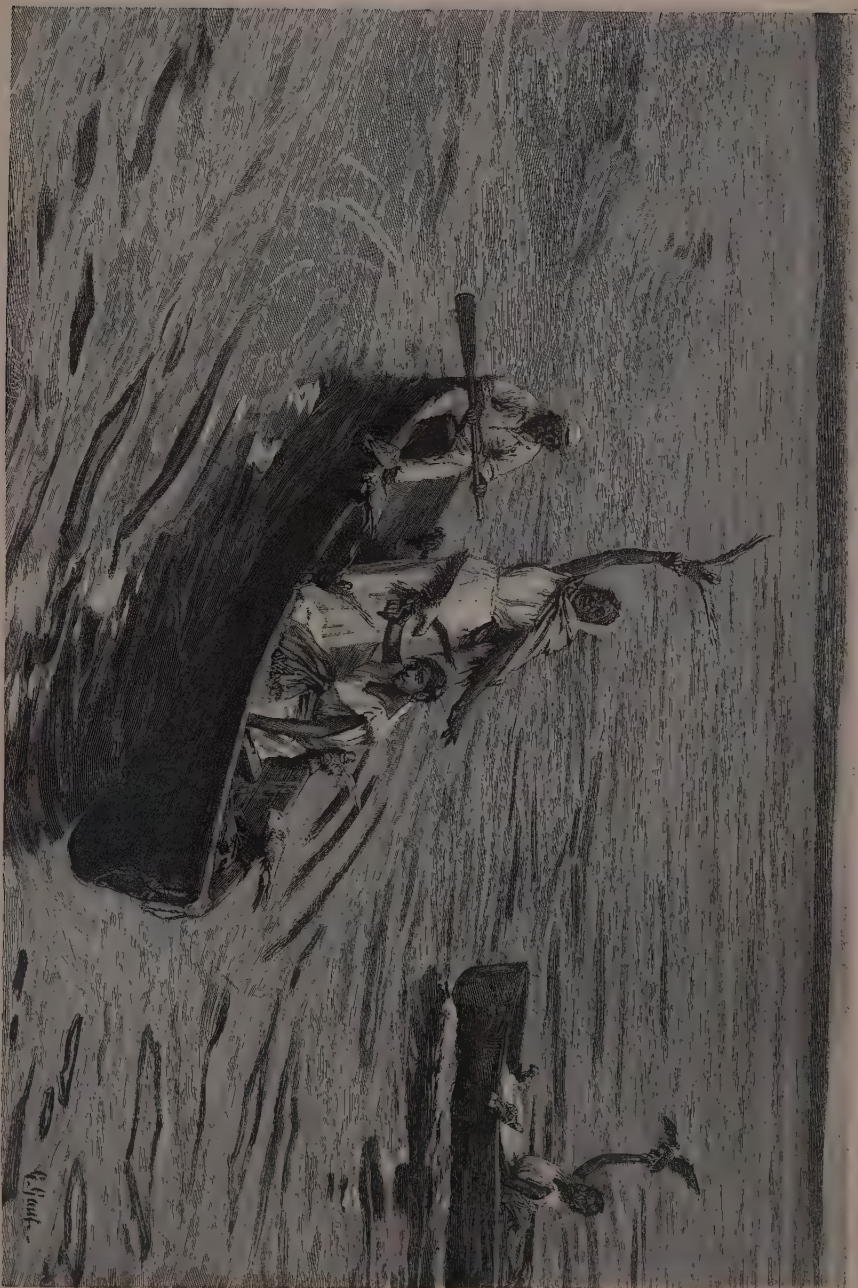
We had hurried back to the steamer through fear of being left, but she did not sail until next morning at daylight. I was glad of this, as it gave us a chance to see the lake to advantage, which otherwise we would not have had.

Lake Nicaragua is about seventy-five miles long, and thirty or forty wide. Its water is fresh and shallow, and the wheel of our little steamer sucked up the mud from the bottom for miles after leaving San Carlos. A big dam that is proposed at or near Castillo is to raise the water of the lake about twenty feet.

There are many islands, varying in height from a few feet to the volcano Madera, which is 4100 feet, and the volcano Ometepe, which is 4190 feet in height. They are chronic grumblers, these fellows, and one has, on two different occasions, done considerable damage to the towns and plantations on its sides and base, and to Rivas, which is some six or eight miles away on the mainland. Here it has shaken down houses, and covered the tillable land with ashes.

We left the steamer at Rivas, as we wished to go over the old route taken by California miners. Having secured horses and a guide, we started early the next morning, so as to go as far as possible before the sun was high. My companion's horse was a stumbler, and came very near falling two or three times, and the guide did not know the way. After he had lost the road and found it again two or three times, we concluded to send him back; but as he was well mounted, we compelled him to exchange his horse for the stumbler, and pro-

PARROT-SELLERS AT CORINTH.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. STAUF.



ceeded on our way, crossing the line marked by the Nicaragua Canal Company; and at last, having stopped at a native ranch for something to eat, we reached the site of the old town of Virgin Bay and the landing for the Vanderbilt line of steamers. The piles of the long pier are yet sticking out of the water here and there, but the upper woodwork has long since been washed away. What was once the street of the place is now overgrown with weeds and burs. The only family living here is that of a Jamaica negro. His wife is a Nicaraguan. Stopping our horses in the shade of a tree where his children were gathering oranges, we asked for some, and the little ones filled their skirts,—those that had them, the naked ones carrying all they could in their hands,—and gave them to us. They were delighted with the small pieces of silver we gave them in return, as they were overpaid, a bushel of oranges being worth only about five or seven cents here.

We opened the door of the old hotel, and looked into the bar-room, once filled with miners, filibusters, gamblers, and natives, and in which many an exciting affair has occurred, but were met only by a cloud of bats, startled by the noise and light. The stairs had fallen down, so that we could not visit the second story, as we wished to do.

Following the old road, which is about fifteen miles long, one comes to San Juan del Sur. Before reaching this place, however, the country grows hilly, and the road somewhat better, as it is used by the people of San Juan del Sur for a little distance to reach the main road running north to Rivas. Along this portion of the road are a few small plantations.

We met some teamsters on their way to the interior with loads of goods that had been landed at San Juan del Sur by one of the Pacific Mail steamers. Their carts were drawn by oxen, one, two, or three pair to each cart. I should think it would take one team to draw an empty cart, for they seemed very heavy; the wheels were solid, and looked as if they were simply sections cut from the trunk of a large tree, with a hole bored through the center to admit the axle.

San Juan del Sur is a very small place. There is a small harbor here, whence miners embarked for California. The window at which they used to buy tickets, and the hole in the wall in which they dropped their letters for home, can still be seen. Rivas is back from the lake about a mile and a half, and the people are building a horse-car route to the landing. Communication is kept up with Granada by boat and by a line of stages. I took the stage early in the morning, while it was yet so dark that one could not see the nearest thing. How the driver kept the road is more than I can tell; but he did, and the mules, be-

ing fresh, were making fast time, when I saw a spark of fire waving in the road. The mules stopped, and the spark approached and came into the stage, and then I saw that I was to have a fellow-passenger. The spark was his lighted cigar. We picked up one or two more people before we left the outskirts of the town, and then came a wild rush for miles at a gallop, every one of us hanging on as best he could. As it grew lighter, one could see groups of women on their way to town, carrying loads of fruit and vegetables to the market-place to sell. It was chilly until the sun came up, when it became very warm. On we went, sometimes between high hedges of cactus of various kinds surrounding beautiful fields and orange groves; again through open and treeless prairies, looking desolate and drear; over all kinds of roads, rough and well-made ones, hilly and level ones; past small collections of Indians' huts thatched with palms, and with side-walls daubed with clay; by the homes of well-to-do planters, with their white adobe walls and thatched roofs. In front of one ranch we saw three deer hanging; a man, naked to the waist, with his white linen trousers tucked up as high as he could get them, and covered with blood, was cutting them up. On the prairies we met several herds of cattle, and at eight o'clock stopped for a bowl of chocolate and to change mules at a very dirty Indian hut. Then we rattled on until ten, when we stopped at a cattle-ranch for breakfast. By this time it was very warm, and we were glad to occupy one of the hammocks which were invitingly stretched under the shadow of the thatched porch in front of the house until the meal was prepared.

Soon we were off again. It had grown unbearably hot; a white, chalky dust filled our eyes, noses, and ears, and the mules could not be induced to go very fast. How long this continued I do not know, but it seemed a long time, when, as we entered a small town, a tire came off one of the wheels, and we had to stop in front of the prison-house and send for a blacksmith. It took some time to make the repairs, and while this was going on I took a look at the prison-pen and the church. The church was not an interesting one, but this was my first view of a Nicaragua prison. A soldier was on guard at the door, which was open. There was only one room, the walls of which were very thick; about five feet from the wall, and parallel to it, two long, squared logs of oak were placed. The lower one was fastened to the floor; the upper one, which rested on it, could be raised and lowered at will, and was held in position by wooden pins at the ends. Holes were scooped, partly from the upper and partly from the lower log, through which the ankles of the prisoners were



WASHING NEAR MASAYA.

ENGRAVED BY A. BLOSSE.

placed; straw was thrown on the floor back of the logs, and the prisoners could lie down or sit up as they pleased, but could not stand. A jar of water was placed within reach. A veranda ran across the front of the building, under which was a bench for the accommodation of the guard. This constituted all the furnishing. The floors were of tile, and everything looked tolerably clean.

Then through more villages we passed, causing children and pigs to scamper, and returning the salutes of adults, all of whom came to the doors. Over more hills and down into the valleys we went, skirting the base of a volcano

(Mombacho), and reaching the outskirts of Granada about seven o'clock.

All important towns in Nicaragua are laid out on one plan, and the architecture is the same in all. There is a plaza, around which are grouped the church or cathedral, public buildings, barracks, stores, bank, hotel, and sometimes some of the principal residences. In this square the market is usually held, and every morning picturesque men and women can be seen with trays and bags of all the products of the country for sale. The houses are all adobe, and very few have more than one story, excepting the public buildings



PINEAPPLE-SELLER, GRANADA.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

or hotels, and even these rarely, earthquakes being too frequent. The Indian huts on the outskirts of the town and in the villages are palm-thatched, but pretentious houses have tile roofs. All the floors are made of red tiles or of mother earth. The windows are not glazed,—the climate is too warm to make it either necessary or comfortable,—but are closed at night on the inside by large, heavy shutters hung on hinges, and frequently cages of iron or wood are built over them on the outside. Living- and sleeping-rooms are large, averaging eighteen feet in width, with large doorways on both the street and the inside court of the house, which give a good circulation of air.

The interior court, around which the different rooms are built, is often filled with trees and flowers in beds or pots of very pretty designs, and often there is a fountain in the

houses of the rich. Under the veranda, hammocks are swung and parrots hang; the veranda is used also as a dining-room.

Pictures are everywhere: women bearing burdens on their heads, their draperies blown into action, and their usually strong and beautiful figures accentuated by the gentle trade-winds; bathers or washerwomen on the beach, the sunlight glancing from their wet bronzed bodies and coal-black hair, relieved against the deep blue of the sky, and reflected in the waters of the lake and the white of the incoming waves; the market-places; the hammocks full of naked and sleeping babies; the beautiful young girls; the withered and wrinkled crone sucking her cigarette as she crouches over her spark of a charcoal fire, surrounded by her pots and pans; the islands of the lake; the volcanoes; the tropical rich-



ness of the cultivated country, with its feathery palms and orchids; or the weird, lonesome, gloomy jungle, with its majestic trees and festooned vines.

Here is a young boy selling pineapples; he wears nothing but a breech-cloth. Here comes a girl who is a perfect scheme of color, her bronze face, black hair, yellow-white chemise, red rebozo full of quality, and her brown skirt and sandals covered with dust. You watch her until she turns the corner, and you have half a mind to follow for one more glance; but look in another direction, and behold! something

but in the larger towns they are on their mettle, and are as spruce as can be.

A broad sand-bank borders the lake at Granada, and is the fashionable drive for the inhabitants. There is always a cool breeze coming over the water, making it very comfortable, and there are many things of interest—the picturesque little thatched huts, shaded by large trees and palms that make them look like toy houses; the naked babies playing in the sand or chasing the buzzards, which are as tame as chickens; people washing, bathing, driving.

We came at last to Corinto, which is only a



DELIVERING MEAT, GRANADA.

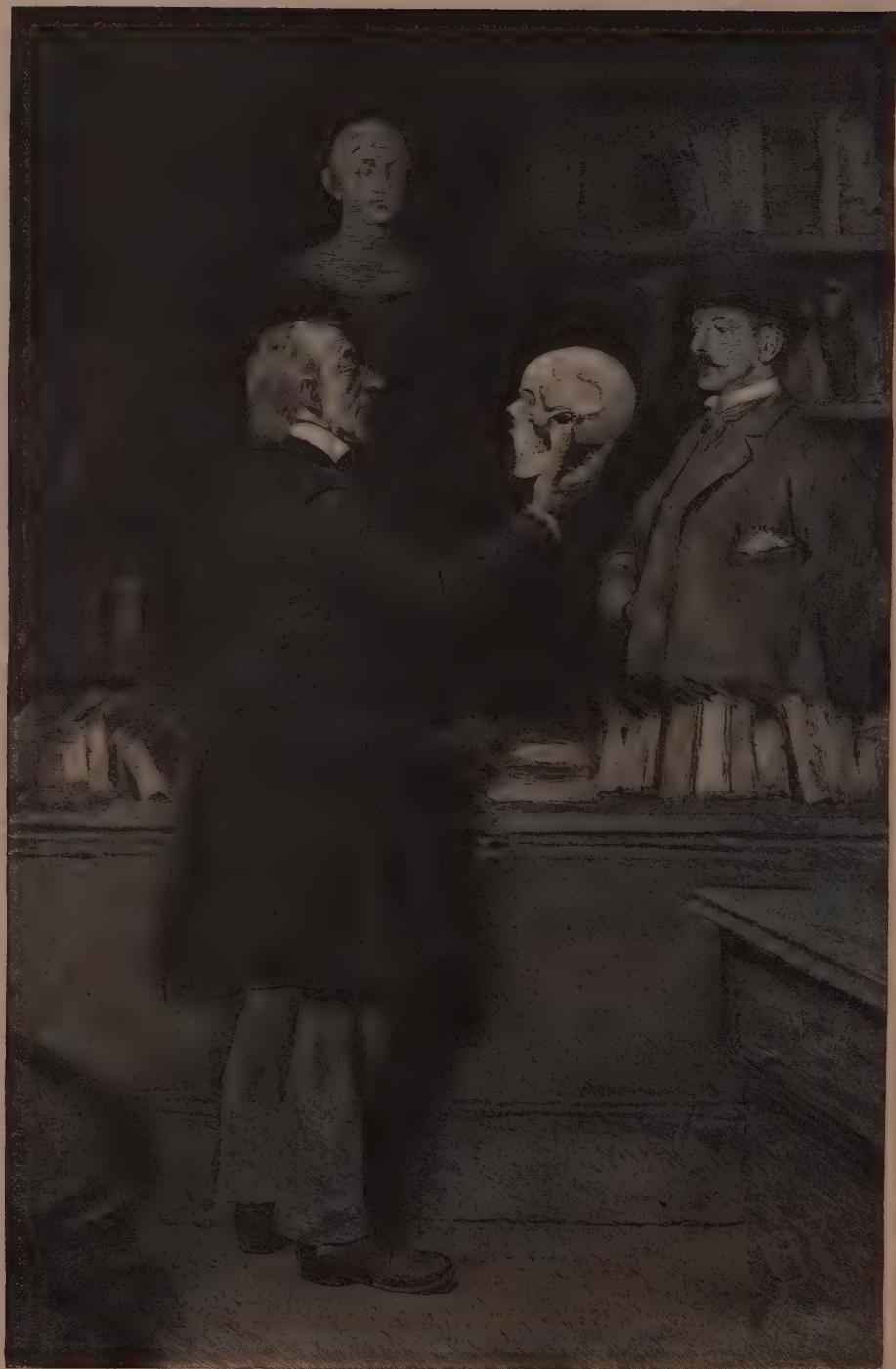
ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

equally fine is before you. Maybe it is a young señor, with a mane of black hair about his forehead and sticking out from under his hat-brim, his mustache twisted into saucy curls; a gay sash about his waist, a short sword at his side, and his game-cock under his arm. The soldiers, too, are picturesque. They are always expecting a revolution, when life is eventful; but in times of peace, the arresting of stray pigs, goats, etc. is about all they have to do. They are small men, but look like good material, and, I have no doubt, fight bravely. They wear hardly any uniform, and remind one of Falstaff's men;

railroad terminus on a sand-bar. Our steamer came in that night, and we made our way to her the next day in a canoe, our boatman winding his way among the canoes of natives that were selling parrots, fruit, cigars, etc. to the sailors and passengers.

After the busy time I had been having on my travels, very enjoyable were the long, dreamy days on board, with nothing to do but read, smoke, and rest, watching the natives load and unload, and the fish and sharks in the clear water around us. Then, too, I could hear English speech about me, and felt that I was home at last.

*Gilbert Gaul.*



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

IN THE BOOKSELLER'S SHOP.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATS.

## THE CHEVALIER DE RESSEGUIER.

By the author of "Marjorie Daw," "From Ponkapog to Pesth," "The Queen of Sheba," "Wyndham Towers," etc., etc.



I AM unable to explain the impulse that prompted me to purchase it. I had no use for a skull—excepting, of course, the one I am temporarily occupying. There have been moments, indeed, when even that has seemed to me an encumbrance. Nevertheless, I bought another.

It was one of three specimens which decorated the window of a queer book-shop that I was in the habit of passing in my daily walks between the railway station and the office of the "*Æsthetic Review*." I was then living out of town. I call it a queer book-shop, for it was just that. It dealt in none but works on phrenology, toxicology, evolution, mesmerism, spiritualism, and kindred occult sciences. Against the door-jambs, and on some shelves outside, were piled small packages of quaintly bound volumes, each set tied up with a piece of frayed twine, and bearing a tag on which was written the title of the work. These thin, dingy octavos and twelvemos, looking as if they might have come out of the library in Noah's ark, were chiefly treatises of a psychological and social nature, and were no doubt daringly speculative. The patrons of the establishment shared its eccentricity. Now and then I caught a glimpse of a customer either entering or leaving the shop. Sometimes it was a half-shabby middle-aged man, who seemed a cross between a low comedian and a village undertaker; sometimes it was a German or a Pole, cadaverous, heavy-bearded, with a restlessness about the eyes—a fellow who might be suspected of carrying dynamite pellets in his waistcoat pocket; and sometimes it was an elderly female, severe of aspect, with short hair in dry autumnal curls, evidently a person with advanced views on Man, and so flat in figure, so wholly denuded of graceful feminine curves, as to make it difficult for one to determine, when she lingered an instant in the doorway, whether she was going in or coming out.

What first attracted my attention to the shop-window was a plaster bust of the Young Augustus, for which a copy of Malthus on "*The Principle of Population*" served as pedestal. The cranium had been neatly marked out into irregular, variously colored sections, like a map of the United States. In each section was a Roman numeral, probably having its duplicate with an attendant explanation in

the phrenological chart which lay in front of the bust. That first caught my eye; but the object which touched my real interest, and held it, was what I took to be a skilful imitation of the human skull, carved in rich old ivory. It struck me as a consummate little piece of sculpture, and I admired it greatly. After closer and repeated scrutiny, however, I discovered that it was not a reproduction, but the genuine article; yet I could never wholly divest myself of its first impression as a work of art. A work of art, indeed! It was one of a kind on which patient Nature has lavished some of her most exquisite handicraft. What inanimate object on earth so appeals to the imagination as a skull, the deserted "dome of thought, the palace of the soul," as Byron called it? Reverently regarded, there is nothing depressing or repellent in it. That is a false and morbid sentimentalism which sees in such relics anything but a solemn and beautiful mystery.

There were, as I have said, two other specimens in the window, but the one signalized was incomparably the finest. I seldom passed near the shop without halting a moment to contemplate the wide, placid brows, in which there was a beauty of even a finer kind than that in the face of the Young Augustus, in spite of the latter having all the advantage of completed features. The skull was apparently very old—say a hundred years or so, if that is old for a skull; and had clearly belonged to a man past the prime of life at the instant of his quitting it. It was a curious reflection that while time had ceased for the man himself, the inexorable years were surely, though slowly and imperceptibly, working their will on what was once so intimate a part of him, the cast-off shell of his mind!

Passing the shop day after day through those summer months, I finally became, if the phrase is permissible, on familiar terms with the skull. As I approached it morning and evening, on my passage to and fro, it grew to seem to me like the face of a friend in the crowd—a face that I should have missed if it had been absent. Once or twice as the declining sun chanced momentarily to light up the polished marble brows, I almost fancied that I detected a gleam of recognition on the part of the mask. It had such an air of shrewdness as it looked out on the busy life of the street! "What," I said to myself one evening—"what if by any



possibility it has some dim perception of the fret and fever of it all—if some little flickering spark of consciousness still lingers!”

The idea, fanciful and illogical as it was, suggested itself to my mind from time to time, and one afternoon the pathos of it thrilled me strangely. I had a swift desire to take possession of the skull, and give it decent sepulture somewhere, though that would have been no kindly service if it were a sentient thing. At any rate, I resolved to shelter it from further publicity, and a moment afterward I found myself inside the old book-shop, and in close commercial relations with the proprietor, a moist-eyed but otherwise desiccated little man, whose *pince-nez*, attached by an elastic cord and set at an acute angle on his nose, was continually dropping into his shirt-bosom. There was something in the softness of his voice and the meekness of his manner out of all keeping with the revolutionary and explosive literature amid which he passed his existence.

“No,” he said gently, in reply to a question I had put to him; “I cannot say whose it was. Of course,” he added, with a feeble smile that had something of the pensiveness of a sigh, “it must have belonged to some one in particular; such things are not generally in common.”

“I quite understand that,” I returned. “I merely thought it might possibly have some sort of pedigree. Have you any idea how old it is?”

“There, too, I am in the dark,” he replied deprecatingly. “It stood in the shop-window when I came here as a boy, somewhat more than fifty years ago. I distinctly remember upsetting it the very first morning I swept out the store. Where old Mr. Waldron got it,—I succeeded to the business in 1859; will you let me give you one of my cards?—and how long he had had it in stock, I am unable to state. It is in perfect preservation, you will observe, and a gentleman wanting anything in this line, either for a collection or as a single specimen, could scarcely do better.”

As the ancient bookseller spoke, he held out the skull on his palm at arm’s length, and regarded it critically, giving a little purring hum of admiration meanwhile. I straightway thought of the grave-digger in the churchyard at Elsinore, and inwardly repeated Hamlet’s comment: “Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?”

I was without definite views concerning the current prices of the merchandise I was about to purchase, but supposed that they ran rather high. I was astonished by the smallness of the sum named for the skull—a sum at which I should hesitate to part with my own, unless it were in some acute crisis of neuralgic headache.

The transaction concluded, I had an in-

stant’s embarrassment. “Could n’t you wrap this in something?” I said.

“Certainly; to be sure!” exclaimed the little man, fishing up his eye-glasses for the twentieth time from the deep sea of his shirt-bosom. “Perhaps you would like it sent? If you will give me your address—”

“No, thanks. I live out of town. I will take it with me.”

“Ah, quite so,” he said, and, retiring to an inner room, presently returned with the skull neatly wrapped in a sheet or two of pink tissue-paper.

I put it under my arm, and passed into the street, trying to throw into my countenance the expression of a man who is carrying home a melon. I succeeded so far in this duplicity as to impose on my wife, who, meeting me on the piazza of our little country house, gaily snatched the package from my hand, and remarked:

“We will have it for dinner, dear!”

We both were smiling as we entered the house. In the mean while she was peeling off the layers of tissue-paper.

“But it is n’t a melon!” cried my wife, hastily laying the package on the hall table.

“No, dear,” I said; “it’s a skull.”

“A skull? How dreadful! Where did you get it? Whose skull?”

“It is mine,—so far as such property can be,—for I bought it. It is more distinctly mine than the one I have, which I did n’t buy and pay for, but which was thrown upon my hands, so to speak, without any regard to my personal wishes in the matter. This one I wanted.”

“But, my dear, what possessed you? It is perfectly horrid!”

“It is perfectly beautiful, my dear; and it has the highest moral significance. It is probable that the original wearer of it conveyed no such deep lesson to his contemporaries as this surviving framework of him may have for us. The wise Athenians always had a skull at their banquets, to remind them of the transitoriness and vanity of life. So, after all, we can have it for dinner, dear. Gazing upon this symbol of impermanence, you will no longer envy Mrs. Midas her coupé, and I shall feel that old Midas’s balance at the bank is not worth having, and that his ponderous new granite château, which completely cuts off our view of the river, is a thing of shifting sand. As a literary critic too much inclined, perhaps, to be severe on the shortcomings of fellow-creatures whose gifts are superior to mine, I need just such a *memento mori* to restrain my natural intolerance.”

“How absurd! What do you mean to do with it?”

"I intend to put it on the faience bracket over the end window in the library."

"Is it entirely appropriate as an ornament, dear? Is n't it a trifle—ghostly?"

"It is decidedly appropriate. What are books themselves but the lingering shades of dead and gone historians, story-tellers, and poets? Every library is full of ghosts, the air is thick with them."

"I am sure Jane will give us warning the moment she lays eyes on it."

"Then Jane can retire with her own silly head-piece."

"It will certainly terrify little Alfred."

"If it prevents little Alfred from playing in the library during my absence, and breaking the amber mouthpieces off my best pipes, I shall not complain. But, seriously, I set a value on this ancient relic—a value which I cannot easily make clear even to myself. In speaking of the matter I have drifted into a lighter vein than I intended. The thing will not be out of place among the books and bric-à-brac in the library, where no one spends much time, excepting myself; so, like a good girl, say no more about it."

The question thus pleasantly settled itself. I had scarcely installed my singular acquisition on the bracket when I was called to dinner. I paused a moment or two with my hand on the knob of the library door to take in the general effect from that point of view. The skull, which in widely different surroundings had become a familiar object to me, adapted itself admirably to its new *milieu*. There was nothing incongruous or recent in its aspect; it seemed always to have stood just there, though the bracket had for years been occupied by a slender Venetian vase, a bit of Salvati's fragile workmanship, which only a few days previously had been blown from its stand by a draft caused by the sudden opening of the door.

"Yes," I said; "it will do very well. There's nothing like it to give a tone to a library."

## II.

"WILL you take your coffee here, or have it in the library?" asked my wife, while Jane was removing the remains of the dessert.

"In the library," I said; "and as soon as Jane can fetch it. I must finish that review to-night."

When I bought the small house, half villa, half chalet, called Redroof, I added a two-story extension containing a spacious study on the ground-floor and a bedroom over it. As I frequently sat up late, and as Redroof was in a rather isolated situation, I liked to be within speaking-distance of my wife. By locking the doors of the upper and lower vestibules, which

were connected by a staircase, we wholly separated ourselves from the main building. The library was a long low-studded apartment with three windows on each side, and at the end opposite the door a wide-mullioned lattice, with lead-set panes, overlooking a stretch of lonely meadows. The quiet and seclusion of the room made it an ideal spot for literary undertakings, and here it was that I did the greater part of my work.

Now I had an important piece of work on hand this night, and after I had drunk my coffee I began turning over the leaves of a certain half-completed manuscript, with the despairing consciousness that I was not in a mood to go on with it. The article in question was a study of political intrigue during the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. The subject had fascinated me; for a week I had been unable to think of anything else, and the first part of the article had almost written itself. But now I found it impossible to pick up the threads of my essay. My mind refused concentration on any single point. A hundred things I wanted to say rushed upon me simultaneously, and so jostled and obscured one another as to create nothing but confusion. This congestion of ideas is quite as perplexing as their total absence, and the result is the same. I threw down my pen in disgust, and, placing one elbow on the desk, rested my cheek on my palm.

I had remained in that attitude for perhaps three minutes when I heard a voice—a low but distinct voice—saying:

"I beg monsieur's pardon, but if I interrupt him—"

I instantly wheeled round in my chair, expecting to see some one standing on the Bokhara rug behind me, though in the very act of turning I reflected how nearly impossible it was that any visitor could have got into the library at that time of night. There was nobody visible. I glanced toward the door leading into the vestibule. It was unlikely that that door could have been opened and closed without my observing it.

"I beg monsieur's pardon," repeated the voice, "but I am here—on the bracket."

"Oh," I said to myself, "I am careering round on the wildest of nightmares—one that has never before had a saddle on her. Clearly this is the result of overwork." My next impression was that I was being made the victim of some ingenious practical joke. But no; the voice had incontestably issued from the little shelf above the window, and though the effect might have been accomplished by some acoustic contrivance, there was no one in the house or in the neighborhood capable of conceiving it. Since the thing was for the moment inexplicable, I decided to accept it on its own terms. Recov-

ering my composure, and fixing my eyes steadily in the direction of the bracket, I said:

"Are you the person who just addressed me?"

"I am not a person, monsieur," replied the voice, slowly, as if with difficulty at first, and with an unmistakable French accent; "I am merely a conscience, an intelligence imprisoned in this sphere. Formerly I was a person—a person of some slight distinction, if I may be permitted so much egotism. Possibly monsieur has heard of me—I am the Chevalier de Resseguier."

Mechanically I threw a sheet of blotting-paper over the last page of my manuscript. Not five minutes previously I had written the following sentence—the ink was still fresh on the words: *Among the other intimates of Madame du Barry at this period was an adventurer from Toulouse, a pseudo man of letters, a sort of prowling epigram—one Chevalier DE RESSEGUIER!*

I had never been a believer in spiritualistic manifestations, perhaps for the simple reason that I had never been fortunate enough to witness any. Hitherto all phenomena had sedulously avoided me; but here was a mystery that demanded consideration—something that was not to be explained away on the theory that my senses had deceived me, something that the Society for Psychical Research would have been glad to get hold of. I found myself for once face to face with the Unusual, and I did not mean to allow it to daunt me. What is seemingly supernatural is not always to be taken too seriously. The astrology of one age becomes the astronomy of the next; the magician disappears in the scientist. Perhaps it was an immense curiosity rather than any spirit of scientific investigation that gave steadiness to my nerves; for I was now as cool and collected as if a neighbor had dropped in to spend an hour with me. I placed the German student-lamp further back on the desk, crossed my legs, and settled myself comfortably in the chair, like a person disposed to be sociable.

"Did I understand you to say," I asked with deliberation, "that you were the Chevalier de Resseguier?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"The Chevalier de Resseguier whom Madame de Pompadour once sent to the Bastille for writing a certain vivacious quatrain?"

"Ah, monsieur knows me! I was certain of it!"

"The Chevalier de Resseguier who fluttered round the Du Barry at the time of her début, and later on figures in one or two chapters of her lively 'Mémoires'?"

"What! did the fair Jeannette give her 'Mémoires' to the world, and do I figure in them? Well, well! She had many talents, *la belle* Du

Barry; she was of a cleverness: but I never suspected her of being a *bas bleu*. And so she wrote her 'Mémoires'!"

"Were you not aware of it?"

"Alas, monsieur, I know of nothing that has happened since that fatal July morning in '93 when M. Sanson—it was on the Place Louis Quinze—*chut!* and all was over."

"You mean you were—"

"Guillotined? *Certainement!*—thanks to M. Fouquier-Tinville. At that epoch everybody of any distinction passed through the hands of the *exécuteur des hautes œuvres*—a polite euphemism, monsieur. They were regenerating society in France by cutting off the only heads that had any brains in them. Ah, monsieur, though some few of us may not have known how to live, nearly all of us knew how to die!"

Though this De Resseguier had been in his time a rascal of the first water,—I had it down in black and white in my historical memoranda,—there certainly was about him something of that chivalric dash, that ornateness of manner, that delightful insouciance, which we associate with the XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle. This air of high breeding was no doubt specious, a thing picked up at the gateway of that gilded society which his birth and condition prevented him from entering. The De Choiseuls, the De Maupeous, the D'Aiguillons—they were not for him. But he had breathed in a rich literary atmosphere, perhaps had spoken with Beaumarchais, or Rousseau, or Marmontel, or Diderot—at least he had seen them. He had known his Paris well, that Paris which had a *mot* and a laugh on its lip until the glittering knife fell. He had witnessed the assembling of the *Etats Généraux*; had listened to Camille Desmoulins haranguing the populace from his green table in the garden of the Palais Royal; had gazed upon Citizen Marat lying in state at the Pantheon; and had watched poor Louis Capet climb the scaffold stairs. Was he not "a mine of memories," this Chevalier de Resseguier? If the chevalier had had a grain of honesty in him, I might have secured fresh and precious material for my essay—some unedited fact, some hitherto unused tint of local color; but I had his measure, and he was not to be trusted. So I attempted nothing of the sort, though the opportunity of interrogating him on certain points was alluring.

The silence which followed the chevalier's last remark was broken by myself.

"Chevalier," I said, "it is with great hesitation that I broach so delicate a matter, but your mention of M. Sanson recalls to my mind the controversy that raged among physiologists, at the close of the Reign of Terror, on a question similar to the one which is at this moment occupying our electricians. It was



held by the eminent Dr. Sue that decapitation involved prolonged and exquisite suffering, while the equally eminent Dr. Sédillot contended that pain was simply impossible, an opinion which was sustained by the learned Gastellier. Will you, Chevalier, for the sake of science, pardon me if I ask you — was it quite painless ? ”

“ M. le Docteur Sédillot was correct, monsieur. Imagine a sensation a thousand times swifter than the swiftest thought, and monsieur has it.”

“ What followed then ? ”

“ Darkness and sleep.”

“ For how long, Chevalier ? ”

“ An hour — a month — a year — what know I ? ”

“ And then — ”

“ A glimmering light, consciousness, the past a vivid reality, the present almost a blur. *Voilà tout !* ”

“ In effect, Chevalier, you had left the world behind you, taking with you nothing but your personal memories — a light luggage, after all ! As you are unfamiliar with everything that has occurred since that July morning, possibly it may interest you to learn that on December 7, 1793, — five months subsequent to your own departure, — the Comtesse du Barry was summoned before the Tribunal Révolutionnaire, and the next day — ”

“ She, too — *la pauvre petite !* I can fancy her not liking that at all.”

“ Indeed, Chevalier, the countess showed but faltering fortitude on this occasion. It is reported that she cried, ‘ Grâce, monsieur le bourreau ; encore un moment ! ’ It was not for such as she to mount the scaffold with the tread of a Charlotte Corday.”

“ *Ma foi, non !* She was a frank *coquine*, when truth is said. But who is all bad ? She was not treacherous like Félicité de Nesle, nor vindictive like the Duchesse de Châteauroux. There was not a spark of malice in her, monsieur. When it was easy for her to do so, the Du Barry never employed against her enemies — and she had many — those *lettres de cachet* which used to fly in flocks, like blackbirds, from the hand of Madame de Pompadour.”

“ It is creditable to your heart, Chevalier, — or, rather, to your head, — that you have a kindly word for Madame du Barry.”

“ To be sure she thrust her adorable arm up to the elbow in the treasure-chest of Louis le bien-aimé, but then she was generous. She patronized art, and sometimes literature. The painter and the sculptor did not go unpaid — *elle donnait à deux mains*. Possibly monsieur has seen Pajou’s bust of her ? *Quel chef-d’œuvre !* And that portrait by Drouais — *le joli musée !* ”

“ I have seen the bust,” I replied, glad to

escape into the rarefied atmosphere of the arts ; “ it is in the Louvre at present, and, as you observe, a masterpiece. The Drouais portrait has not fallen in my way. There’s an engraving of it, I believe, in one of Paul de Saint-Victor’s interesting volumes. Ah, yes, I forgot ; he is not of your world. But how is it, Chevalier, that with your remarkable conversational powers — ”

“ Monsieur is too flattering.”

“ How is it that you have not informed yourself concerning the progress of human events, and especially of the political, literary, and social changes that have taken place in France ? Surely you have had opportunities rarely offered, I imagine, to one in your position. Now, at the book-shop where I — where I made your acquaintance, you might have interrogated many intelligent persons.”

“ Ah, that miserable *boutique !* and that superannuated vender of revolutionary pamphlets — an imbecile of imbeciles, monsieur ! How could I have talked with him and his fellow *crétins*, even if it had been possible ! But it was not possible. Monsieur is the only person to whom I have ever been able to communicate myself. A barrier of dense materialism has until now excluded me from such intercourse as monsieur suggests. I make my compliments to monsieur ; he is *tout à fait spirituel !* ”

“ May I inquire, Chevalier,” J said, after a moment of meditation, “ if the mind, the vital spark, of all persons who pass through a certain inevitable experience takes final lodgment in the cranium ? I begin then to comprehend why that part of the anatomy of man has been rendered almost indestructible.”

“ I am grieved that I cannot dispel the darkness enveloping monsieur’s problem. Perhaps this disposition of the vital spark, as monsieur calls it, occurs only in the case of those persons who have made their exit under peculiar circumstances. I cannot say. Chance has doubtless brought me in contact with several persons of that class, but no sign of recognition has passed between us. As I understand it, monsieur, death is a transition state, like life itself, and leaves the mystery still unsolved. Outside of my own individual consciousness everything has been nearly a blank.”

“ Then, possibly, you don’t know where you are at present ? ”

“ I conjecture ; I am far from positive, but I think I am in the land of Benjamin Franklin.”

“ Well, yes ; but I should say the late Benjamin Franklin, if I were you. It is many years since he was an active factor in our public affairs.”

“ I was not aware — my almost absolute seclusion — monsieur understands.”

“ In your retirement, Chevalier, you have

missed much. Vast organic upheavals have occurred meanwhile; things that seemed to reach down to the bed-rock of permanence have been torn up by the roots. The impossible has become the commonplace. The whole surface of the earth has undergone a change, and nowhere have the changes been more radical and marvelous than in your own beloved France. Would you not like me briefly to indicate a few of them?"

"If monsieur will be so obliging."

"In the first place, you should know that Danton, Robespierre, and the rest, each in his turn, fell into the hands of your old friend M. Sanson."

"*À la bonne heure!* I knew it would come to that. When France wanted to regenerate society she ought to have begun with the *sans-culottes*."

"The republic shortly gave way to a monarchy. A great soldier sat upon the throne, a new Cæsar, who flung down his gauntlet to the whole world, and well nigh conquered it; but he too fell from his lofty height, suddenly, like Lucifer, never to rise again."

"And how did men call him?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Bonaparte? Bonaparte?—it is not a French name, monsieur."

"After him the Bourbon reigned; then there was a republic; and then another Cæsar came,—an imitation Cæsar,—who let a German king conquer France, and bivouac his Uhlans under the lime-trees in the Champs Elysées."

"A German with his foot upon the neck of France! Ah, monsieur, was I not happy to escape the knowledge of all these things? *Mon Dieu!* but he was a prophet, that Louis XV., with his '*Après nous le déluge!*' Tell me no more! I am well content to wait in ignorance."

"To wait for what, Chevalier?"

"For the end of the world, I suppose. Really, monsieur puts the most perplexing questions—like a *juge d'instruction*."

I may here remark that throughout our conversation the immobility of the face of the Chevalier de Resseguier, taken in connection with what he was saying, had a grotesque effect. His moods were many, but his expression was one. Whether he spoke sadly, or playfully, or vehemently, there was that stolid, stony outline, gazing into vacancy like the face of a sphinx.

"But, Chevalier," I said, "it must be a monotonous business, this waiting."

"Yes and no, monsieur. I am at least spared the tumult and struggle of earthly existence; for what is the life of man but *une milice continuelle*? Here I am safe from debts and the want of *louis d'or* to pay them; safe from false love, false friendship, and all hypocrisy. I am neither hot

nor cold, neither hungry nor thirsty. *Parbleu!* monsieur, I might be much worse off."

"Yet at intervals your solitude must weigh upon you."

"Then I take a little nap of four or five years—four or five years according to monsieur's computation. The Gregorian calendar does not exist for me."

"Perhaps you feel like taking a little nap now," I suggested, with a sudden desire to be rid of him.

"Not at all," replied the chevalier, briskly. "I never felt less like it."

"I am sorry, for it is really an embarrassing question, when I come to think of it, what I am to do with you."

"Monsieur is too kind, to trouble himself with thinking about it. Why do anything? How charming it all has been, except that Madame for an instant mistook me for a melon! Here I find myself *au mieux*. I am a man of letters, a poet whose works have been crowned by the Bastille if not by the Académie. These volumes in polished calf and fragrant crushed levant make a congenial atmosphere, *n'est-ce pas?* Formerly my Greek and Latin were not of the best; but now, naturally, I speak both with fluency, for they are *dead* languages, as monsieur is aware. My English—monsieur can judge. I acquired it in London during a year or two when my presence in Paris was not absolutely indispensable. So why not let me remain where I am? *Un bel esprit* is never *de trop*. Monsieur need never more be in want of a pleasant companion. I will converse with him, I will dissipate his *ennui*. I am no longer of those who disappear abruptly. I will stay with monsieur forever."

This monstrous proposition struck me cold. "No, Chevalier," I said, with as much calmness as I could command; "such an arrangement would not suit me in any particular. You have not read the '*Mémoires*' of Madame du Barry, and I have. Our views of life are antagonistic. The association you propose is wholly impracticable."

"I am here by monsieur's own invitation, am I not? Did I thrust myself upon him? No. Did I even seek his acquaintance? No. It was monsieur who made all the advances. There were three of us, and he selected me. I am deeply sensible of the honor. I would give expression to that sensibility. I would, if monsieur were disposed, render him important literary services. For example, I could furnish him with many curious particulars touching the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*, together with some startling facts which establish beyond doubt the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask."

"Such information, unfortunately, would be of no use to me."

"Of no use? Monsieur astonishes me!"

"I could not avail myself of statements made by the Chevalier de Resseguier."

"Monsieur means—?"

"Precisely what I say."

"But what monsieur says is not precisely clear. His words are capable of being construed as insulting. Under different circumstances, I should send two of my friends to demand of monsieur the satisfaction which one *galant homme* never refuses another."

"And you would get it!" I returned warmly.

"I could wish that I had monsieur for one little quarter of an hour in some shady avenue at Versailles, or on the Terrasse des Feuillants in the garden of the Tuileries."

"I wish you had, and then you 'd wish you had n't, for I should give you a sound caning to add to your stock of permanent reminiscences."

"Monsieur forgets himself," said the chevalier, and the chevalier was quite right. "The rapier and the pistol are — or were — my weapons. Fortunately for monsieur, I am obliged to say *were*. Monsieur can be impertinent with impunity."

"I've a great mind to knock your head off!" I cried, again in the wrong.

"A work of supererogation. I beg leave to call monsieur's unintelligent attention to the fact that my head is already off."

"It's a pity," I said, "that persons of your stripe cannot be guillotined two or three times. However, I can throw you out of the window."

"Throw me out of the window!" cried the Chevalier de Resseguier in a rage.

At that instant the door of the library was opened hurriedly, and a draft of wind, sweeping through the apartment, tumbled the insecurely placed skull from its perch.

"Do you know how late it is, dear?" said my wife, standing on the threshold, with a lace shawl drawn about her shoulders and her bare feet thrust into a pair of Turkish slippers. "It is half-past two. I verily believe you must have fallen asleep over your work!"

I stared for a moment at my wife, and made no reply. Then I picked up the Chevalier de Resseguier, who had sustained a compound fracture of the jaw, and carefully replaced him, fragments and all, on the little *faïence* bracket over the window.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



## THE LAKE OF THE DEAD.

(SUPPOSED TO BE TRANSLATED FROM AN EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS.)

The story hinted at in this poem seems to be as follows: The woman loved by the writer, an Egyptian living during the reign of the Ptolemies, had died, and he, in the intensity of his grief calling upon death for deliverance, sinks into a trance in which he seems to die and join his lost love among the Islands of the Blessed, after passing through the intermediate regions of the Egyptian Infernus.

THROUGH chambers vast I swept where, throned in shade,  
Dim forms of monster deities were seen  
In changeless gloom and solitude arrayed,  
Through myriad ages silent and serene.



A solemn sense of countless ages' flight  
 Was brooding o'er those shadow-peopled halls,  
 As though the shades of Chaos' gloomy night  
 Still lingered 'mid their everlasting walls.  
 Onward I hastened still, resistless led,  
 Like thistle-down upon the summer's breeze,  
 Till, far before, the "Ocean of the Dead"  
 Showed its black waves between the cypress-trees,  
 And soon I reached that sea o'er whose dark tide  
 Forever Night and Death spread out their wings,  
 Where sparkling waves and ripples never glide,  
 Nor breezes on the ruffled surface sing.  
 But ever and anon it slowly heaves  
 Its inky tide with muffled, sullen sound,  
 And wets the pale papyrus' sickly leaves,  
 That spring from out its black and sodden ground.  
 Dark cypress-trees rise by the gloomy bank,  
 And in the slimy tide their white roots lave,  
 While beds of lotus flowers, pale and rank,  
 Spread out their shudd'ring leaves upon the wave,  
 And ever, as that heaving of the lake  
 Comes with its silent, slow, and snake-like motion,  
 With thrilling shudder all the lilies shake,  
 And leaves coil backward from that deadly ocean.  
 No fish goes flashing through the gloomy deep,  
 No ibis plumes its wing upon the shore,  
 But scale-clad monsters o'er its mud-banks creep,  
 And giant bats the murky air explore;  
 A lurid sun casts rays of ruddy light,  
 Save when some monster huge, with flapping wing,  
 Soars o'er its disk, and momentary night  
 His loathsome pinions in their passage fling.  
 But hark! the deadly stillness now is broke  
 By splash of oars, and through the shrouding glooms,  
 Urged slowly on with long and laboring stroke,  
 A fleet of galleys in the distance looms.  
 Slowly they urge their way through tangled weeds  
 That snake-like fasten on the dripping oar,  
 And, gliding 'mid the spears of bending reeds,  
 At last approach that shadow-mantled shore.  
 Fair forms that crowd their decks now beckon me,  
 And silently stretch out the ready hand;  
 I mount the bark, and, turning instantly,  
 We hasten from that somber-tinted strand.  
 Slowly at first we urge our onward way,  
 For the pale lilies stretch their tangled necks  
 Across the prow, and strive our course to stay,  
 While clinging slime each sluggish oar-stroke checks.  
 But swifter now and swifter on we glide,  
 Till, shooting suddenly from out the gloom,  
 We lightly plow a clear and sparkling tide  
 Whose waves a myriad rays of light illumine.  
 Far, far ahead, upon the tranquil seas,  
 An island clothed with emerald verdure shines,  
 And through the leafy arches of the trees  
 The light streams out in scintillating lines.  
 And as we nearer float, forms heavenly fair  
 Are seen to move amid the flickering shade,  
 About their snowy arms and flowing hair  
 Weaving bright flowers in golden-glowing braid.

And see! Upon the wave-wet yellow sand  
 Where the bright water ripples round her feet,  
 With look of wondering welcome, outstretched hand,  
 And parted lips that low my name repeat—  
 Ah, love! My love! Swift from the prow I fly:  
 Into my longing arms that form I take—  
 Only to waken. Oh, that I might die,  
 Rather than from that dream of love to wake!

Henry Morton.

## JOSEPH BONAPARTE IN BORDENTOWN.<sup>1</sup>



OUR Majesty here! Oh, how glad I am to see your Majesty again!" were the exclamations which startled the crowd in lower Broadway on the afternoon of September 6, 1815, as a man who looked like a soldier threw himself on his knees, his face bathed in tears, before a stout, elderly gentleman, who tried in vain to raise him and to calm his emotion. The passers-by stopped, asked what was the matter, and a crowd was rapidly collecting when a young fellow who was with the older man stooped over the kneeling enthusiast, whispering a few words as he helped him to his feet, and the three men forced their way through the dense throng, and took refuge from popular curiosity in a shop. Even these remote days were not quite unblest by journalistic enterprise, and the next morning the newspapers solemnly announced that Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain and eldest brother of the emperor, had succeeded in cheating the vigilance of the English cruisers, and in reaching the free and hospitable soil of the United States. He had, in fact, already been a fortnight in the country, having sailed in the American brig *Commerce* from the little port of Royan, near Bordeaux, on July 25, landing on August 20, the very day on which the British man-of-war *Northumberland* passed the Canary Islands bearing Napoleon to eat his heart out at St. Helena. When the brig was nearing shore, the august passenger, who had been known on board only as M. Bouchard, begged to be landed on Long Island, and seemed depressed when the captain refused.

The cause of his uneasiness was soon apparent, for, on entering the harbor the next morning, two frigates were seen flying the English flag, and one of them promptly lay to across the brig's course. At that critical moment the latter was hailed by a young pilot, who came on board and took the helm. "Look at those cursed Britishers, trying to block our way," he said to the captain. "But we have the wind, and I can hug the shore so that they can't follow us." With that, he crowded on all sail, and the brig, as if conscious of her danger, drew ahead so fast that she was soon under shelter of Forts Richmond and Lafayette, and the captain of the frigate wore ship, and bore away.

The pilot explained that for the last ten days the English vessels had been watching for Napoleon, who was said to have left France for the United States, and they had even gone so far as to revive the odious and irritating right of search.

The captain of the brig, on learning at last the true character of his passenger, was pardonably incredulous, and for a long time expressed his belief that the personage he had landed was Carnot.

Joseph Bonaparte was of a pacific spirit, but, according to his own account, often given in later years, the *Commerce* might have carried a very different Cæsar. After the wreck of Waterloo it was easy to persuade the ex-king of Spain that he, like the emperor, would be safer out of France; but before he sailed, he went to take leave of Napoleon, whom he found sick both in mind and body. Joseph then offered to take his brother's place, and to remain

<sup>1</sup> In preparing this paper, the writer has been able to use, by authority, advance sheets of a French work prepared with much care in this country by its author, and soon to appear in Paris: "1815-1832: Joseph Bonaparte en Amérique, par Georges Bertin. Paris, Librairie de la Nouvelle Revue, 18 Boulevard Montmartre, 1892 (Droits de traduction et de reproduction réservés)."

in his room, feigning illness, for several days, by which time Napoleon would be well out to sea. The emperor was deeply touched, but refused, saying that what was possible for Joseph was not possible for him, who could not take flight and desert his faithful officers.<sup>1</sup>

One cannot but speculate upon what might have happened had he found shelter in America, as one tries to guess what the results would have been in English history had Cromwell carried out his plan of emigrating to Connecticut.

The ex-king took the name of Survilliers, from a village situated upon his estate of Mortefontaine. The latter name, which, according to French ideas, should have suggested itself first, was associated in his memory with the treaty of September 3, 1800, which might have rendered it unpopular in America.

"Poulson's Advertiser" soon stated that Joseph had brought with him a great fortune, and vaguely added that he had immediately bought vast estates in the new country. This, however, was incorrect. He had devoted the greater part of his wealth to Napoleon's cause, to furnish funds for the great operations of the "Hundred Days," and at the time of his departure from Royan possessed only a little land, a collection of objects of art, and a certain number of valuable precious stones, by the sale of which he afterward purchased the property which became his in the United States.

Napoleon had advised his brother to reside somewhere between New York and Philadelphia, in order to be "within reach of news," and yet in a locality sufficiently secluded to secure immunity from constant visits. On July 2, 1816, Joseph bought of Mr. Stephen Sayre a farm in the immediate vicinity of Bordentown, New Jersey, on the banks of the Delaware. This farm, known as Point Breeze, comprised two hundred and eleven acres, cost \$17,500, and became the nucleus of an estate ultimately covering more than eighteen hundred acres. The transaction was concluded in the name of a third person, a citizen of the United States, but soon afterward the State of New Jersey passed an act enabling Joseph Bonaparte to hold the property in his own name.

In 1814 [writes M. Adolphe Mailliard], after the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, Joseph retired to Switzerland, to the castle of Prangins, which he had purchased, and where he resided with his family.

When Napoleon returned to France in 1815, he sent word to Joseph to join him in Paris as soon as possible.

<sup>1</sup> C'est très bien arrangé; vous arriverez sans difficulté. Dites au roi Joseph que j'ai bien réfléchi sur sa proposition, je ne puis l'accepter, ce serait une fuite. Je ne pourrais partir sans mes grands officiers qui me

Joseph left Prangins at ten o'clock in the evening of the 19th of March, with his family, and in a few hours reached Fort de l'Ecluse on the French frontier. The Swiss Confederation having yielded to the menaces of the foreign ministers accredited to the Diet, a commissioner of the Federal government arrived at the castle on the following morning with a party of troopers to take possession of Joseph's person, and conduct him to Berne. Before leaving for France, Joseph, expecting that he might have difficulties, decided not to take with him the more valuable and important papers he possessed. The great question was where to place them. He spoke of this to Louis Mailliard, whose devotion he well knew, and in whom he placed entire trust. Mailliard was an ardent sportsman, and spent all his available time in the chase. He told Joseph that he knew of a place in the park of Prangins riddled with foxes' earths, where the dogs constantly lost their way, and added that it would be easy to bury the box in one of the deep holes. It would be a simple matter to recover it, and no one would think of searching in such a wild and secluded spot. It would only be necessary to note the relative distances of the trees in the neighborhood. He would be certain to know the place afterward.

Joseph consented to examine the spot described, went to it immediately, and judged it perfectly satisfactory. Returning to the castle, he made a double inventory of the precious objects, and deposited one copy in the casket, which was placed in a second box of iron, and on the same evening the whole was buried by Mailliard in the presence of Joseph, and covered with several feet of soil. A plan of the surrounding landmarks was hastily made, and kept for future use.

Joseph rejoined his brother in Paris, and took part in the events of the Hundred Days, which belong to history.

In 1817, after living two years in the United States and seeing that quiet was restored in Europe, and having fixed his residence in New Jersey, he considered that it was time to think of the objects hidden at Prangins.

He told Mailliard to prepare himself for a journey to Switzerland to bring back the property which he had buried, in order to constitute himself a fortune. He advised him to pass first through Brussels, to see Queen Julia and the princesses, and to accompany them to America on his return, should they decide upon making the journey. He was to pick them up on his way back from France.

Joseph having spoken to Stephen Girard of sending Mailliard to Europe on a very important mission, Girard gave him strong letters to his correspondents in Basle, Schaffhausen, and Amsterdam, as travelling for his (Girard's) firm in Philadelphia.

Armed with these letters, Mailliard left New York on the 16th of August, 1817. He did not reach his destination immediately. The vessel, having gone too near the Irish coast, was wrecked sixteen miles from land. The weather was calm, sont tout dévoués, mon frère peut le faire, il n'est pas dans ma position, moi, je ne le puis pas. Dites-lui de partir sur le champ, il arrivera à bon port. Allez.



and all the passengers were saved, but the ship was lost. Mailliard, proceeding on his way, came to Queen Julia, who by the advice of her physicians was obliged to give up the plan of joining her husband. The queen advised him to continue his journey to Switzerland.

Louis Mailliard reached Prangins, and went to M. Véret, Joseph's steward in Switzerland; but he was so well disguised as an English tourist that M. Véret recognized him only when he took off his red wig. M. Véret laughed heartily at his disguise, and assured him he would never be known at Prangins. It was decided that M. Mailliard should pass himself off as an English speculator wishing to "prospect" for metals and coal. M. Véret would give him two men of the country, with tools, and would let him do as he pleased.

Mailliard with his two men went to the place where he had buried the box, and he set them to work at a little distance from the spot, on the first day. On the second day he took them to the very place, and made them clear away the earth only to a certain depth, reserving to himself the completion of the task. That evening he told the men to leave their tools in the pit until the morning; he then returned to the castle to dine with M. Véret, after which he got into a carriage with the latter and took him to the point where he had been digging, wishing to have him as a witness and to profit by his assistance when it became necessary to take out the box. For some time Mailliard continued to turn out a great quantity of earth. He was beginning to be anxious when the crowbar with which he was sounding struck the box. A few minutes later the box itself was taken out of the pit, was placed upon a wagon, and taken to Nyon to M. Véret's house.

Before opening it, and examining the contents, and comparing the inventories, of which he had a copy with him, Mailliard requested M. Véret to send for a second witness upon whom he could count.

M. Sémissaert, a friend, was consequently called, and requested to be present at the opening of the case.

The contents of the box were found to be in such a state of dampness that the packages had to be dried at the fire before proceeding with the inventory.

On finding everything in order, and nothing missing, Mailliard requested M. Véret to draw up a protocol and to sign it with M. Sémissaert, which both did, as follows:

NYON (SWITZERLAND), December 26, 1817. -

In the presence of M. Véret, M. Mailliard, and M. Sémissaert the box which has been found has been opened, and the following objects have been discovered to be in such a state of dampness as to make it necessary to open everything and to make new packages.

Sixteen precious stones of divers forms and sizes, one of them square, have been replaced in two separate packages.

Several packages, after having been dried, have been reincluded in two separate packages, which *four* packages have been sealed with three different seals belonging to the undersigned.

This present is executed in duplicate.

G. SÉMISSAERT.	L. MAILLIARD.	JAO. VÉRET.
(Red Seal)	(Red Seal)	(Red Seal)
(Arms)	(L. M.)	(Arms)

NOTE BY A. MAILLIARD. — The value of these four packages of diamonds was nearly five million francs.

After this he arranged the precious stones in two packages of the same size, opened the belt in which he carried his letters of credit, placed the two packages in it, thanked M. Véret and his friend, took his departure immediately, and returned to Joseph.

Mailliard reached Point Breeze late at night, but did not hesitate to wake the ex-king, who was sound asleep, and who expressed the greatest satisfaction at the safe return of his emissary. Mailliard took the two packages from his belt, placed them in Joseph's hands, and gave him a history of his adventures.

Joseph Bonaparte's principal characteristics are said to have been a gift of great good sense, and a practical habit of mind. On becoming a landed proprietor in New Jersey, he immediately turned his attention to the improving and beautifying of his newly acquired estates. Numerous letters testify to the simplicity of his manner and to his supreme indifference to such details as a dusty coat and clothes splashed with mortar. He loved trees, and appears to have been delighted with the magnolias, rhododendrons, and kalmias. He also desired to adorn his garden kingdom with statues in the Italian manner, and prim Mrs. Frances Wright, who visited him in 1819, italicizes her disapproval of undraped and unmajestic divinities, "the greater part of which were coarsely enough executed," presumably in plaster. But she adds that he was frank, without affectation, and independent, with less of roughness than the English gentleman farmer, while recalling the latter in many respects.

The writer of the present synopsis was well acquainted in his early youth with those of the old houses at Bordentown which still remain standing, and the really beautiful grounds which surround them. The principal building left was not, indeed, the original dwelling, which was soon burned down, and was replaced by another that was afterward taken down by Mr. Beckett, who purchased the park and built a modern villa, on a new site, now occupied by a Catholic institution. There was an old-time air about the massive walls, the quiet walks, the noble trees, and the ill-kept lawns, which contrasted vividly with the neighboring New Jersey town in all its modernness. For, notwithstanding the old Revolutionary houses here and there, Bordentown was very modern in 1866, whatever it may be now. There was about the neighborhood of the park a something which seems peculiar to the residences of the Bonapartes and to places associated with them. I

have seen it even in Elba—the mark of the empire, the indelible trace of a sudden and violent attempt to restore monarchic order in the confusion resulting from general revolution, the iron determination to change the world's taste and to give an idea of stability by the abuse of the straight line in everything, from architecture to furniture and dress.

King Joseph was himself a striking example of the influence of surroundings upon individuals, and he soon took the color of the atmosphere in which he had elected to live. Writing to his sister, the Comtesse de Villeneuve, he says that he could never have been so happy elsewhere as in Bordentown, had his wife and his family been with him. The inhabitants, the climate, the government, all suited his taste to perfection.

It is hardly necessary to say that he visited the home and the tomb of Washington, and experienced the calm and moral sentiments fashionable in those days, but no doubt sincere with him. He even plucked a flower at Mount Vernon, and placed it in his pocket-book, making, perhaps, some curious reflections on the widely different destinies, and the results of the destinies, of his own brother and the American hero.

Until his arrival in the United States the life of Joseph may be said to have been a series of contradictions. His natural tastes were for a quiet and peaceable life far from politics and great cities. He loved the country and the secluded existence of the country house, without noise or state. Mortefontaine was a paradise to him, surrounded as he was by his small family and his good friends.

Instead of this, as soon as Napoleon became chief of the Army of Italy, he sent him as ambassador to Rome, where he narrowly escaped being assassinated.

Napoleon, as consul, sent him to Lunéville and to Amiens, to make treaties. Though Joseph would have preferred to stay in France quietly at Mortefontaine, he always obeyed. Again Napoleon pushed him on, knowing that his brother would do everything to serve his plans faithfully. He named him colonel of the Fourth Regiment of the line at Boulogne, and made him study military science during some time, that he might be able to command an army at a future period. As emperor he gave him the throne of Naples. At last Joseph breathed more freely; he liked Naples, where he was happy; he introduced improvements in the kingdom, reestablished peace and prosperity, and hoped that he might continue to make his people happy. But Napoleon, needing him elsewhere, sent him to Spain in spite of his constant prayers and protests. Napoleon persuaded him that this was absolutely necessary for the interests of France and for the imperial throne.

He departed for Spain, leaving behind him his family, to which he was deeply attached, the ease

which he loved, and the quiet existence for which he longed.

The life of Joseph in Spain was sad, full of trouble and disappointments. Three times he wrote to Napoleon in vain, sending him his abdication of the Spanish throne. In vain he begged his brother to withdraw the troops and to leave him alone with the Spaniards, who were personally devoted to him. From St. Cloud Napoleon directed the armies of Spain and supported the French generals, who made all Joseph's efforts useless.

What a life for a man of his tastes!

Stanislas de Girardin confirms these words of M. Adolphe Mailliard, and tells us that in his private life the ex-king was a most excellent person; that he had a ready intelligence, and loved letters and arts, uniting an amiable and loyal character with the most precious qualities, though as a king he was not equal to the difficulties he encountered. Upon the throne of a peaceable kingdom he would have been beloved, but the unsettled state of the kingdom over which he ruled, the fanatic heroism of the Spaniards, and his equivocal position at Madrid as the emperor's lieutenant, made it impossible for Joseph to develop and exhibit those good qualities which would have made his subjects pardon his usurpation.

Like most exiles, Joseph Bonaparte did his best, in his new home, to surround himself with all that would recall the memories and associations of his own country. Like most exiles of refined tastes, too, he made use of objects of art as his principal means of producing and fostering this tenderly cherished illusion, and to a certain extent he accomplished his purpose.

On entering his house at Point Breeze, he found himself at once in the presence of pictures by Italian masters such as Luca Giordano, which spoke to him of the glorious country which had been the cradle of his family's phenomenal fortune. A gallery of marble statues lent gravity to accentuate the frigid correctness of an interior planned and decorated altogether in the Perpendicular manner of the First Empire. Solid, heavy furniture, of massive outline, and made of ponderous mahogany, solemnly fulfilled the requirements of daily life. In one of the rooms were hung copies, ordered by Napoleon himself, of David's famous "Passage of the Alps," executed according to the conqueror's own characteristic direction: "I wish to be represented calm, upon a fiery horse."

The inventory of the furniture in this room would make a modern undertaker look grave. There were heavy corner presses, adorned with columns and brass capitals, heavy tables, heavy sofas, eight heavy mahogany chairs covered with haircloth woven in heavy designs, and in the

midst a heavy billiard-table. Even the stiff, tall Empire lamps are not forgotten in the catalogue. The great drawing-room was upholstered in blue merino, and the billiard-room had white muslin embroidered curtains with green borders. Certain tables with heavy tops of black or gray marble are chilly to write of, and a screen of needlework before the fireplace completes the picture of a room which, during the modern revival of "Empire," would be the paradise of a collector. We can easily imagine the ex-monarch "receiving in this solemn and dignified apartment both strangers of distinction and compatriots visiting America who made it a duty to present their respects to him," and with a little imagination we can call up the "scenes of noble effusion, controlled only by a dignity somewhat moved to tenderness," which took place before the huge white marble chimneypieces sent to Joseph by Cardinal Fesch. These chimneypieces are especially spoken of as real works of art for the "majesty of their lines and the richness of their sculpture." Nor should we forget the "Gobelin carpet with its figure-medallions, twenty-seven feet by twenty-one," which covered the wide floor, or the "magnificent bronzes" which gave an air of "aristocratic solemnity" to the great room.

The author of the volume gives, indeed, a long and accurate account of the interior arrangements from cellar to garret, which is certainly not altogether without interest, but of which what has been said may be taken as a specimen. The house, according to the taste and standard of those days, would have been considered a fine residence anywhere; in Bordentown, New Jersey, it was a royal palace, and it certainly contained many works of art of real and enduring value. There were pictures to be seen everywhere. In the dining-room there were four great battle-scenes, representing the victories in Italy, and a dozen other paintings by famous painters, while little pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, of superior merit, were scattered about here and there. There were many bronzes and pieces of Sèvres of great value, and notably there were two magnificent porphyry vases, presented by King Bernadotte. The total absence of mirrors as an ornament, we are told, astonished the American public, accustomed—even then!—to putting looking-glasses everywhere.

In spite of the ponderous magnificence of the state apartments, there seems to have been considerable comfort up-stairs, though even in the Princess Charlotte's bedroom there were "little tables with white marble tops" and "a sofa covered with blue damask." We envy the simplicity of the maid's room adjoining this,

which contained only "a small maple bedstead with nankin curtains, a modest washing-stand, a chest of drawers, a writing-table, and three or four chairs."

Like all born builders, Joseph loved to work on a large scale, and the practical American mind was sometimes surprised at the magnitude, purely artistic in its value, which he gave to what he did. But besides following in this the dictates of his taste in art, he yielded perhaps to the Napoleonic instinct which has distinguished in a greater or less degree all the members of the Bonaparte family—a certain inborn belief in their capacity to deal with large masses of whatever matter came under their manipulation. But there was another side to the character of the ex-king, which is clearly exhibited in the quotation he caused to be inscribed on a tablet in the wall of what he called an observatory—a pavilion commanding a very lovely view. "*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*,"<sup>1</sup> were the words he chose as a sort of motto, and he assuredly lived up to the precept they contain. It is known that he planned and executed many superfluous pieces of work merely to provide occupation for distressed workmen.

He was a model proprietor and landlord, and that kind and gentle disposition which might have endeared him to his subjects in his lost kingdom made him beloved by the free people among whom he had cast his lot. The author dwells with especial enthusiasm upon Joseph's love of children, and upon the pleasure he took in watching the Bordentown boys skate and make slides in winter upon the ice of his artificial lake, or disport themselves in its waters in the hot summer days. The lake has long since disappeared, the waters having sunk back to their original course, but the pleasant picture survives, as such pictures do, and we like to think of the stout, kindly old gentleman who loved to stout the children at play under the great trees.

One day, merely to find occupation for a few needy beings, he had a quantity of dead wood carried from one point to another; and when certain other poor people appeared, a few days later, he had it carried back to its original place. He created a number of small offices, real sinecures, for old French officers driven from their country, and for whom he wished to provide a decent existence, while saving their dignity—literally *otium cum dignitate*!

The incidents mentioned in the following anecdote of an old grenadier are said to have taken place in the month of July, 1830, when Joseph was at New York on his way to Saratoga:

<sup>1</sup> "Not unacquainted with misfortune myself, I have learned to succor the unhappy."—Dido to Æneas.



This grenadier, who was about sixty-four years of age, was called Charles Vondre. He was tall, being nearly six Parisian feet in height, lean and worn with age, bent double, and having apparently gone through much hardship; but when roused by the presence of a stranger, or by a question, he drew himself up with a certain air of dash to the position of carrying arms, and still showed the legitimate pride of an old brave of the Imperial Guard.

About nine o'clock in the morning the count, (Joseph) accompanied by M. Louis Mailliard and myself, were on board the steamer *Lady Clinton*, anchored in the North River, intending to choose state-rooms for our passage to Albany. On board the boat we met two Frenchmen, one of whom, I remember, was M. Trusson, who had formerly lived in Philadelphia and was the son-in-law of Stephen Girard of that city.

Having paid for our passage, we were near the captain's cabin, and were talking in French. Our conversation attracted the attention of the old grenadier, whom none of us knew. The old man had with him his two adopted children, a boy of twelve and a girl of about the same age. He came toward us and, taking a military attitude, excused himself for addressing us, saying he had heard us speak French, and asking if we had seen a little French woman no taller than that (he made a gesture with his hand at the approximate height), whom he had lost on the preceding evening.

He went on to explain how he had lost her.

Having thus addressed the count and his companions, he stood still in such a military fashion that the ex-king asked him how long he had been in America. He answered that he had just come from France. As he had heard it said that King Joseph (he did not know who was speaking to him) possessed a vast domain in the United States, upon which he gave farms to all the old soldiers of the emperor who presented themselves, he himself was going to the king to make himself known to his majesty, and to ask a similar favor. The count asked him what he believed himself capable of doing, pointing out that he was old and worn and that the forests of the United States, where he seemed to expect a farm, were thickly wooded, and that it would be hard for him to make a clearing at his great age, so that he would find it difficult to make a living by the products of his farm.

The old brave answered that since the emperor's departure he had earned his living by sawing planks, which had given him the habit of living in the woods and in a hand sawmill; that, moreover, he had been a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, and had been one of the Six Hundred who had accompanied the emperor to Elba; that he had returned with the emperor upon the brig *Inconstant*; that he had been constantly persecuted in France after the emperor's fall, and that almost all his uniform had been taken from him; that the payment of the pension from the Legion of Honor had been refused; and that to save his copper eagle from his grenadier's bearskin, and various other ornaments of copper forming part of his uniform, and his decoration of the Legion of Honor won at Wag-

ram, he had been obliged to bury all these relics near his house. On removing his hat, he took from it his cross, the eagle, his certificates of service, and his diploma of the Legion of Honor. Simply, but sincerely, he drew a picture of the sufferings of France, and we were all so much moved that there was not a dry eye among us, for we had before us one of the great actors in those immortal struggles.

After hearing him to the end and asking him many questions, the count informed him that he would not find King Joseph at Bordentown, as he was absent, and would not return for several weeks. At these words the good man showed the greatest distress, saying that he was reduced to his last dollar. This was too much for the count, who told Mailliard to give him twenty dollars. The latter, in handing him the money, told the old fellow that he had been talking with King Joseph himself.

Instantly the poor old man went and threw himself at the feet of Napoleon's brother, took his hands, and covered them with kisses, before he could be prevented by Joseph, who gently begged him to stand up. At this moment the children approached the old grenadier to ask him some question. He turned to them, and with the dignity of a monarch cried out: "Be silent! It is the king!" As you may imagine, this increased our emotion.

Before returning to his hotel, the ex-king gave orders for the future of the veteran, who died, however, three years later, crying out incessantly in his delirium: "Long live the Emperor! Forward, grenadiers! The Old Guard dies, but does not surrender! Wagram! Austerlitz!" This same old soldier is reported to have once said, on seeing the Boston militia march through Bordentown with their band, that with 2000 such men, all thinking and feeling like himself, he would march on Paris, dethrone Louis Philippe, and set up the young Napoleon in his place.

The ex-king's calm, sweet nature appears clearly enough in every page of the work before us. He had been reared in the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and was as fond of the open air and the fields as every real disciple of Rousseau. It is no wonder that he found the life in Bordentown congenial. And here we may not irrelevantly give a sketch of Joseph's outward personality.

All agree in describing him as a thorough Bonaparte, a man of middle height, inclined to stoutness, of a beautifully clear and healthy complexion, having delicate and almost womanly hands. His features closely resembled those of his younger brother, the emperor, but lacked at all points the keen decision and ruthless energy which characterized the conqueror's face. The nose was aquiline, but not eagle-like; the lips even, not firm; the chin prominent, but not massive; the forehead broad and high and full, but not "that forehead strong with imagination"—the imagination which could realize as well as dream. The eyes were grandly

sculptured and deep-set, but had not the irresistible penetration, the blaze of occasional anger, the brightening luster, of the emperor's look. Instead, there was a meditative sweetness, a sort of inward turning of the vision, suggesting those men whom Napoleon lightly stigmatized as "idéologues."

Indeed, from earliest youth the difference in character had been clearly apparent in the two. As a child, Napoleon was turbulent, adroit, lively, quick in the extreme, and beat and bit his elder brother as he pleased. The old Lucien, their uncle, when on his death-bed, said to Joseph before the assembled family: "You are the eldest, but there stands the head. Never forget it." And he pointed to Napoleon.

Napoleon once said in writing to Joseph: "You live too much with men of letters and science. They are coquettes with whom one must keep up an intercourse of gallantry, and of whom one must never make one's wife nor one's minister." Yet the emperor did not know, we are told, that Joseph was at that very time in close and continued correspondence with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and many other men of literary eminence, and far more deeply interested in their pursuits than in the destinies of the world as directed by a man who could say of himself: "I love power myself; but I love it as an artist. I love it as a musician who loves his violin. I love it in order to draw sounds from it, chords and harmony; I love it as an artist." I may say, in passing, that these words of Napoleon form part of a passage little known, but which should be famous, quoted at length by Sainte-Beuve in the "Causeries du Lundi," and easy to find.

So Joseph played the part of the younger son, being himself the eldest, and his reward was a life which his great younger brother might have envied, but could never have lived.

Joseph Bonaparte was born to lead what is called a family life, and it is natural that he should have formed many and enduring friendships in his American home, both with Americans and among the numerous immigrants who at that time found a refuge in the New World. Many of these have left a record of their first acquaintance and subsequent intercourse with the ex-king. Francis Lieber speaks of him with admiration as a man, and with gratitude as a friend, and even says that he should be glad, in his old age, to resemble such a man. Among those who occupied the position of friends, and not of mere passing acquaintances, the names of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and John Quincy Adams are prominent, as are the names of Livingston, Admiral Charles Stewart (grandfather of the late Mr. Parnell), Richard Stockton, General Thomas Cadwalader, and, besides, many others, four especially whose names were partic-

ularly mentioned, each for a legacy, in Joseph's will; namely, Joseph Hopkinson, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, William Short, and Charles J. Ingersoll. The ex-monarch had the rare good fortune, well merited in his case, to meet with unbounded devotion in his friends, and with a fidelity and warmth of affection neither dimmed nor cooled in the hearts of the few among them who have survived. Of all, however, he was most closely drawn to Mailliard. In his will he says, "I declare here that no man has a stronger claim upon my confidence and my esteem than Louis Mailliard"; and the author acknowledges that to the latter's son, M. Adolphe Mailliard, he is indebted for much valuable information in the compilation of his book.

During Joseph Bonaparte's residence at Bordentown a deputation arrived to offer him the crown of Mexico, which he refused with the remark that he had worn two crowns and would not take the least trouble to wear a third. "Search," he concluded, addressing the envoys, "among your fellow-citizens for a man more capable than I should be of playing the part of Washington."

The news of the death of him whom the poet has called "the modern Prometheus" reached Philadelphia on August 10, 1821. According to "Poulson's Advertiser," Joseph was then at Saratoga. We do not find him at Point Breeze again until September, when the same paper, on the 27th, speaks of him as seriously indisposed in consequence of the news of his brother's death.

In a letter dated Point Breeze, December 24, 1821, addressed to his intimate friend Joseph Hopkinson, the ex-king refers to the shock his health had suffered in the death of the emperor.

POINT BREEZE, December 24, 1821.

SIR: I return you the printed matter which you were good enough to send me; it would be hard for me to recollect all the words I spoke in the sufferings of the long illness. I do not fancy that the impression on myself was any more agreeable than that of a first confession.

I can no longer doubt, *to-day*, that my brother died a victim to the cruelty of his enemies. Already one of the principal accomplices has done justice upon himself. But for them, he would have lived in this country, as healthy as I, who am older than he was and not so strong in constitution; and there would have been no discussion in order to find reasons for his death, which have nothing to do with the true one.

He would have been appreciated not only by enlightened persons like yourself, sir, and Dr. Chapman, but by the majority of [American] citizens, whose calm reason seems to be one of their distinctive characteristics.

He was always greater than his fortune and superior to his glory.

It was this pride of a soul conscious of itself which had made him judge that he would have been appreciated in the land of Locke and Newton and in the country of Washington and Franklin. Like Julius Cæsar, he believed his enemies incapable of a great crime, and, like Cæsar, the victim of Scylla's party, he perished at the hands of the European oligarchy.<sup>1</sup> This sanctimoniously and traitorously homicidal party does not pardon nations that shake off their chains, nor kings who reign by their people and for their people.

I am not aware, sir, of the length of my letter; I forget that I am no longer talking with an idle farmer of New Jersey, but with one of the busiest men of the capital; in any case, sir, whether in town or in the country, believe me, with assurances of true esteem and complete attachment,

Your affectionate

JOSEPH, COUNT DE SURVILLIERS.

M. HOPKINSON, Philadelphia.

And now the author goes on to speak of Joseph Bonaparte's semi-official position in the United States. Such a position, indeed, he shunned, but could not altogether escape, in those days of French immigration and of still surviving belief in the empire. In the imagination of so many Frenchmen violently expelled from their own country, he could not be simply the Comte de Survilliers, the retiring country gentleman, the kind-hearted New Jersey squire. To them he was still King Joseph, he was still the brother of the emperor, and the position they thus assigned to him required the greatest tact, frankness, and loyalty of purpose.

The creation of a camp of refuge in Texas as a rallying-point for the exiled French, and its relation to the Monroe doctrine, are matters of history. It is needless to say, however, that the name of Joseph Bonaparte was to be inevitably associated with the scheme in the minds of all Frenchmen and some Americans, and for a time this rendered his position an extremely difficult one. The Camp of Refuge was a momentary consequence of circumstances, and its history has little importance. It is sufficient to say, in order to account for that little, that the men who promoted the plan were not in any sense citizens, but were, on the contrary, soldiers in the fullest acceptation of the term—old soldiers, veterans, the heroes of Cairo, Jaffa, Marengo, or Moscow, with many survivors of the field of Waterloo. It was scarcely even to be dreamed that men educated in such an existence as theirs had been, could in a single day become simple laborers and peaceable farmers. They grouped them-

selves in cohorts, choosing to be commanded by superior officers, and it was natural enough that such an organization should inevitably lead to warlike manifestations in which the name of the ex-king was, of course, turned to account.

To American readers the man as he lived in this country is probably more interesting than the ex-king in the survival of his official position and broken political relations. In a paper of these dimensions it is not possible to do full justice to what appears to be a finished study of Joseph Bonaparte's later years. The present writer has endeavored to extract such portions of the work as may contribute to the creation of a picture rather than to the formation of an opinion concerning political matters. Amidst much that is interesting, there is also much which few Americans would read, though, on the whole, the work seems worthy of translation into our language. Many would read with attention, no doubt, if not with profit, the chapter in which a considerable mass of correspondence has been collected; and the chapter devoted to French opinion in regard to the ex-king is well and carefully done. Another chapter, the one preceding the last, treats of Joseph Bonaparte's position as the head of his family after the emperor's death, and of his return to Europe; but those events were not followed by consequences of such importance as to justify us in dwelling upon the details carefully collected by the author. The latter has dealt solely with the ex-king's life in the United States. To use his words:

From the moment he touches the English shore, he ceases to belong to this volume, which is devoted solely to the personality of the Count of Survilliers—that is, to the Joseph of the seventeen years of free and healthy life in America; to Bonaparte the philosopher and . . . the Republican.

With one last quotation we reach the end.

The manner in which the President was to receive him in Washington, at the time of his departure, shows to what extent this designation ["republican"] is just, and in what degree the brother of Napoleon had known how to win the sympathies of the American people; seeing that in this land of public opinion, where public opinion holds sovereign sway, those in power had learned to treat him, on the whole, as a private individual, and with such consideration—since upon this soil of equality he could have no other title—as was unanimously approved by the press.

Joseph had come to America an exile, a fugitive, received under protest; he left as a guest publicly valued, honored, and regretted.

*F. Marion Crawford.*

<sup>1</sup> The reference here is evidently to Sylla (more commonly Sulla).—EDITOR C. M.





ETCHED BY RODOLPHE PIGUET AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. GOUBAUD,

IN POSSESSION OF ADOLPHE MAILLIARD.

*Joseph Bonaparte* *Comte de Survilliers*

JOSEPH BONAPARTE, COMTE DE SURVILLIERS.

## LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.<sup>1</sup>



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

I REMAINED with Domeniconi for two years after Ristori left us, and during this period I busied myself with reading the works of Shakspeare, translated into Italian verse by Giulio Carcano. Although the name of Shakspeare had already more than once attracted my attention, the dubious outcome of the experiments of several meritorious artists who had made essay of him had dissuaded me from occupying myself overmuch with his plays.

<sup>1</sup> See THE CENTURY for December, 1892, and February, 1893, for other papers of this series.

At that time the quality of form appeared so important to me, that Voltaire seemed to be more acceptable than Shakspeare, and I preferred *Orosmane* in "*Zaïre*" to the *Moor of Venice*. The haughty and impassioned sultan possessed me heart and soul, and I awaited with impatience the opportunity to portray him. The character appealed to me so strongly that I could not get it out of my thoughts, and it kept fusing itself with the various new parts for which I was cast by my director. I already had by heart some portions of *Orosmane's* lines,

and I took pleasure in declaiming them before a mirror, with a towel wrapped round my head in lieu of a turban; and at the start I found some effects which, as I thought, presaged a sure success. I wished, however, to avoid fixing an immature conception in my mind, and I let it lie for several months, so that I might form fresh impressions upon taking it up again. There is no better rule in art than not to permit one's self to be carried away by a first impulse. When time is taken for reflection, one's conceptions are always more correct.

It was my aim to form a repertory of special parts so minutely studied and rounded that I might be able through them to attain a reputation.

The conditions of the Italian stage at that time were not such as to offer me the means of attaining my end. Constrained as I was to busy myself with a new part every week, which, though often I did not know the text perfectly, I had to play without reflection, and without having a thorough grasp of it, how was it possible for me to prosecute a serious study of the philosophy and psychology of my art? I resolved to accept no engagement for the coming year (1853), and to live quietly with my relatives in Florence with a view to carry out my plan.

Just then the works of Shakspeare came again into my hands, and, to tell the truth, even on a second reading, his characters, his conceptions, and his form seemed to me so strange that I was still in doubt whether to occupy myself with them. Nevertheless, the impression that I received was a strong one, since I was unable to drive from my mind the adventures of the sad, perplexed, and anguish-driven *Hamlet*, and of the loyal, generous, and trusting *Othello*. I made up my mind that I would spend my time, during the next year, on no more than three parts. These were *Saul* and *Othello* in the tragedies of the same names by Alfieri and Shakspeare, and *Orosmane* in Voltaire's "*Zaïre*," which last I had already gotten into pretty good shape. With the carnival of 1853 ended in Bologna my engagement with Domeniconi; but I had to stay through Lent in that city to play at a match in billiards which I had begun during the season. During Lent the Zannoni Company came to the Corso Theater in Bologna, and with a view to bettering their somewhat languishing fortunes, made me a proposal that I should appear in a few extra performances. As I was on the spot, I accepted the proposition, a little out of vanity, and a little for the sake of laying up a few more scudi for the needs of my coming period of leisure. One of the most promising plays to give was undoubtedly "*Zaïre*"; but I was not a little awed by the fame, still bright in that city,

won as *Orosmane* by the celebrated Lombardi. Lombardi must surely have been an artist of great merit to have established himself so firmly in the popular memory. "He who is afraid goes not to the wars," said I to myself, and I decided to seize the opportunity to give



ENGRAVED BY R. A. MÜLLER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRANCESCO LOMBARDI.

the play. I began my series with "*Orestes*," "*Der Spieler*," by Iffland, "*Orlando Furioso*," and Scribe's "*La Calomnie*." I did not possess the costumes needful for *Orosmane*, but with my receipts from the first plays I was able to fit myself out with dresses at once rich and elegant.

On the appointed evening the expectation of the audience was wrought up to a high pitch. Nevertheless, it was favorably disposed; and notwithstanding that in the last act my wide Turkish trousers were awkwardly disarranged precisely at the culminating moment of the tragedy, it was a splendid success. Thus one of the three parts in which I had determined to attain superiority had already received its consecration.

I settled myself very comfortably with my relatives in Florence, and laid out my hours,—so many for study and so many for recreation,—keeping myself free from everything which might disturb my plans. During my frequent walks I declaimed my parts mentally; but now and then I would forget myself, and instantly would become an object of public curiosity. Again I would be surprised by some passerby in the act of practising a gesture appropriate to the personage who was occupying my mind, and I doubt not that I was often taken for a lunatic. Very often I would seek out-of-the-way and solitary places, pushing on into a fir wood or a chestnut grove, where my only





SALVINI AS OROSMANE IN THE "ZAÏRE" OF VOLTAIRE.

audience would be the birds. A gentleman of Ferrara who was fond of declamation, having asked me to give him lessons, I taught him *Saul*, and took the opportunity to study it myself at the same time. This was the only part in my master's repertory of tragedy which I ventured to play, and in the proper place I will explain why. I avoided the others, fearing lest I should follow him too closely or do less well. Those actors whom I saw devote themselves to reproducing those parts awoke my disgust or

moved me to ridicule; and when sometimes I heard them applauded by a forgetful or ignorant public, I became indignant, and would gladly have protested. I shall always congratulate myself upon my decision to free myself for that year from the monotonous routine of the stage. I gained in this way the opportunity to reflect, to make comparisons, and to examine into my defects. I imposed upon myself a new method of study. While I was busying myself with the part of *Saul*, I read and re-read the

Bible, so as to become impregnated with the appropriate sentiments, manners, and local color. When I took up *Othello*, I pored over the history of the Venetian Republic and that of the Moorish invasion of Spain; I studied the passions of the Moors, their art of war, their religious beliefs, nor did I overlook the romance of Giral di Cinthio, in order the better to master that sublime character. I did not concern myself about a superficial study of the words, or of some point of scenic effect, or of greater or less accentuation of certain phrases with a view to win passing applause; a vaster horizon opened out before me—an infinite sea on which my bark could navigate in security, without fear of falling in with reefs.

#### FAULTS IN ACTING.

IN my assiduous reading of the classics, the chief places were held among the Greeks by the masculine and noble figures of Hector, Achilles, Theseus, Edipus; among the Scots by Trenmor, Fingal, Cuchullin; and among the Romans by Cæsar, Brutus, Titus, and Cato. These characters influenced me to incline toward a somewhat bombastic system of gesticulation and a turgid delivery. My anxiety to enter to the utmost into the conceptions of my authors, and to interpret them clearly, disposed me to exaggerate the modulations of my voice like some mechanism which responds to every touch, not reflecting that the abuse of this effort would bring me too near to song. Precipitation in delivery, too, which when carried too far destroys all distinctness and incisiveness, was due to my very high impressionability, and to the straining after technical scenic effects. Thus, extreme vehemence in anger would excite me to the point of forgetting the fiction, and cause me to commit involuntarily lamentable outbursts. Hence I applied myself to overcome the tendency to singsong in my voice, the exuberance of my rendering of passion, the exclamatory quality of my phrasing, the precipitation of my pronunciation, and the swagger of my motions.

I shall be asked how the public could abide me, with all these defects; and I answer that the defects, though numerous, were so little prominent that they passed unobserved by the mass of the public, which always views broadly, and could be detected only by the acute and searching eye of the intelligent critic. I make no pretense that I was able to correct myself all at once. Sometimes my impetuosity would carry me away, and not until I had come to mature age was I able to free myself to any extent from this failing. Then I confirmed myself in my opinion that the applause of the public is not all refined gold, and I became able to separate the gold from the dross in the crucible of

intelligence. How many on the stage are content with the dross!

#### THE DESIRE TO EXCEL IN EVERYTHING.

My desire to improve in my art had its origin in my instinctive impulse to rise above mediocrity—an instinct that must have been born in me, since, when still a little boy, I used to put forth all my energies to eclipse what I saw accomplished by my companions of like age. When I was sixteen, and at Naples, there were in the boarding-house, at two francs and a half a day, two young men who were studying music and singing, and to surpass them in their own field I practised the scales until I could take B natural. Later on, when the tone of my voice had lowered to the barytone, impelled always by my desire to accomplish something, I took lessons in music from the *maestro* Terziani, and appeared at a benefit with the famous tenor Boucardé, and Signora Monti, the soprano, and sang in a duet from “Belisario,” the aria from “Maria di Rohan,” and “La Settimana d’Amore,” by Niccolai; and I venture to say that I was not third best in that triad. But I recognized that singing and declamation were incompatible pursuits, since the method of producing the voice is totally different, and they must therefore be mutually harmful. Financially, I was not in a condition to be free to choose between the two careers, and I persevered of necessity in the dramatic profession. Whether my choice was for the best I do not know; it is certain that if my success had been in proportion to my love of music, and I have reason to believe that it might have been, I should not have remained in obscurity.

My organization was well suited, too, for success in many bodily exercises. When I wanted to learn to swim, I jumped from a height into the sea out of my depth, and soon became a swimmer; I took a fancy to dancing, and perfected myself to such good purpose that I was always in favor as a partner; I wanted to be a good swordsman, and for five years I handled the foils assiduously, and took part in public exhibitions for the benefit of my teachers. In like manner I became one of the best billiard-players in Italy, and so good a horseman that no horse could unseat me. My muscular strength, fostered by constant exercise, was such that with one arm I could lift a man seated in a chair and place him on a billiard-table. I could sew and embroider, and make any quantity of pretty little trifles, and I used to devise new games that gave pleasure to numbers of my friends. Everything that I tried succeeded at least moderately well, not from any personal merit of my own, but

owing to the happy disposition conferred upon me by nature.

As to my character, I must confess that I was somewhat positive. I was extremely high-strung, and took offense at an equivocal word or a dubious look. Though apparently self-

but as a means of independence. I have done much good to my fellows, and have received evil in return. I have thought much for others, and have made little provision for myself; in that little I include the leaden case destined to receive my bones.



CLEMENTINA CAZZOLA.

controlled, I was very violent when my anger was awakened. I was patient in a very high degree, but firm and resolute in my decisions. I was constant when once my affection was seriously given, but changeable in my sympathies. Friendship was a religion for me, and notwithstanding frequent deceptions, I have always remained an affectionate friend. Titles of nobility have never dazzled me; I have always admired the true gentleman, and venerated the man of real talent. The sentiment of revenge never developed in me, but that of contempt assumed great proportions. I have never felt envy of any one, but I have sought to emulate those I have admired. I have sought for money, not for the sake of riches,

#### THE CHOLERA IN BOLOGNA.

IN 1854 I became a member of the Astolfi Company, of which Carolina Santoni was leading lady, and Gaspare Pieri the *brillante*. Carolina Santoni had a disagreement with our manager, Astolfi, and left the company in the middle of the year; her place was supplied by Gaspare Pieri's wife, the charming Giuseppina Casali-Pieri, who had some talent in comedy.

We went to Bologna just as the cholera was beginning to appear there; it was threatening at the same time several other cities in Italy. I advised all to leave Bologna at once, and to go to some place that was free from infection; but



neither manager nor company would accept my advice, being unwilling to incur the unforeseen expense of a new journey. To mask their stinginess, they declared that my advice was dictated by fear, and Astolfi diverted himself hugely at my expense, and ridiculed the timidity of my proposition. In the mean time the disease was becoming more and more serious, and one day when I saw an expression of grave anxiety on the faces of my late opponents, I said to them: "You refused my advice, and said that it was due to my being afraid. Now all I have to say to you is that I shall be the last of us all to leave Bologna." Soon the victims of the pestilence numbered 500 a day. The city was in consternation, and business was forgotten or neglected. At many street-corners temporary altars were set up, and the people would kneel down before them and pray, and seek to conjure away the danger. One night I myself stumbled over the body of a person who had been suddenly stricken down. In a short time the city became a desert, and only then did my companions decide to go away. They hired carriages by the day to make the journey; and when they had all gone, I took a place in the public coach, and reached Leghorn before them. Our manager, Astolfi, upon his arrival at Pistoja, was taken with the epidemic, and lost his life.

I received a most advantageous offer for 1856 from the jovial and courteous, but none the less able, actor and manager Cesare Dondini. After Luigi Vestri, this actor was the most faithful follower of the school of truth. The very sight of him put one in good humor; the geniality of his disposition even influenced the audience, and made everybody in the house feel happy, no matter how diverse were the parts which he played. He was a very pearl of a man, and a model manager.

A most brilliant comet was just then rising on the artistic horizon. Clementina Cazzola was born under the patronage of art; as a little girl she was called an infant prodigy. She was the child of artists of humble rank, but nature had endowed her with the sentiment of the beautiful; and as the workman extracts the carbuncle from a rock, so did Cesare Dondini raise from obscurity that precious gem of the purest water. Her interpretation of her characters was faithful and exquisitely subtle, and the most minute analysis of every profound emotion was rendered by her with exactness and truth. Her eyes were like two black diamonds emitting beams of light, and seemed quickly to penetrate to the very soul of him upon whom she fixed them, and to read his inmost thoughts. In the "*Dame aux Camélias*" she was bewitching; in the tragedy of "*Saffo*," by Marengo, she was admirable; in "*Pia de Tolommei*" she was sublime.

In this last tragedy, especially, she reached such a pitch of perfection that it seemed a miracle. I am most happy to render to this incomparable actress a small part of that homage which the Italian public lavished upon her. We all deplored her early death in July, 1858.

While I was still with the Dondini company, the distinguished tragic poet G. B. Niccolini intrusted to me the production of his "*Edipus at Colonos*," and it met everywhere with a favorable reception. Other works, more or less worthy, came at this time to distract my attention from the studies of my choice; but these transient interruptions really contributed to ripen those studies. I could not deviate from my purpose to form a special repertory for myself, and I had already made a beginning with "*Zaire*," the "*Suonatrice d'Arpa*," "*Orestes*," "*Saul*," and my study of "*Othello*."

#### OTHELLO.

THIS last play I was able to put on the stage at Vicenza in June, 1856, with Clementina Cazzola as the most perfect type of *Desdemona* that could ever be wished for. The usual conception of *Desdemona* is as a blonde, with blue eyes and a rosy complexion,—perhaps because in his pictures Titian preferred that type, and cultivated variety in his colors and half-tints,—but for all that it is not less true that the Venetian type is represented by dark eyes, black hair, and a skin of alabaster. In Venice ruddy-haired women are no more usual than those with jet-black hair in England. That excellent artist Lorenzo Piccinini filled most adequately the part of *Iago*. The material of the company was excellent; every care had been taken with the costumes, which were faultless; suitable scenery had been prepared by a scene-painter of ability, and the production of Shakspeare's play was awaited with lively interest. It was the night of my benefit, and abundant and prolonged applause was given in greeting to the artist; but it was the first time that a tragedy of that type had been seen in Vicenza; hence popular judgment wavered as to the worth of the work. It would be unfair to lay this too heavily to the charge of a public accustomed to the observance of the Aristotelian limits of classic tragedy. It is not the little band of intelligent persons that we have to convince, but the mass of the public.

From Vicenza we went to Venice, and our rendering of "*Othello*" met with the same reception there. There was applause, there were calls before the curtain, an ovation even; but the people, as they left the house, said, "This is not the kind of thing for us." While that pale imitation, Voltaire's "*Zaire*," was lifted to the skies, thanks to its irreproachable form,



SALVINI AS "SAMSON"—SKETCHED FROM LIFE IN NOVEMBER, 1889.

"Othello" did not appeal to the taste of the Venetians. It will easily be believed that I made little account of this mistaken judgment, and repeated the play several times, until at last they found "some good" in it. At Rome I forced the play on public favor. A sure sign that it commanded interest was that there was always a full house. It was not to their taste, it is true, but they could not stay away. For four seasons I always selected that play for my benefit. The first time, people blamed me; the second, they began to be interested; the

third, they were pleased; and after that every time that I went to Rome they asked me how soon I should give "Othello."

#### HAMLET.

I BECAME so much enamored of the great English dramatist, that I was constrained to neglect somewhat the classic school, though I still held it in warm affection, in order to occupy myself with a character extravagant indeed, but nevertheless full of attraction —

that of *Hamlet*. I chose the translations by Giulio Carcano as the most in accord with my taste, and for a fixed yearly payment he ceded to me "*Othello*" and all his other translations and abridgments from Shakspeare. In the eyes of the public my form seemed too colossal for *Hamlet*. The adipose, lymphatic, and asthmatic thinker of Shakspeare must change himself, according to the popular imagination, into a slender, romantic, and nervous figure; and although my *Hamlet* was judged more than flatteringly by the most authoritative critics and by the first dramatic artist of that day, it will always take rank after my *Othello*. I do not know whether I should felicitate myself upon having incarnated that son of Mauritania; sure it is that he has done some injury to other personifications of my repertory, though not less carefully elaborated. I am bound to declare that *Hamlet*, *Orestes*, *Saul*, *King Lear*, and *Corrado* in "*La Morte Civile*," cost me no less study or application than *Othello*, and that my artistic conscience has never doubted that there was full as much merit in my interpretation of those characters as in that of the other. Nevertheless, *Othello* has always been the favorite and the best applauded; *Othello* is a sight-draft, which the public has paid promptly every time that it has been presented.

## SOPHOCLES.

THE reader who has become accustomed to my small modesty will permit me to make another assertion. The part in which I have the least fault to find with myself is that of *Sofocle*, in the drama in verse of the same name by Paolo Giacometti. The play was written expressly for me; and I venture to say that the emotions of that grandiose figure are modeled so well upon my capabilities that his spoils would ill become any other artist. Yet that name, venerated as poet and as citizen, cannot boast that it ever drew a full house. Those who came were always full of enthusiasm; but though I tried it repeatedly, the audience was always scanty, and this notwithstanding that the play is one of the most meritorious that have been written in this century.

## SAMSON.

ANOTHER work was written expressly for me by Ippolito d'Aste—"Sansone," a biblical tragedy, rich in noble verses, striking in its conception, and of incontestable scenic effectiveness, but beyond a doubt, as a philosophical and literary production, much inferior to "*Sofocle*." Yet the preëminent Greek poet was forced, by the capriciousness and injustice of the public, to yield the primacy to the bib-

lical hero. This play, too, became a specialty of my repertory. I must, however, acknowledge that my athletic figure and powerful muscles, and the strength of my voice, had their part in the great success of this play. It is idle to deny that for certain parts appropriate physical and vocal qualities are indispensable, and are an inseparable factor in success. It is an illusion that in the representative arts intelligence and talent are alone sufficient to win a great reputation. The singer may possess an admirable method, facility in trilling, perfection in intonation; but if he has not also a fine and powerful voice, he will never rise above mediocrity. The public demands, in addition to talent, physical presence; in addition to art, a sympathetic and unlabored sonority of voice. If there is deficiency in one or another natural gift, attention becomes dulled, enthusiasm is not aroused, and the public sets one down in the category of the intelligent and worthy, but not in that of the eminent.

And this is not an injustice, for one is in no way constrained to join a profession of which the demands are so exacting. The public has not forced you to put yourself in a position where you must beg for its indulgence, or to expose yourself in an endeavor which is beyond your strength. Those incomplete artists are unjust who rail at the coolness of the public, at the sharpness of the critic. Such characters as *Saul*, *Samson*, and *Ingomar* demand an imposing form and a masculine and powerful voice, and since nature had favored me with these material advantages, I was able for long to couple my name with those of the biblical king, the hero of the Jews, and the barbarian.

## IN PARIS.

WHEN I had become in fair measure satisfied with my rendering of *Orosmane* in "*Zaire*," of *Saul*, and of *Othello*, I persuaded my friend and associate Cesare Dondini to try our fortune at the Salle Ventadour in Paris. I carried only my art with me, and in that *mare magnum* of all earthly celebrities this proved to be a rather scant capital. In Paris, no doubt, true merit is appreciated; but if one has not the means of presenting his merit along with a pretty liberal dose of charlatanism, it is offered to deaf ears, and the few who do appreciate it are swallowed up in the indifference of the vast majority. Well, we arrived in Paris, and, thinking to flatter the national pride, we chose Voltaire's "*Zaire*" for our first production. Our chief actress, Clementina Cazzola, was frightened by Ristori's great success, and declined to accompany us on this venture; all her parts were accordingly intrusted to a conscientious young actress, Alfonsina



Aliprandi, who filled them with credit. *Orosmane* was acclaimed, *Zaire* applauded, *Lusignan* (Lorenzo Piccinini) praised; but the play had lived its time, the classic type was in decadence, and our choice of a piece was criticized. We promptly produced "Saul." This sublime composition was pronounced by the Gallic critics heavy, dry, arid, incomprehensible. May Heaven pardon them! They were incapable of understanding it. I convinced myself that this was really the case when I went to look for a French translation of "Saul," in order to have librettos prepared to promote appreciation of it, and found that fine opening, "Bell' alba è questa," rendered, "Oh, quelle belle matinée!" I became even more convinced when Alexandre Dumas, *père*, maintained that Alfieri should have made his *Saul* a young man, and not an old one. If an acute, many-sided, imaginative talent like that was capable of making so nonsensical an exhibition of itself, it can easily be imagined what the smaller fry said. Thus "Saul" shared the fate of "Zaire." There was applause, and there were flattering notices, but the play would not draw. As our last anchor of safety, we tried "Othello." Shakspeare was the fashion, and even I became the fashion, too! Paris was moved; and according to her wont, being moved, she went into a state of exultation. The Anglo-Saxon sojourners came, too; the journalists were forced (I say forced, because they did it greatly against their wish) to fall into line with the general appreciation, to float with the current, and to bring themselves to do me justice. "Othello" paid the expenses of our season. The most generous praises were lavished on the artists; in especial a demonstration was made by the Comédie-Française, which decided, in order to do honor to the Italian actor, that on the night of his benefit several of its actors and actresses should take part in the representation. I must admit that if the French once begin to be agreeable, they do not stop half-way; and it was no small achievement to have interested the manager and the artists of that model playhouse.

At this time I formed the acquaintance of a lady who wields much influence among the publishing enterprises of North America, and she urged me to go to New York; she said that she was sure I should have great success there, particularly in "Othello," and promised me that I could count on her friendly interest as a guaranty of a favorable outcome. I hesitated, however, because of the length of the journey, of my usual diffidence as to my own ability, and, above all, of the exiguity of my finances. What means had I to fall back on in the event of a disaster? I thanked the amiable lady, and dismissed the thought.

A thousand testimonials of esteem and sympathy followed, which it would be tedious to set forth here. Through these, as by an electric flash, knowledge of our success was disseminated in Italy, and offers of new and advantageous engagements pelted Dondini like hail. In his function as manager he accepted one of these for Sicily, comprising the three chief cities of the island; and the results of that year were highly profitable for our association. So it is that with increase of fame comes increase of funds also!

Upon our return to Italy, Signora Cazzola resumed her post in the company.

We next went to Sicily, opening at Catania. The four years that I passed with Cesare Dondini were the most advantageous of my career to my artistic reputation. The public, and more than the public, my colleagues, conceded to me the palm in the rendering of several parts. They affirmed that I had no rival as *Orestes*, as *Orosmane*, as *Saul*, in the "Morte Civile," in the "Suonatrice d'Arpa," as *Sansone*, in "Pamela," and finally as *Othello*. This judgment, though of much weight, did not quench entirely my ardent desire to make myself a specialist in still other plays. At the end of my service with the Dondini company, I was engaged as chief actor for the Compagnia Reale de' Fiorentini of Naples from the first day of Lent in the year 1860. I found but small change in the atmosphere of the theater after my fifteen years of absence. Almost all those who had been attached to it in 1845 were still there. The celebrated character-actor Luigi Taddei, who had joined the company ten years before, had become old and rather infirm, and, though always admirable, appeared but seldom. Only Fanny Sadowsky, though advanced in age, retained the spirit and energy of the fair days of her triumphs. In fine, the walls of the establishment had received a coat of whitewash, but the foundations were the same. The quality of the public, too, was unchanged in that hundred-year-old theater. There were still those families who subscribed for their seats by the year, and who inserted in their marriage contracts, as one of the conditions, a box at the Fiorentini for the bride. It was once their cherished pleasure to create or destroy the reputation of those who came before their supreme tribunal.

At that time the company, subsidized by the Bourbon government, still enjoyed the privilege of playing in that theater without competition, whence arose a Chinese wall between the actors of that company and all others of the peninsula; so that if any of them happened to leave Naples for Florence, for instance, they would ask him whether he was going to Italy! Nevertheless, the report of my success had broken through the protecting wall, and curiosity was

at a high pitch. Prepiani and Monti were dead, and Adamo Alberti alone remained as director of the enterprise, and as I could remain only one year at Naples, he had already secured my successor. Upon my arrival in Naples, Alberti asked me, in accordance with the terms of my contract, which gave me the right of choice, with what play I wished to begin, and I indicated "Zaire." But they had no scenery for "Zaire," and it would hardly do to be content with a makeshift. "All right," said I; "we will take the 'Suonatrice d'Arpa.'" But in that play Signora Sadowsky had not yet mastered her part. "Very well; then I will give 'Oreste,'" But Bozzo, who was cast for *Pilade*, happened just then to be ill. "Excellent," said I; "in that case I'll play whatever you like." I divined very clearly the motive for this spirit of opposition. The good man had engaged for the next three years an actor by the name of Achille Majeroni, and he was afraid that too marked a success on my part might be hurtful to his speculation with my successor. Finally he proposed to me to open with Goldoni's "Pamela"; but the *Pamela* could not be Fanny Sadowsky. "How 's that?" said I; "do you want a tragedian to begin his season with a comedy, and without the support of the leading lady at that? Well, let us have it so!" He was delighted with my answer, which certainly he had not expected, and made haste to announce my first appearance in "Pamela," as happy as if he had won in three numbers at the lottery. Many were surprised at this choice of a play, and to the many who remonstrated with me I made answer that I would not set out with grumbling at my manager; that in order to get first to the goal in a long race it was better to begin to run slowly, rather than to start off at the highest speed, with the risk of finishing second.

On the appointed evening the size and quality of our house were imposing. The court and the first literary and artistic notabilities were there. The friends of the old actors had their guns cocked and primed; the journalists and the pseudo-authors with whom Naples abounds were all under arms, and more disposed to find fault than to praise. I had before me the double task of routing the old fogies of 1845, and of being equal to the exaggerated renown that had preceded me; in short, I had serious difficulties to overcome, and at the same time I had against me the inveterate bad taste of that public, which is not offended by a conventional cadence in phrasing, by monotony of delivery, and by gestures and motions worthy of Punchinello. I was not in the least nervous in face of this serious and really difficult undertaking. My pulse did not count one beat more than the normal. I neither looked at the house, nor even saw it by chance; I identified myself entirely with the

personagé whose part I was playing (*Lord Bonfield*), and I made such an impression on that rather hostile audience, that at the end of every act it showed me, first favor, then admiration, and finally enthusiasm. When I came to the scene in which *Pamela's* father, who is thought to be a villager, reveals his true rank to *Lord Bonfield*, and tells him his story, declaring himself to be a count and proving it by authenticated documents, whence it results that his daughter *Pamela* is worthy to become the consort of the aristocratic and impassioned *Lord Bonfield*, I succeeded by the mobility of my countenance and by the feverish motions of my body in following every part of the tale with such intent interest and such truth, that without uttering a syllable I drew from the audience a prolonged cry of enthusiasm, and no more doubt attended the completeness of my success. Poor Alberti! He was constrained to follow the current, and to take steps at once to put on the stage those very plays which he had found such excellent reasons for not giving, and these confirmed me emphatically in public favor. "Zaire," "Oreste," "Hamlet," "Saul" transported Naples with enthusiasm.

It would be impossible to note all the marks of esteem and appreciation which the Neapolitans lavished upon me. Everybody wanted to know me; everybody wished for my friendship; everybody made it his boast to be seen in my company on the promenades and at the places of resort; and everybody would say in passing, "Here is that most excellent fellow, our *Salvine*!" I had really come to belong to them, I was no longer my own master; and to such a point that the burden of entertainments, visits, invitations became almost oppressive. I had secured my revenge! I had won over a public that had been confirmed in its habits; I had convinced critics disposed to be severe, and overcome the hostility of the envious on the stage; and I had put the laugh on a disobliging manager.

During my stay in Naples, heroic acts of almost incredible valor were done in Sicily by the thousand followers of Giuseppe Garibaldi, who overran the entire kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Naples was freed from the tyranny of the Bourbons, and received in security every free citizen of Italy. Gustavo Modena, who had always been interdicted from setting foot on the soil of Naples, took a fancy to visit the Parthenopean city, and at the same time to make himself known professionally to the Neapolitans. I encouraged him in this project, eager again to come into relations with my old master, and to see him play; but he kept answering my letters with new doubts and difficulties. At last, however, the way seemed clear, and I busied myself with hiring the

Teatro del Fondo and with engaging several actors of other companies, who had taken advantage of the annulling of the monopoly of the Fiorentini to come to Naples. In a word, I organized a company from what I could find, but it was sufficient for Modena's purpose; and despite Alberti's unrelenting hostility, I secured permission to give him my own support for a night. Modena arrived in due time in Naples, but he kept putting off the announcement of his appearance. I was able to see him only in the daytime, for I had to play every night; and every day I saw more clearly, to my deep regret, that his physical strength was failing. Finally he declared that his health would not permit him to face the judgment of the public, and that he found himself compelled to return at once to his home in Turin. It was a bitter disappointment, and a real grief to all who loved our art. I was eager to have him dine with me, with the Signora Giulia, before his departure; and they accepted upon condition that there should be only the three of us. I promised, and two days afterward they came. As can easily be imagined, the stage formed the staple of our conversation; and I begged him, before he left, to drop in some evening at the Fiorentini, so that I might have his opinions and advice upon what progress I might have made. "I have seen you," he answered. "How?" said I. "Where? When?" And he replied, "I have seen you in 'Hamlet' and in 'Saul.'"

I felt as if a bucket of cold water had been doused over my head, and for five full minutes the conversation lapsed. He had come twice to the Teatro de' Fiorentini without my knowing anything of it. Finally I took courage, and asked him his opinion. "Here it is," he answered. "Nobody can play *Hamlet* but you; in 'Saul' my fourth act is better than yours, but your fifth act is better than mine." Not a word more did he say. Ought I to appeal from this judgment, or to be so modest as not to deem it just and impartial? I do not think so; I should be wanting in respect to the infallible criticism of that unequaled judge, and should, moreover, be false to my own conscience. Yes; Modena's words were true, and I will tell why, since he did not see fit to explain them. As a fervent republican and a very bitter foe of clericalism, into the diatribes of the fourth act, the reproaches heaped by *Saul* on the high priest *Ahimelech*, he put all his energy and the conviction due to his political creed, and he obtained extraordinary results. This effort left him, however, prostrated with fatigue, so that he was not in a condition to supply the great exertion demanded by the fifth act. In my own case, since I was not under obligation to fill before the audience the double character of artist and of anticlerical, I husbanded my strength so that, without weakening the fourth act, I was still in condition to give full effect to the passion, the delirium, and the calamitous ending of that ill-starred king.

Tommaso Salvini.

### "SOME VERSES CAROL."

SOME verses carol blithely as a bird,  
 And hint of violet and asphodel;  
 While others slowly strike a funeral bell,  
 Or call like clarionets till, spirit-stirred,  
 We hear the mustering tramp in every word.  
 In some, the ocean pounds with sledges fell,  
 Or Neptune posts with blare of trumpet-shell  
 By shores that visionary seas engird.  
 As soft as flutes, they croon the lullabies  
 Of cradle-years; play clear as citherns; wail  
 Like harps Æolian in the grieving wind:  
 Some are the deep-drawn human moan by pale  
 And silent faces,—'neath lack-luster skies,—  
 Peering through panes on darkness unconfined!

Henry Jerome Stockard.



## THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHESS.



YEAR after the accession of William and Mary, was born the only child of Anne on whose life any hopes could be built. Though he was sickly at first, like all therest, he survived the dangers of infancy, and, called William after the king, and bearing from the first day of his life the title of Duke of Gloucester, was received joyfully by the nation at large and everybody concerned as the authentic heir to the crown. He was the chief occupation of Anne's life when comparative peace followed the warlike interval related in the preceding number of this magazine, and a cold and forced civility replaced the active hostilities which for years had been raging between the court and the household of the princess.

Anne has never got much credit for her forbearance and self-effacement at the critical moments of her career. But it is certain that she might have given William a great deal of trouble had she asserted her rights as Mary's successor, as she might also have done at the time of the first settlement. No doubt he would on both occasions have carried the day, and with this certainty the historians have been satisfied, without considering that a woman who was not of lofty character, and who was a Stuart, must have felt it doubly bitter to find herself the subject of a gloomy brother-in-law who slighted her, and who, her rasher partizans did not hesitate to say, ought to have been her subject so long as he remained in England after her sister's death, and not she his. The absence of any attempt on her part to disturb or molest, nay, her little advances, her letters of condolence, and of congratulation the first time that a victory gave occasion for it, showed no inconsiderable magnanimity on the part of the prosaic princess — all the more that William did very little to encourage any overtures of friendship. But though Anne's relations with the king were scarcely improved, her position in respect to the courtiers who had abandoned her in her sister's lifetime was different indeed. Lady Marlborough describes this with her usual force.

And now it being quickly known that the quarrel was made up, nothing was to be seen but crowds of people of all sorts flocking to Berkeley House to pay their respects to the prince and princess: a sudden alteration which, I remember, occasioned the half-witted Lord Carnarvon to say

one night to the princess as he stood close by her in the circle, "I hope your highness will remember that I came to wait upon you when none of this company did," which caused a great deal of mirth.

Meanwhile the little boy, the heir of England, interposes his quaint little figure, with that touch of nature which always belongs to a child, in the midst of all the excitement and dullness, awakening a certain interest even in the solitary and bereaved life of William, and filling his mother's house with tender anxieties and pleasures. He was sickly and feeble from his childhood, but early learned the royal lesson of self-concealment, and was cuffed and hustled by the anxious cruelty of love into the use of his poor little legs years after his contemporaries had been in full enjoyment of their liberty. It is characteristic of the self-absorbed and belligerent chronicler of the princess's household, whose narrative of all the quarrels and struggles of royal personages is so vivid, that she has very little to say about either the living or dying of the only child who was of importance both to her mistress and to the country. His little existence is pushed aside in Lady Marlborough's record, and but for a little squabble over the appointment of the duke's "family," which she gives with great detail, we should scarcely have known from her that Anne had tasted that happiness of maternity, which is so largely weighted with pains and cares. But the story of little Gloucester's life, as found in the more familiar record of his waiting gentleman, Lewis Jenkins, is both attractive and entertaining. The little fellow seems to have been full of lively spirit and observation, active and restless in spite of his feebleness, full of a child's interest in everything about him, and of precocious judgment and criticism.

In every respect this was the brightest moment of Anne's life. There was no longer any possibility of treating the next heir to the crown, the mother of the only prince in whom the imagination of England could take pleasure, with slighting or contumely. She was permitted to have her share of the honors and comforts of English royalty. St. James's old red-brick palace was given over to her, as became her position; and what was more wonderful, Windsor Castle, one of the noblest of royal dwellings, became the country house of Anne and her boy. King William preferred Hampton Court, with its Dutch gardens, in which he

could imagine himself at home; the great feudal castle, lifting its massive towers from the crest of the gentle hill which has the value of a much greater eminence in the midst of the broad plain that sweeps forth in every direction, was not, apparently, to his taste. Few prettier or more innocent scenes have been associated with its long history than those in which little Gloucester was the chief actor. He had a little regiment of boys of his own age, whom it was his delight to drill and lead through a hundred mock battles and rapid skirmishings — mischievous little urchins who called themselves the Duke of Gloucester's men, and played their little pranks like their elders, as favorites will. The little prince chose St. George's Hall for the scene of his mimic battles, and there the little army stormed and besieged one another to their hearts' content. When his mother's marriage-day was celebrated, he received his parents with salvos of his small artillery, and, stepping forth in his little birthday suit, paid them his compliment. "Papa, I wish you and mama unity, peace, and concord, not for a time, but for ever," said the serious little hero. One can fancy Anne smiling and triumphant in her joy of motherhood, with her beautiful chestnut curls and sweet complexion and placid roundness, leaning on good George's arm, her peaceful companion with whom she had never a quarrel, and admiring her son's infant wisdom. The smoke and whiff of gunpowder, the little gunners at their toy artillery, the great hall still slightly a-thrill with the mimic salute, add something to the boundless hopefulness of the scene; for why should not this little English William grow up as great a soldier and more fortunate than his grim godfather, and subdue France under the feet of England, and be the conqueror of the world? All this was possible in those pleasant days.

On another occasion there was a great chapter of Knights of the Garter to witness the installation of little Gloucester in knightly state as one of the order. The little figure, seven years old, seated under the noble canopy-work in St. George's beautiful chapel, scarcely visible over the desk upon which his prayer-book was spread out, gazing with blue eyes intent in all the gravity of a child upon the great English nobles in their stalls around him, makes another touching picture. King William himself had buckled the garter round the child's knee and hung the jewel about his neck, St. George slaying the dragon, that immemorial emblem of the victory over evil; and no doubt in the vague grandeur of childish anticipation, the boy felt himself ready to emulate the feat of the patron saint. He was a little patriot, too, eager to lend the aid of his small squadron to his uncle when William

went away to the wars, and brought a smile even upon that worn and melancholy face as he manœvered his little company and showed how they would fight in Flanders when the moment came. When William was threatened with assassination, and the country woke up to feel that though she did not love him it would be much amiss to lose him, little Gloucester, at eight, was one of the most loyal. Taking counsel with his little regiment, he drew up a memorial, written out, no doubt, by the best master of the pen among them, with much shedding of ink, if not of more precious fluid — "We, your majesty's subjects, will stand by you while we have a drop of blood," was the address to which the Duke of Gloucester's men set all their tiny fists. The little duke himself, not content with this, added to it another address of his own:

I, your Majesty's most dutiful subject, had rather lose my life in your Majesty's cause than in any man's else; and I hope it will not be long ere you conquer France.

GLOUCESTER.

Heroic little prince! a Protestant William, yet a gallant and gentle Stuart; with this heart of enthusiasm and generous valor in him, what might he not have done had he ever lived to be king? It awoke a smile, and might have drawn an iron tear down William's cheek, to see this faithful little warrior ready to "lose his life" in his defense. And the good pair behind him, George and Anne, who had evidently suffered no treacherous suggestion to get to the ear of the boy, no hint that William was a usurper and little Gloucester had more right than he to be uppermost, how radiant they stand in the light of their happiness and hope! The spectator is reluctant to turn the page and realize the gloom to come.

"When the Duke of Gloucester was arrived at an age to be put into men's hands," William's relenting and change of mind were proved by the fact that Marlborough, who had been in disgrace all these years, and whom only the constant favor of Anne had kept out of entire obscurity, was recalled into the front of affairs in order to be made "Governor" of the young prince. It is true that this gracious act was partly neutralized by the appointment of Bishop Burnet as little Gloucester's tutor, a choice which was supposed to be as disagreeable to Anne as the other was happy. But there is no appearance that she made any protest, or showed any reluctance to accept him. The little pupil was about nine when he came into the bishop's hands, and he gives the following account of his charge:

I had been trusted with his education now for two years, and he had made amazing progress. I had read over the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gos-

pels with him, and had explained things that fell in my way very copiously; and was often surprised with the questions that he put to me, and the reflections that he made. He came to understand things relating to religion beyond imagination. I went through geography so often with him that he knew all the maps very particularly. I explained to him the forms of government in every country, with the interests and trades of that country, and what was both bad and good in it. I acquainted him with all the great revolutions that had been in the world, and gave him a copious account of the Greek and Roman histories of Plutarch's Lives; the last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution and the beneficiary and feudal laws: I talked of these things at different times more than three hours a day; this was both easy and delighting to him. The King ordered five of his chief ministers to come once a quarter and examine the progress he made; they seemed amazed both at his knowledge and the good understanding that appeared in him; he had a wonderful memory and a very good judgment.

Poor little Gloucester! The genial bishop breaking down all this knowledge into pleasant talks so that it should be "both easy and delighting"; and his lessons in fortification, which were more delightful still; and his own little private princelike observation of men's faces and minds, were all to come to naught. On his eleventh birthday, amid the feastings and joy a sudden illness seized him, and a few days after the promising boy had ended his bright little career. It would be small wonder indeed if Anne had been altogether crushed by such a calamity. It is said by some historians of the Jacobite party that her mind was overwhelmed by a sense of her guilt toward her own father and of just judgment executed upon her in the loss of her child, and that she immediately wrote to James, "pouring out her whole heart in penitence," and pledging herself to support the claims of her brother should she ever come to the throne. This letter, however, was never found, and does not seem to be vouched for by witnesses beyond suspicion. But for the fact that Anne was stricken to the dust no parent will need further evidence. Her good days and hopes were over; henceforward when she wrote to her dearest friend in the old confidential strain, it was as "your poor, unfortunate Morley" that the bereaved mother signed herself. Nothing altered these sad adjectives. She felt herself as poor and unfortunate in her unutterable loss when she was queen, as if she had been the humblest woman that ever lost an only child.

Marlborough was absent when his little pupil fell ill, but hurried back to Windsor in time to see him die; and four or five days after, the little prince was carried solemnly by torchlight through the summer woods, through Windsor

Park, and by the river, and under the trees of Richmond, to Westminster—a silent procession pouring slowly through the odorous August night. His little body lay in state in Westminster Hall—a noble chamber for such a tiny sleeper—for five days more, when it was laid with the kings in the great abbey which holds all the greatest of England. A more heart-rending episode is not in history.

William did not take any notice of the announcement of the death for a considerable time, which greatly embarrassed the ambassador at Paris on the subject of mourning, and has given occasion for much denunciation of his hardness and heartlessness. When he answered at last, however,—though this was not till more than two months after, in a letter to Marlborough,—it was with much subdued feeling. "I do not think it necessary to employ many words," he writes, "in expressing my surprise and grief at the death of the Duke of Gloucester. It is so great a loss to me as well as to all England that it pierces my heart with affliction." It seems impossible that the loss of a child who had shown so touching an allegiance to himself should not have moved him; but perhaps there was in him, too, a touch of satisfaction that the rival pair who had been thorns in his flesh ever since he came to England were not to have the satisfaction of founding a new line. At St. Germain's the satisfaction was more marked still, and it was supposed that the most dangerous obstacle in the way of the young James Stuart was removed by the death of his sister's heir. We know now how futile that anticipation was, but at the time this was not so clear; and the anxiety of the English parliament to secure before William's death a formal abjuration of the so-called Prince of Wales shows that the hope was not without foundation.

This anxiety, and the new and exciting combination of European affairs produced by what is called the Spanish Succession, occupied all minds during the two years that remained of William's suffering life. It was a moment of great excitement and uncertainty. Louis XIV., into whose hands, as seemed likely, a sort of universal power must fall if his grandson were permitted to succeed to the throne of Spain, had just vowed at the death-bed of James his determination to support the claims of the exile's son, and on James's death had proclaimed the boy king of England. Thus England had every reason of personal irritation and even of alarm for joining in the alliance against the threatening supremacy of France, whose power—had she been allowed to place one of her princes peaceably on the Spanish throne, to which the rich Netherlands still belonged—would have been paramount in Europe. It was on the eve



of the great struggle that William died. With a determination equal to that with which he had made head against failing fortune in many a battle-field, he fought for his life, which at such a crisis was doubly important to the countries of his birth and of his crown, and to the cause of the Protestant religion and all that we have been taught to consider as freedom throughout Europe. To die at the beginning of a great European struggle, leaving the dull people whom he disliked to take his place in England, and the soldier whom he had crushed and subdued, and sternly held in the shade as long as he was able, to assume his baton and win the victories it had never been William's fortune to gain, must have been bitter indeed. It would appear that he had even entertained some idea of disturbing the natural order of events to prevent this, and that it had been suggested to the Electress Sophia, after poor little Gloucester's death, that her family should at once be nominated as his immediate successors, to the exclusion of Anne, a proposal which the prudent Electress evaded with great skill and ingenuity.

A more impossible scheme was never suggested, for even the idea of Marlborough's triumph was unable to raise the smallest party against the princess, and to the country in general she was the object of a kind of enthusiasm. The people loved everything in her, even the fact that she was not clever, which of itself is often highly ingratiating with the masses. William, it is said, with a magnanimity which was infinitely to his credit, before he died named Marlborough as his fittest successor in the command of the allied armies. The formal abjuration of the Prince of Wales was made by Parliament only just in time to have his assent; and then all obstacles were removed out of the princess's way. It was thought by the populace that everything brightened for the new reign. There had been an unexampled continuance of gloomy weather, bad harvests, and clouds and storms; but to greet Queen Anne the sun burst forth, the gloom dispelled, the country broke out into gaiety and rejoicing. A new reign, full of new possibilities, has always something exhilarating in it. William's greatness was marred by externals and never heartily acknowledged by the mass of the people, but Anne had many claims upon the popular favor. She was a woman, and a kind and simple one. That desertion of her father, which some historical writers have condemned so bitterly, had no great effect upon the contemporary imagination, nor, so far as can be judged, upon her own; and it was the only offense that could be alleged against her. She had been unkindly treated and threatened with wrong, which naturally made the multitude strenuous in her cause; and everything conspired to make her accession happy. She was

only thirty-seven, and though somewhat unwieldy in person, still preserved her English comeliness, her abundant, beautiful hair, and, above all, the melodious voice which impressed even statesmen and politicians. "She pronounced this," says Bishop Burnet, describing her address to the Privy Council when they first presented themselves before her, "as she did all her other speeches, with great weight and authority, and with a softness of voice and sweetness in the pronunciation that added much life to all she spoke." The commentators who criticize so sorely the bishop's chronicles are in entire agreement with him on this subject. "It was a real pleasure to hear her," says Lord Dartmouth, "though she had a bashfulness that made it very uneasy to herself to say much in public." Speaker Onslow unites in the same testimony: "I have heard the Queen speak from the throne, and she had all the author says here. I never saw an audience more affected; it was a sort of charm. . . . She received all that came to her in so gracious a manner that they went from her highly satisfied with her goodness and her obliging deportment, for she hearkened with attention to everything that was said to her." Thus all smiled upon Anne in the morning of her reign. Her coronation was marked with unusual splendor and enthusiasm, and though the queen herself had to be carried in a chair to the Abbey, her state of health being such that she could not walk, this did not affect the splendid ceremonial in which even to the Jacobites themselves there was little to complain of, since their hopes that Anne's influence might advance her father's young son to the succession after her were still high, notwithstanding that the settlement of the crown upon Sophia of Brunswick and her heirs had already been made.

It is needless for us to attempt a history of the great war which was one of the most important features in Anne's reign. No student of history can be ignorant of its general course, nor of the completeness with which Marlborough's victories crushed the exorbitant power of France and raised the prestige of England. Contemporaries accused Marlborough of every conceivable wickedness, of speculation, treachery, even personal cowardice; but no one ventured to say that he was not a great general. And as we have got further and further from the infuriated politics of his time, more and more justice has been done to his gifts and graces, his wisdom and moderation, as well as his wonderful military genius. It is, however, with Marlborough's wife and not with himself that we are chiefly concerned, and with the stormy course of Anne's future intercourse with her friend rather than the battles that were fought in her name. It is said



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM MEZZOTINT BY JOHN SMITH, AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

that by the time she came to the throne her faithful affection to her lifelong companion had begun to be impaired; but the date of the beginning of their severance will probably never be determined, nor its immediate cause. All the great hopes which the pair must have formed seemed likely to be fulfilled in the early part of Queen Anne's reign. A very short time after her accession, Marlborough, who, according to William's appointment, had at once entered upon the conduct of foreign affairs and the preparations for war, received the Garter which Anne and her husband had vainly asked for him in the previous reign; and when he returned from his first campaign, a dukedom was bestowed upon him with many pretty expressions on Anne's part.



ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. FROM MINIATURE BY LEWIS CROSSE, IN THE COLLECTION AT WINDSOR CASTLE; BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Indeed, the queen's gift of "writing pretty, affectionate letters," which was the only thing, according to the duchess's opinion of her expressed in later days, that she could do well, is still abundantly proved by their correspondence. Anne was as anxious as ever to serve and please her friend and favorite. She prays God, in her little note of congratulation after the siege of Bonn in 1703, to send Marlborough "safe home to his and my dear adored Mrs. Freeman," with all the grace of perfect sympathy, for the great duke was as abject in his adoration of that imperious, bewitching, and triumphant Sarah as the queen herself. With the tenderest recollection of her friend's whims, the queen gave her the rangership of Windsor Park (strange office for a woman to hold), in which was included "a lodge in the great park," which the duchess describes as "a very agreeable place to live in, . . . remembering

that when we used in former days to ride by it, I had often wished for such a place," although it was necessary to turn out Portland, King William's friend and favorite, in order to replace him by Lady Marlborough. No doubt, however, this summary displacement of the Dutchman added to the pleasure both of giving and receiving. Lady Marlborough had a multiplicity of other offices in addition to this, such as those of mistress of the robes, groom of the stole, and keeper of the privy purse — offices, however, which she had virtually held for years in the household of the princess. All these brought in a great deal of money, a matter to which she was never indifferent; and as along with the dukedom the queen bestowed upon Marlborough a pension of £5000 a year, the resources of the new ducal house were abundant. They would seem by their posts and perquisites alone to have had an income between them not far short of £60,000 a year, — an enormous sum for those times, — not to speak of less legitimate profits, presents from contractors, and percentages on the pay of the troops, which Marlborough took, as everybody did, as a matter of course, though it was afterward charged against him as if he had invented the custom. The queen also promised a little fortune to each of their daughters as they married — a promise certainly fulfilled in the case of Henrietta, who married the son of Godolphin, thus uniting the colleagues in the closest family bonds. At the same time Anne offered a pension of £2000 a year to the duchess from the privy purse — a bounty declined at first, but of which afterward, in the final breaking up of their relations, Sarah was mean enough to demand the arrears, amounting to no less a sum than £18,000. Thus every kind of gift and favor was pressed upon the royal favorite in the early days of Anne's reign.

Before this the means of the pair had been but small. Marlborough had been long deprived of all preferment, and the duchess informs us that she had discharged in the princess's household all the offices for which afterward she was so highly paid, on an allowance of £400 a year. It was for this reason that the dukedom was unwelcome to her. "I do agree with you," her husband writes to her, "that we ought not to wish for a greater title till we have a better estate"; and he assures her that "I shall have a mind to nothing but as it may be easy to you." It was in this strain that the great conqueror always addressed his wife; and it would be difficult to say which of her two adorers, her husband or her queen, showed the deeper devotion. When Marlborough set out for his first campaign in the war which was to cover him with glory, and in which for the first time he had full scope, this is how he writes





ANNA D. G. ANGLIÆ, SCOTIÆ,  
FRANCIÆ & HIBERNIÆ REGINA.

*Engraved by J. G. Kneller del. & J. G. Kneller sculp.*

FROM COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING BY PIETER VAN GUNST, AFTER PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER

QUEEN ANNE.



ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY PIETER VAN GUNST, AFTER PAINTING BY ADRIAAN VANDER WERFF.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

to the companion of his life, who had gone with him to Margate to see him embark :

It is impossible to express with what a heavy heart I parted from you when I was by the water's side. I could have given my life to have come back, though I knew my own weakness so much that I durst not, for I know I should have exposed myself to the company. I did for a great while with a perspective glass look out upon the cliffs, in hopes I might have had one sight of you. We are now out of sight of Margate, and I have neither

soul nor spirits, but I do at this time suffer so much that nothing but being with you can recompense it.

These lover-like words were written by a man of fifty-two to his wife of forty-two, to whom he had been married for nearly a quarter of a century. In all the pauses of these wars, amid the plans and combinations of armies, and all the hard thinking and hard fighting, the perpetual activity and movement of his life for the





ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM MEZZOTINT AFTER PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.  
THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

next ten years, the same voice of passionate attachment, love, and longing penetrates for us the tumults of the time. She was flattered to the top of her bent both by husband and mistress, and it is not much to be wondered at if she came to think herself indispensable and above all law.

But in the midst of this prosperity and quickly growing greatness, the same crushing calamity which had previously fallen upon

Anne overwhelmed these companions of her life. Their only son, a promising boy of seventeen, died at Cambridge, and both father and mother were bowed to the dust. The queen's letter on this occasion expresses her sense of yet another melancholy bond between them. It is evident that she had offered to go to her friend in her affliction. "It would be a great satisfaction to your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley if you would have given me leave to



come to St. Albans," she writes; "for the unfortunate ought to come to the unfortunate." With a heavy heart Marlborough changed his will, leaving the succession of the titles and honors, so suddenly deprived of all value to him, to the family of his eldest daughter, and betook himself sadly to his fighting, deriving a gleam of satisfaction from the thought that other children might yet be granted to him, yet adjuring his wife to bear their joint calamity with patience whatever might befall. She herself says nothing on this melancholy subject. Perhaps in her old age, as she sat surveying her life, that great but innocent sorrow no longer seemed to her of the first importance in a record crossed by so many tempests; or perhaps it was of so much importance that she could not trust herself to speak of it at all. The partizans of the exiled Stuarts were eager to point out how both she and her mistress had suffered the penalty of their sin against King James and his son by being thus deprived of their respective heirs. It was "a judgment"—a thing dear to the popular imagination, and most easily concluded upon at all times.

It would not seem, however, that this natural drawing of "the unfortunate to the unfortunate" had the effect it might have had in further cementing the union of the queen and the duchess. The

little rift within the lute  
That by and by will make the music mute

began to be apparent shortly after, though not at first showing itself by any lessening of warmth or tenderness. The existence of a division of opinion is the first thing visible. "I cannot help being extremely concerned that you are so partial to the Whigs, because I would not have you and your poor unfortunate faithful Morley differ in the least thing. And, upon my word, my dear Mrs. Freeman," adds Queen Anne, "you are mightily mistaken in your notion of a true Whig. For the character you give of them does not in the least belong to them."

We need not discuss here the difference between the meaning of the names Tory and Whig as understood now and then. Lord Mahon and Lord Macaulay both consider a complete transposition of terms to be the easiest way of making the matter clear; but in one particular at least this seems scarcely necessary, for the Tories then, as now, were emphatically the church party, which was to Anne the only party in which safety could be found. The queen had little understanding of history or politics, in the wider sense of the words, but she was an excellent churchwoman, and in the sentiments of the Tory leaders she

found, when brought into close contact with them, something more in accord with her own—the one sympathy in which her bosom friend had been lacking. "These were men who had all a wonderful zeal for the Church—a sort of public merit that eclipsed all others in the eye of the Queen. . . . For my own part," the duchess adds, "I had not the same prepossessions. The word *Church* had never any charm for me in the mouths of those who made the most noise with it, for I could not perceive that they gave any other proof of their regard for the thing than a frequent use of the word, like a spell to enchant weak minds, and a persecuting zeal against dissenters and against the real friends of the Church who would not admit that persecution was agreeable to its doctrine." This difference had not told for very much so long as neither the queen nor her friend had any share in public affairs; but it became strongly operative now. How much the queen had actually to do with the business of the nation, and how entirely it depended upon the influence brought to bear upon her limited mind who should be the guide of England at this critical moment, is abundantly evident from every detail of history. Queen Victoria, great as her experience is, and notwithstanding the respectful attention which all classes of politicians naturally give to her opinion, changes her ministry only when the majority in Parliament requires it, and has only the very limited choice which the known and acknowledged heads of the two parties permit when she transfers office and power from one side to the other. But Queen Anne had no compact body of statesmen—one replacing the other as occasion required—to deal with, but put in here one high official, and there another, according as intrigue or impulse gained the upper hand.

There is something about a quarrel of women which excites the scorn of every chronicler. There is an insidious contempt for the weaker half of the creation, which probably no one would own to, lying dormant in the minds of the race generally, even of women themselves. Had Anne been a king of moderate abilities, and Marlborough the friend and guide to whom he owed his prosperity and fame, the relationship would have been noble and honorable to both; and when the struggle began, the strenuous efforts of the great general to secure the coöperation of ministers with whom he could work, and whose support would have helped toward the carrying out of his great plans for the glory of his country and the destruction of her enemies, would, whether the historical critic approved of them or not, have at least secured his respect and a dignified treatment. But when it is Sarah of Marlborough,



ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. FROM MEZZOTINT (IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM) BY JOHN SMITH, AFTER PAINTING BY JOHN RILEY.

BISHOP GILBERT BURNET.

with all the defects of temper that we know in her, who, while her lord fights abroad, has to fight for him at home, to scheme his enemies out of and his friends into power, to keep her hold upon her mistress by every means that her imagination can devise, the idea that some nobler motive than mere self-aggrandizement may be in the effort occurs to no one, and the hatred of political enmity is mingled with all the ridicule that spiteful wit can discharge upon a feminine squabble. Lady Marlborough was far from being a perfect woman. She had a fiery temper and a stinging tongue. When she was thwarted at the very moment of apparent victory, and found herself impotent where she had been all-powerful, her fury was like a torrent against which there was no standing. But with these patent defects it ought to be allowed

her that the object for which she struggled was not only a perfectly legitimate but a noble one. What the great William had spent his life and innumerable campaigns in endeavoring to do, against all the discouragements of frequent failure, Marlborough was doing with a matchless and almost unbroken success. It was no shame to either the general or the general's wife to believe, as William did, that this was the greatest work of the time, and could alone secure the safety of England as well as of her allies; and the gallant stand of Lady Marlborough for the party and the statesmen who were likely to carry out this object deserved some better interpretation from history than it has ever received. It cannot be said that there was anything petty in Anne's public acts while she remained under the influence of her first friend. The be-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

GARDEN FRONT, HAMPTON COURT.

ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGING.

ginning of her reign showed no ignoble spirit. One of the first things the queen did was to abolish the old and obstinate practice of selling places, which had hitherto been accepted as the course of nature: so much so that when Marlborough fell into disgrace under King William, he had been bidden to "sell or dispose of" the places he held, and the princess had herself informed Sarah, at least on one occasion, of vacancies, in order that her friend should have the profit of filling them up. "Afterwards I began to consider in my own mind this practice," the lady says. But whether she took the initiative in so honorable a measure it would be rash to pronounce upon the authority of her own word alone. However, it certainly was one of the first acts of the queen, and the credit of such a departure from the use and wont of courts should at least be allowed to the new reign. Anne did various other things for which there was no precedent. As soon as her civil list was settled, she gave up voluntarily £100,000 a year to aid the public expenses, then greatly increased by the war; and shortly after she made a still more important and permanent sacrifice by giving up the ecclesiastical tribute of first-fruits and tithes — namely, the first year's stipend of each cure to which a new incumbent was appointed, and the tenth of all livings — to which the crown, as succeeding the Pope in the headship of the Church, had become entitled. Her object was the augmentation of small livings, and better provision for the necessities of the Church; and there can be little doubt that this act at least was exclusively her own. The fund thus formed continues to this day under the name of "Queen Anne's Bounty," but unfortu-

nately remained quite inefficacious during her reign, in consequence of various practical difficulties, and has never been by any means the important agency she intended it to be. But the intention was munificent, and the desire sincere. Throughout her life the Church was the word which most moved Anne. She was willing to do anything to strengthen it, and to sacrifice any one, even (as turned out) her dear friend, in its cause.

The first subject which quickened a vague and suspicious disagreement into opposition was the bill against what was called occasional conformity: a bill which was aimed at the dissenters, and abolished the expedient formerly taken advantage of in order to admit nonconformists to some share in public life — of periodical compliance with the ceremonies of the Church. The new law not only did away with this important "easement," but was weighted with penal enactments against those who, holding office under government, should be present at any conventicle or assembly for worship in any form but that of the Church of England. Upon this subject the queen writes as follows:

I must own to you that I never cared to mention anything on this subject to you because I knew you would not be of my mind, but since you have given me the occasion, I can't forbear saying that I see nothing like persecution in the bill. You may think it is a notion Lord Nottingham has just put into my head, but, upon my word, it is my own thought. I promise my dear Mrs. Freeman faithfully I will read the book she sent me, and beg she would never let difference of opinion hinder us from living together as we used to do. Nothing shall ever alter your poor, unfortunate,



faithful Morley, who will live and die with all truth and tenderness yours.

As the differences go on increasing, however, Queen Anne gradually changes her ground. At first she hopes her "not agreeing with anything you say will not be imputed to want of value, esteem, or tender kindness for my dear, dear Mrs. Freeman"; but at last, as the argument goes on, she plucks up spirit, and finds courage enough to declare roundly that whenever public affairs are in the hands of the Whigs, "I shall think the Church beginning to be in danger." Thus the political situation became more and more difficult, and gradually embittered even the personal relations between the friends. Moreover, the duchess had not even the support of her husband in her political preferences. He himself had belonged to the moderate Tory party, and though they thwarted and discouraged him, showed no desire to throw himself into the arms of the Whigs, whither his wife would so fain have led him. He too remained obstinately indifferent while she stormed and entreated, and wrote a hundred letters, and used in vain every art both of war and peace. It is easy to see how this perpetual letter-writing, her determination to prove that her correspondent was in error and she right, and her continual reiteration of

for she foresaw what actually did happen, and perceived whither the current was tending, but was refused any credit for her prognostications, or help in subduing the dangerous forces she dreaded. How irritating this position must have been to a fiery temper it is needless to point out, and the duchess would not permit herself to be silenced by either husband or queen.

Meanwhile Marlborough was going on in his career of conquest. It was a very costly luxury; but the pride of England had never been so fed with triumphs. Queen Anne was in her closet one day at Windsor—a little turret chamber with windows on every side looking over the green and fertile valley of the Thames, with all the trees in full summer foliage, and the harvest beginning to be gathered in from the fields—when there was brought to her a scrap of crumpled paper bearing upon it the few hurried lines which told of the "glorious victory" of the battle of Blenheim. It had been torn off in haste from a memorandum-book on the field, and was scribbled over with an inn reckoning on the other side. The commotion it caused was not one of unmixed joy; for though the queen wrote her thanks and congratulations, and there was a great thanksgiving service at St. Paul's which she attended in state, the party in power did all that in them



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

LION GATES AT HAMPTON COURT ERECTED BY QUEEN ANNE.

ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

the same charges and reproaches, must have exasperated the queen and troubled Marlborough in the midst of the practical difficulties of his career. But yet there are many points on which Sarah has a just claim to our sympathy;

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lay to depreciate the importance of the victory. When, however, Marlborough appeared in England with his prisoners and trophies,—a marshal of France among the former, and many standards taken in the field,—the popular sen-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.  
STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

timent burst all bounds, and his reception was enthusiastic. The crown lands of Woodstock were bestowed upon him as a further reward, and the queen herself commanded that a palace should be built upon the estate at the expense of the crown, to be called Blenheim in commemoration of the extraordinary victory. A curious relic of ancient custom religiously carried out to the present day was involved in this noble gift. The quit-rent which every holder of a royal fief has to pay was appointed to be a banner embroidered with three fleurs-de-lis, the arms then borne by France, to be presented on every anniversary of the battle. Not very long ago the present writer accompanied a French lady of distinction through some part of Windsor Castle, under the guidance of an important member of the queen's household. When the party came into the armory, on each side of which, a vivid spot of color, hung a little standard fresh in embroidery of gold, the kind cicerone smiled, and whispered aside, "We need not point out these to her." One of them was the Blenheim, the other the Waterloo banner, both yearly acknowledgments, after the old feudal fashion, for fiefs held of the crown.

Among the honors done to Marlborough at this triumphant moment when, an English duke, a prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and—still more splendid title—the greatest soldier of his time, he came home in glory to England, were the verses with which Addison saluted

him. There were plenty of odes piping to all the winds in his honor, but this alone is worthy of record. Every reader will recollect the simile of the great angel who "drives the furious blast,"

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

It is not necessary for our purpose to enter into those changes of ministry which first temporarily consolidated the Marlborough interest and afterward wrought its destruction, nor into the intrigues by which Harley and St. John gradually secured the reins of state. It is not to be supposed that these fluctuations were wholly owing to the influences brought to bear upon the queen; but that her prevailing disposition to uphold the party which to her represented the Church kept the continuance of the war and the foreign policy of the country in constant danger, there can be no doubt. It is only in 1707, however, that we are made aware of the entry of a new actor upon the scene, in the person of a smooth and noiseless woman, always civil, always soft-spoken, apologetic, and plausible, whose sudden appearance in the vivid narrative of her great rival is in the highest degree dramatic and effective. This was the famous Abigail who has given her name, somewhat injuriously to her own position, to the class of waiting-women ever since. She was in reality bedchamber-woman to the queen—a post now very far removed from that of a waiting-maid, and even then by no means on a level, notwithstanding the duchess's scornful phrases, with that of the class which ever since has been distinguished by Mrs. Hill's remarkable name. Her introduction and the vigorous *mise en scène* of this new episode in history are fine examples of the graphic power of Duchess Sarah. Her suspicions, she informs us, were roused by the information that Abigail Hill (a relation of her own, and placed by herself in the royal household) had been married without her knowledge to Mr. Masham, who was one of the queen's pages; but there are allusions before this in her letters to the queen to "flat-terers," which point at least to some suspected influence undermining her own. She tells us first in a few succinct pages who this was whose private marriage excited so much wonder and indignation in her mind. Abigail and all her family owed their establishment in life to the active exertions of the duchess, who had taken them upon her shoulders in their poverty—or rather had succeeded in passing them on to the broader shoulders of the public, which was still more satisfactory. Thus she had been the making of the whole band, henceforward through other members besides Abigail to

prove thorns in her flesh. Harley, who was at this time Secretary of State, and aiming at higher place, was related in the same degree on the father's side to Mrs. Abigail; so that, first cousin to the great duchess on the one hand and to the leader of the House of Commons on the other, though it suits the narrator's purpose to humble her, Mrs. Hill was no child of the people. It is curious to remark here that Harley too came to his first advancement by Marlborough's patronage.

From the moment of this discovery, and of the further facts that the marriage had taken place under Anne's auspices, and that Abigail had already taken advantage of her favor to bring Harley into close relations with the queen, the duchess gave her mistress little peace.

with the weeping, raging, passionate woman, whose eloquence, whose arguments, whose appeals and entreaties, all dash unheeded against the rock of tranquil obstinacy, which is no more moved by them than the cliff is moved by the petulance of the rising tide; although, on the other hand, a similar sympathy is not wanting for the dull and placid soul which could get no peace, and which longed, above all things, for tranquillity, for gentle attentions and soft voices, and for the privilege of nominating bishops and playing basset in peace. Poor lady! On the whole, it is Queen Anne who is most to be pitied. She was often ill, always unwieldy and uncomfortable. She had nobody but a soft, gliding, smooth-tongued Abigail to fall back upon, while the duchess had



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

Fiery letters were showered daily upon the queen. She let nothing pass without a hasty visit or a long epistle. Every new affront, every symptom of failure in the policy which she supported with so much zeal, made her rush, if possible, to the presence with a storm of reproaches and invective, with tears of fury and outcries of wrath—or to the pen, with which she reiterated the same burning story of her wrongs. Anne is represented to us throughout in an attitude of stolid and passive resistance which increases our sympathy

half the great men of the time fawning upon her, putting themselves at her feet; her husband prizing a word of kindness from her more than anything in the world; her daughters describing her as the dearest mother that ever was; money, which she loved, accumulating in her coffers; great Blenheim still a-building; and all kinds of noble hangings, cut velvets and satins, pictures and every fine thing that could be conceived getting collected for the adornment of that great house.

Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that





ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS AFTER AQUATINT BY P. SANDBY.

WINDSOR TERRACE, LOOKING WESTWARD.

Duchess Sarah represented a nobler ideal and grander national policy than that into which her mistress was betrayed. Her later intercourse with Anne was little more than a persecution; and yet what she aimed at was better than the dishonoring and selfish policy by which she was finally conquered. A certain enlightenment was in all her passionate interferences with the course of public affairs. The men whom she labored to thrust into office were the best men of the time; the ascendancy she endeavored so violently to retain was one under which England had been elevated in the scale of nations, and all her liberties confirmed. Such persecuting and intolerant acts as the bill against Occasional Conformity, which was a test of exceptional severity, had her strenuous opposition. In short, had there been no Marlborough to carry on the half-begun war at William's death, and no Sarah at Anne's ear to inspire the queen's sluggish nature with spirit, and to keep her up to the mark of the large plans of her predecessor, England might have fallen into another driving period of foreign subserviency, into a new and meaner Restoration.

That the reader may see, however, to what an extraordinary pass the friendship which had been so intimate and close had come, we add the duchess's account of the concluding interview. Every kind of exasperating circumstance had accumulated in the mean time between the former friends. There had been violent meet-

ings, violent letters by the score; even in the midst of a thanksgiving service Sarah had taken her mistress to task, and imperiously bidden her not to answer. Indeed, the poor queen was more or less hunted down, pursued to her last corner of defense, when the Mistress of the Robes made her sudden appearance at Kensington one April afternoon in the year 1710, when everything was tending toward her downfall.

As I was entering, the Queen said she was just going to write to me, and when I began to speak she interrupted me four or five times with these repeated words, "Whatever you have to say you may put it in writing." I said her Majesty never did so hard a thing to any as to refuse to hear them speak, and assured her that I was not going to trouble her upon the subject which I knew to be so ungrateful to her, but that I could not possibly rest until I had cleared myself from some particular calumnies with which I had been loaded. I then went on to speak (though the Queen turned away her face from me) and to represent my hard case, that there were those about her Majesty that had made her believe that I said things of her which I was no more capable of saying than of killing my own children. The Queen said without doubt there were many lies told. I then begged, in order to make this trouble the shorter and my own innocence the plainer, that I might know the particulars of which I had been accused, because if I were guilty that would quickly appear, and if I were innocent this method alone would clear me. The Queen replied that she would give me no answer, laying

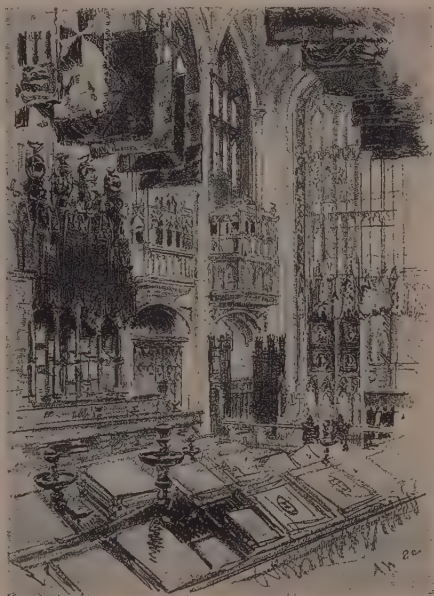
hold on a word in my letter that what I had to say in my own vindication *need have no consequence in obliging her Majesty to answer, &c.*, which surely did not at all imply that I did not desire to know the particular things laid to my charge, without which it was impossible for me to clear myself. This I assured her Majesty was all I desired, and that I did not ask the names of the authors or relaters of these calumnies, saying all that I could think reasonably to enforce my just request. . . . I protested to her Majesty that I had no design, in giving her this trouble, to solicit the return of her favor, but that my sole view was to clear myself, which was too just a design to be wholly disappointed by her Majesty. Upon this the Queen offered to go out of the room, I following her, and begging leave to clear myself; and the Queen repeating over and over again, "You desired no answer, and shall have none." When she came to the door I fell into great disorder; streams of tears flow'd down against my will, and prevented my speaking for some time. At length I recovered myself, and appealed to the Queen, in the vehemence of my concern, whether I might not still have been happy in her Majesty's favor if I could have contradicted or dissembled my real opinion of men or things; whether I had ever, during our long friendship, told her one lie, or play'd the hypocrite once; whether I had offended in any thing, unless in a very zealous pressing upon her that which I thought necessary for her service and security. I then said I was informed by a very reasonable and credible person about the court that things were laid to my charge of which I was wholly incapable; that this person knew that such stories were perpetually told to her Majesty to incense her, and had beg'd of me to come and vindicate myself; that the same person had thought me of late guilty of some omissions toward her Majesty, being entirely ignorant how uneasy to her my frequent attendance must be after what had happened between us. I explained some things which I had heard her Majesty had taken amiss of me, and then, with a fresh flood of tears and a concern sufficient to move compassion, even where all love was absent, I beg'd to know what other particulars she had heard of me, that I might not be denied all power of justifying myself. But the only return was, "You desired no answer, and you shall have none." I then beg'd to know if her Majesty would tell me some other time? "You desired no answer, and you shall have none."

Thus ended this remarkable conversation, the last I ever had with her Majesty [the duchess adds].

After this there was no more possibility of reconciliation. Attempts of all kinds were made, and there is even a record of a somewhat pitiful scene in which great Marlborough himself, on his return from the wars, appears on his knees, pleading with Queen Anne to take back into favor her old companion, but without effect.

Unfortunately for himself, he did not resign at this turning-point, being persuaded both by friends and foes not to do so, and with the

evident risk before his eyes of hazarding all the combinations of the war and giving a distinct advantage to the enemy against whom he had hitherto operated so forcibly. He kept his command, therefore, for the public interest rather than for his own, and returned, when the season of warfare recommenced, to the post which all these events made uneasy for him, and where his credit was shaken and his prestige diminished by the disfavor of the court and the opposition of the ministry. The responsibility was therefore left upon Anne and her ministers of dismissing him, which they did in the end of 1711, to the consternation of their allies, the delight of the French, and the bewilderment of the nation. The party plots by which this came about are far too long and involved to



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

be capable of explanation here; neither can we enter into the semi-secret negotiations for the humiliating and disgraceful peace secured by the treaty of Utrecht, which were carried on unknown to Marlborough, to the destruction of the alliance and the confusion of all his plans. Never, perhaps, was so great a man treated with such contumely. His associate in his work, the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, the great financier of his time, had already fallen, leaving office so poor a man that he would have been wholly dependent on his relations but for the unexpected death of a brother, who left him a small fortune. He has left an account of his dismissal by the queen herself, and on the

ground, apparently, of personal offense, which is extraordinary indeed.

Anne herself was no doubt little more than a puppet in the hands of successive politicians at this unfortunate period. She had no longer an audacious Freeman to tell her unwelcome truths, and tease her with appeals and reproaches: but it is probable that she soon found her soft-voiced Abigail, her caressing duchess (of Somerset), little more satisfactory; never was a head that wore the crown more uneasy. She held fast to the power which she had been persuaded she was to get into her own hands when she was delivered from the sway of the Marlboroughs, and for a little

stag till four this afternoon," he says; "she drove in her chaise about forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner." "She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod." Queen Anne's Ride and Queen Anne's Drive are still well-known names in the locality where the strange apparition of the queen, solitary in her high chaise, and "driving furiously" after the hunt, must once have been a familiar sight.

The end of this poor queen's life was disturbed by a new and terrible struggle, in which natural sentiment and public duty, and all the prepossessions and prejudices of her nature, were



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

BLENHEIM.

while believed it possible that she could reign unaided. But this was a delusion that could not last long; indeed her death was hastened, it is said, by a violent altercation between Harley and St. John, when the inevitable struggle between the two who had pushed all competitors out of place occurred at last. They wrangled over the staff of office in Anne's very presence, overwhelming her with agitation and excitement.

Apart from politics, the royal existence was dull enough. When Dean Swift was at Windsor, following Harley and waiting for the decision of his Irish business, we have occasional glimpses through his eyes which show the tedium of the court. "There was a drawing-room to-day," he says; "but so few company that the queen sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood, about twenty of us around the room, while she looked round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her; and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out." The same authority mentions her way of taking exercise, which was a strange one. "The queen was hunting the

set in conflict one against the other. This was upon the question of the succession. The family of Hanover, the Electress Sophia and her son and grandson, had been chosen solemnly by Parliament as the nearest members of the royal race who were Protestants, and were recognized as the heirs to the throne in all public acts and in the prayers of the Church. But to Anne the house of Hanover was of no special interest. She did not love the idea of a successor at all. She had declared passionately to Marlborough that the proposed visit of the Hanoverian prince was a thing which she could not bear, and there was no friendship, nor even acquaintance, between her and relatives so far removed. But apart from all public knowledge, in the secret chambers and by the backstairs came whispers now of another name, that of James Stuart, more familiar and kindly—the baby brother about whom Anne had believed the prevailing fable that he was a supposititious child, for whom she had invented the name of the Pretender, but who now, in her childless decay, began to be presented before her as the victim of a great wrong. Poor queen! she was torn asunder by all these contradictions;



and if her heart was melting toward her father's son, all the dull experience which she had acquired in spite of herself must have convinced her that this solution of the difficulty was impossible. Her life of late had been one long conflict; imperious Sarah first, then Harley and St. John quarreling in her very presence-chamber, and when the door was shut, and the curtains drawn, and all the world departed save Abigail lying on a mattress on the floor to be near her mistress, here was the most momentous question of all. She who desired nothing so much as quiet, and to be left in peace, was once again compelled to face a problem of the utmost importance to England, and on which she alone had the power to say a decisive word. Little wonder if Anne was harassed beyond all endurance. But those who pressed this question upon her waning senses were the instruments of their own overthrow. The powers of life, worn out before their time, could bear no more. The hopes of the Jacobite party were rising higher every day as the end drew near; but at the last she escaped them, having uttered no word of support to their cause, and in the confusion which ensued George I. was peacefully proclaimed as soon as the queen had slipped out of her lethargy beyond the boundaries of any earthly kingdom.

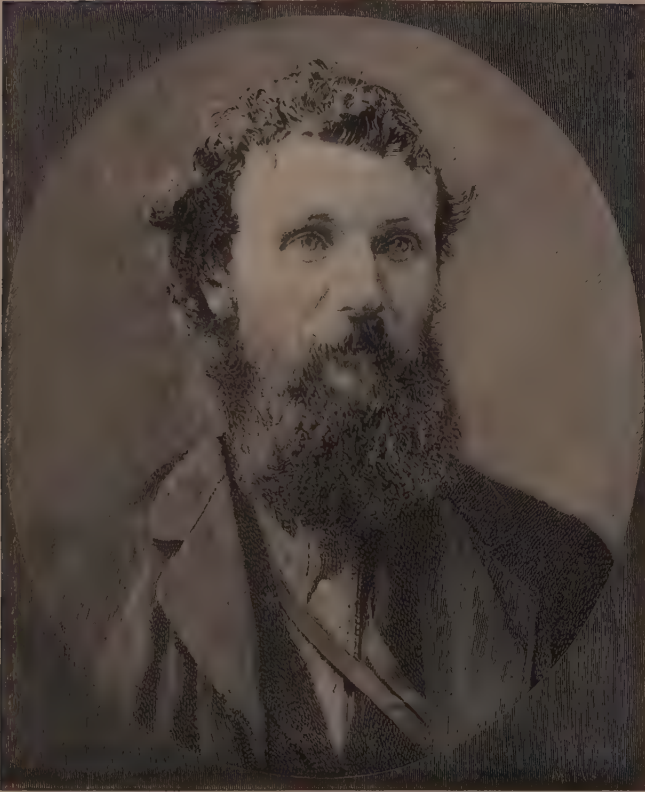
The Marlboroughs, who had been living on the Continent since their disgrace, came back after this new change. The duke's entry into London "in great state, attended by hundreds of gentlemen on horseback and some of the nobility in their coaches," a few days after, is reported by one of the chroniclers of the time. The duchess followed him soon after, and whether her temper and disposition had so far mended as to allow him to enjoy the peace he had so often longed for by the side of her he loved, he had at least a tranquil evening time among his friends and dependents and the grandchildren who were to be his heirs, for only one of his own children survived at his death. Duchess Sarah lived long after him. She was sixty-two when he died, but nevertheless, in spite of temper and every other failing, was still charming enough to be sought in marriage by two distinguished suitors—one of them that proud Duke of Somerset whose first

wife had supplanted her at court. She answered this potentate in the only way consistent with the dignity of a woman of her age and circumstances, but added, with a noble pride which sat well upon her, that had she been but half her age, not the emperor of the world should ever have filled the place sacred to great Marlborough. It is a pity we could not leave her here in the glow of this proud tenderness and constancy. She was capable of that and many other noble things, but not of holding her tongue, of withdrawing into the background, or accepting in other ways the natural change from maturity to age. Her restless energies, however, had some legitimate outlet. She finished Blenheim, and she wrote innumerable explanations and memoranda, which finally shaped themselves into that "Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough from her first Coming to Court," which is one of the most interesting of all *mémoires pour servir*. This was published in her eighty-second year, and it is curious to think of the vivacious and unsubdued spirit which could throw itself back so completely out of the calm of age into the conflicts and the very atmosphere of what had passed thirty years before. She also did her best to prepare for a great life of Marlborough, which should set him right with the world. But her time was not always so innocently employed, and it is to be feared that she wrangled to the end of her life. The "characters" of her contemporaries which she left behind are full of spite and malice. There was no peace in her soul. A characteristic little story is told of her in an illness. "Last year she had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physicians said she must be blistered or she would die. She called out, 'I won't be blistered and I won't die!' and apparently for the moment kept her word." She lived long enough to be impaled by Pope in verses which an involuntary admiration for this daring, dauntless, impassioned woman makes us reluctant to quote. She survived almost her entire generation, and was capable of living a hundred years more had nature permitted. She was eighty-four when she succumbed at last, in the year 1744, thirty years after the death of the queen.

M. O. W. Oliphant.



## JOHN MUIR.



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

JOHN MUIR.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

THE name of John Muir is inseparably connected with the Yosemite Valley and the alpine regions of the Sierra Nevada, and with the glaciers of Alaska, the greatest of which bears his name. When Ralph Waldo Emerson visited the Yosemite, Muir was his guide for a week, and on his return Emerson said of him, "He is more wonderful than Thoreau." Of Emerson, Muir wrote, "He is the Sequoia of the human race." When Agassiz and Joseph Leconte met in San Francisco, and were talking about the glaciers of the Pacific coast, Professor Leconte remarked that John Muir knew "more about the subject than any other man." "Yes," said Agassiz, bringing his hand down on the table by way of emphasis; "he knows *all* about it."

John Muir was born in Dunbar, Scotland, in 1836. His mother, Anne Gilrye, is a descen-

dant of the old Scotch family of Gilderoy. His father, Daniel Muir, was a grain-merchant. John was the third child in a family of eight children, three boys and five girls. At three years of age he was sent to the public school, where for eight years he was put through the ordinary English branches, Latin, French, the Catechism, and the Bible, in the old Scotch style. In spite of hard lessons and many floggings, he grew up savagely strong, healthy, and active, fond of all kinds of games and of long tramps into the country and along the sea-shore.

In 1850 his father emigrated to the United States, and settled as a pioneer in the wilderness near Fox River, Wisconsin, twelve miles from Fort Winnebago, on an uncleared section of land bordered by a beautiful stream and a small lake, white with water-lilies. Birds and flowers, game and fish, made the farm a boy's

paradise, in spite of the hardest kind of toil in chopping, grubbing, and general farm-work. At the age of fifteen John's mechanical genius stirred within his brain, and while doing a man's work on the farm he rose, for months in succession, at one o'clock in the morning and worked until daylight, inventing and making mill-wheels, wooden clocks, and various other mechanical appliances. At the same time he read every book within reach, and studied grammar, algebra, and geometry, improving every available moment, keeping an open book beside him at his meals, and working out mathematical problems on chips or on the ground while he was at work in the field. At twenty-two he entered the University of Wisconsin, where he continued for four years. He taught school one winter, and worked at harvesting during the summer vacations, to earn money to pay his college expenses. He pursued a special scientific course, and, when that was completed, went off into the wilderness on a long botanical excursion around the great lakes. While on the Canada shore he worked for a year in a mill for making hand-rakes, lathes, boring-machines, and agricultural implements. Here he set about improving the old machinery, inventing new appliances, and in many ways increasing the product of the mill. All his leisure time was given to botanizing. The mill, however, took fire and burned down, and Muir went to Indianapolis, where he worked for a year in a large manufactory of carriage and wagon material. Here he was so highly appreciated that he was offered the place of foreman, with a prospective partnership; but one of his eyes was accidentally penetrated by the sharp point of a file, and after several weeks of confinement in a dark room, to quote his own words, he "determined to get away into the flowery wilderness to enjoy and lay in as large a stock as possible of God's wild beauty before the coming on of the times of darkness." Accordingly, he had scarcely recovered from the shock of his injury when he set out on his travels, afoot and alone, going southward on a botanizing tour across Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, reaching tide-water at Cedar Keys on the Gulf of Mexico.

In consequence of exposure in swamps, and from lying out at night on the bare ground, he was taken down with malarial fever. After partial recovery, he took passage in a schooner for Havana, intending to proceed thence to South America to explore the head waters of the Amazon and to float down the river to its mouth. But after spending a few months amid the tropical vegetation of Cuba, and finding that fever still lingered in his system, he reluctantly changed his plans, and turned his face toward California, where, going by the Panama route, he arrived in April, 1868. He at once set out on

foot for the Yosemite Valley, botanizing on his way across the broad plains of the San Joaquin Valley, then covered with flowers. He made his way into the valley without a guide, while the trails were yet deeply buried in snow, and after a stay of ten days, his money having given out, returned to the lowlands and worked as a harvest hand in the wheat-fields. The following winter, glad to find any employment that allowed contact with nature, he herded sheep to earn a living while studying the flora of that region. With a migratory sheep-camp as his headquarters, he passed the summer in botanizing, and in sketching the head waters of the Merced and Tuolumne rivers. Returning to the plains in the autumn, he worked on a ranch for a few months, breaking mustangs and running a gang-plow, and then again pushed over the mountains into the Yosemite. There he was fortunate enough to find employment, and was thus enabled to make the great valley his home.

At that time Mr. J. M. Hutchings, the Yosemite pioneer, desiring to build some cottages to accommodate the increasing travel to the valley, and finding that cutting lumber by hand with whip-saws was a slow and very expensive method, determined to build a small sawmill. The frame of the mill was already up when Mr. Muir arrived on his second visit to the valley, and Mr. Hutchings was anxiously looking for some one to put in the machinery and run it. Finding, on inquiry, that John Muir the botanist was also a millwright, he gave him the job, and thus enabled him to carry on his famous explorations in the high Sierra until he began to write and could depend on his pen for bread. But it must not be supposed that any of the trees were cut down to supply the mill. All the logs were obtained from fallen timber, mostly yellow pine blown down in a gale. John Muir, of all men, would be the last one to lift an ax against the Yosemite groves.

When the mill was completed, he hung his bed in the peak of it, beneath the rafters, for the sake of fresh air and the music of the waters. On the end of the gable overhanging the stream he built a small room for a study and as a storehouse for his collections of plants, cones, sketches, and papers. In this little study, which could be entered only by climbing a narrow, rough-hewn plank, he had the honor of several visits from Emerson. Here, too, was written his first article on the Yosemite glaciers, which was published in the "New York Tribune" in 1871.

By working in the mill, Muir soon earned a few hundred dollars, enough to buy his bread for several years, and set out in glorious independence to make a systematic survey of the mountains, tracing every river to its source,



going from cañon to cañon in regular order, noting particularly the distribution of the forests and of the flora in general, the structure of the rocks, the traces of the ancient glaciers, and the influence they exerted in sculpturing the mountains, in creating valleys and lake-basins, and in fashioning the landscape. Wherever night overtook him, he made his camp. The scope of his studies was ever increasing, but he was never in a hurry. He took no note of time, for he had all the time there was. Throughout an entire day he could sit motionless, studying the habits of squirrel, or bird, or grasshopper; and every plant and animal was his friend. How lonely and adventurous his life was is strikingly manifested by the fact that during ten years of exploration in the high Sierra, with the single exception of a band of Mono Indians, he never met a human being.

His outfit on one of his ten-day excursions was the lightest possible. It consisted of a pocket aneroid, chronometer, and thermometer, a note-book and pencil, a few pounds of bread and oatmeal, a little tea and sugar, and a small tin can. After climbing a summit during the day, he descended at night to the timber-line, built a fire, made a can of tea, ate his bread, and lay down by the side of his camp-fire, with no other covering than that which he had worn during the day. At an elevation of from nine to twelve thousand feet (the height of the timber-line in the Sierra) the nights are severe, and the fire required to be replenished at intervals of about an hour, thus making his sleep a broken one. But this hardship was not without fine compensation in enabling him to hear the many strange sounds of the night, and to see the glories of the starry mountain sky. Blankets would have been a convenience, but in the rugged regions where he climbed it was impossible to carry them. A gun was too heavy to carry, and a pistol would have been only a useless encumbrance. Bears never molested him, and other animals were his companions. In this manner for years he studied the channels of ancient glaciers, pushed through the wildest cañons, and noted the forest-covered moraines.

Muir's numerous note-books of the period are filled with sketches of forest trees, mountain meadows and lakes, glaciers and moraines, domes and pinnacles, the cleavage planes of rocks, the direction of glacial striæ, and sections of mountains and valleys. So careful were his observations, so accurate his notes and sketches, that when he writes on geological subjects his statements and conclusions have the force of mathematical demonstration. He discovered and located sixty-five glaciers among mountain heights where none had been supposed to exist. From these fragmentary heads he traced the course of ancient glaciers far down the slopes

of the Sierra toward the plains, in the valleys where now flow the rivers. Probably no living geologist has recognized so fully as he the vast amount of denudation effected by ice during the glacial period, and it is doubtful if any other man has made so exhaustive a study of the subject.

In his ten years of field-work he had some narrow escapes from death. Once he was caught in a snow-storm on the summit of Mount Shasta, where he lay all night long over the jets of sulphur steam in the crater, with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero. He was in his shirt-sleeves, without food or fire, and a less hardy or less resolute man would have perished. He escaped with frozen feet, and a back blistered by the hot steam of the fumaroles. Once, when out with a surveying party in the Great Basin, he nearly perished with thirst, and but for his endurance and will-power the whole party might have been lost. On the Muir Glacier in Alaska he had a hair-breadth escape from a tomb in a deep crevasse.

For many successive summers and for five winters Muir made his home and headquarters in the Yosemite region. He spent the summers and autumns in exploring the mountains, and the winters in writing out his notes, studying storms and avalanches, and the habits of birds and animals. During his longer trips, when the last crumbs of bread were gone, he descended the range to the nearest point on the bread-line, filled his sack, and again vanished into the wilderness, often saying, at such times, that he wished he could eat one meal in the spring that would last all summer, so that he could go on with his studies uninterrupted. During this period he met many noted scientists who became his friends—Guyot, Harrington, the Leconte, Sir Joseph Hooker, Asa Gray, Dr. Torrey, Dr. Parry, Professor Runkle of the Boston Institute of Technology, and others.

Emerson, Gray, Professor Runkle, and others offered him flattering inducements with a view to drawing him from the obscurity of his mountain haunts; but he declined them all, heartily choosing to pursue his studies in perfect independence, saying "that there were already plenty of professors in the colleges and few observers in the wilderness; that he wanted to be more than a professor, whether noticed in the world or not."

In 1876, after his ten years' residence in the Yosemite region, Mr. Muir joined an exploring party connected with the geodetic survey in the Great Basin, chiefly on account of the opportunity it afforded to study the botany and geology of the plateau between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains. With this party he passed three summers, during which he became familiar with the country. In 1879 he went to

Alaska, and, in a canoe manned by Indians, began a careful exploration of the rugged icy region to the north of Fort Wrangel. It was then that he discovered the now famous Glacier Bay and the great glacier that bears his name. Here he saw glaciers on a yet grander scale than those which he claims once covered the summits and plowed out the cañons of California. He also pushed inland to the head waters of the Yukon and the Mackenzie rivers. He has since made three exploring trips to that region. In 1881 he accompanied one of the search expeditions for the lost *Jeannette*, and returned with a notebook full of sketches, and with an enlarged idea of the vast scale of ice denudation in the north. The scope of his studies during this cruise of the *Corwin* may be traced in the series of twenty-one letters to the San Francisco "Bulletin," and by his paper "On the Glaciation of the Pacific Coast and the Polar Region about Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean."

John Muir has not been a voluminous writer. He has chosen, in his enthusiastic love of nature, to be an original observer. His first notable articles appeared in the "Overland Monthly," in the form of a series of illustrated papers on mountain sculpture. Later, he contributed papers to "Harper's Magazine," which were followed in "The Century" (old series) by a number of illustrated articles on the forests, glaciers, and scenery of the Sierra. Two recent papers in *THE CENTURY* on the Yosemite Valley (August and September, 1890), and one on the great King's River Cañon (November, 1891), complete the list of his magazine articles.<sup>1</sup> He has also contributed from time to time many interesting articles to the San Francisco "Bulletin." For two years his leisure time was chiefly occupied in editing "Picturesque California," for which he himself wrote most of the descriptive text re-

lating to the mountain scenery of the Pacific coast. He has recently been elected first president of the Sierra Club.

As an original observer and interpreter of nature, as a hardy and enthusiastic explorer, John Muir is without a rival in California. Indeed, it is safe to say that no other geologist has ever made so exhaustive a study, in so grand a field, of the agency of glaciers. He combines scientific accuracy of statement with a poetic expression which lends a singular charm to his writings. His descriptions of "Shasta Bees," "Mount Shasta," and the "Water Ousel" are prose poems; but the facts are as accurate as they could be made by the baldest statement of the most technical scientist.

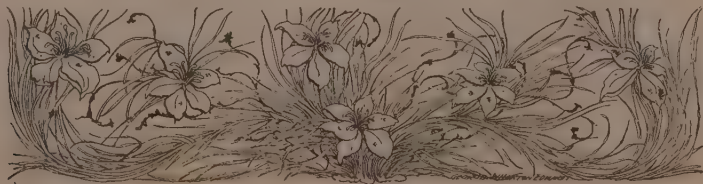
It will be pleasant for those who read this brief sketch of his early struggles to know that John Muir is now in the enjoyment of a happy home and a comfortable income. In 1879 he married the only daughter of the late Dr. John Strentzel, a wealthy fruit-grower of Contra Costa County, and since that time, when not out on exploring trips, has been kept busy in the management of a large vineyard and orchard. Though money-making has been with him altogether secondary to science, his inherited Scotch thrift and his hard training on a Western farm combine to make him a shrewd and successful man of business.

In person Muir is tall and slender, possessed of great power of enduring hunger, thirst, and fatigue. As a mountain-climber few can keep pace with him. He is unassuming in manner, and simple in his tastes and habits. He is a ready talker, and, when drawn out by an interested listener, discourses in the most charming manner about birds and flowers, glaciers and mountains. He possesses an exhaustless fund of humor, and is inclined to look on the sunny side of life as well as of nature.

John Swett.

<sup>1</sup> It was to one of these papers, describing the wonderful country in the neighborhood of Yosemite, and setting forth the desirability of reserving these environs for public use, that was primarily due the establishment, in October, 1890, of the great Yosemite National Park, embracing a territory almost as large as the State of Rhode Island. Mr. Muir's article on the King's River Cañon, entitled "A Rival of the Yosemite," contained a similar suggestion, which led to

the important series of forest reservations made by President Harrison and Secretary Noble in 1892-93, one of which includes the territory specifically proposed. It is not surprising that such a lover of Yosemite was also among the first to make energetic protest against the uninstructed meddling with the beauty of wildness of the valley, and to show the need of greater skill and care in the management of its affairs.—EDITOR.



## MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.



"I 'M A-LOOKIN' FER HUGH GADSBURY."

NO more cheerful place could be found, even at that early hour,—quarter of nine in the morning,—than Mr. Gadsbury's study. This remote little room presented a strange and whimsical contrast to all other parts of the Gadsbury establishment. On the broad hearth blazed a typical country fire. The hearth itself was of rough, irregular stones, filled in with sand, which, as time wore on, had packed into the interstices. The burning logs of oak and hickory rested upon oblong pieces of limestone instead of highly polished brasses. The big, uncouth fireplace, and splint-seated chair in front of it, related the first page of Mr. Gadsbury's history, before New York knew the prominent banker and prosperous business man. It embalmed and conjured up familiar scenes, for Mr. Gadsbury was a mountaineer by birthright. If New York had left him any sentiment whatever, it perhaps evinced itself when he became a rich man and endeavored to recreate the crude comfort of the log cabin in a secluded corner of his city home. However, he basked in the

genial warmth of the fire that morning, apparently unconscious of its cheeriness. The door behind him opened and closed without breaking his deep, absorbing contemplation of the coals glowing on the hearth.

"A letter, papa—such an odd, wholesome-looking letter."

The girl laid the letter—a folded sheet of foolscap—on his knee. She watched him in eager curiosity, while he read the difficult chirography of a hand not used to the pen.

"Something is wrong with you, papa," she said suddenly. "What is it?"

"Business troubles, daughter," he said, stroking her hair gently.

"But there are no business troubles in this letter," and with the audacity of a petted child she read the letter over his shoulder. "It says—oh, dear, what does it say? no beginning and no date. 'I'—that is an I—'will be thar a wensday'—This is Wednesday; he will come to-day—to git the money in yo bank. F. Gadsbury.' Now, who is the writer of this epistle, papa?"

"My brother."

The reply, brief as he could make it, brought the bright eyes back to his harassed countenance.

"There are coal and iron on his tract of mount-ain-land," Mr. Gadsbury went on, "and it has brought him a great sum of money."

"Is it in your bank, papa?"

"He thinks it is, Margaret," slowly replied her father; "but I invested it without asking his consent. It seemed absurd," he added more hastily, "to let such a sum of money lie in bank idle. The investment has not been fortunate; indeed none of my business has been fortunate of late."

"Oh, well, you may be fortunate to-day, papa, and that will remedy all."

Margaret kissed him, laughingly, and Mr. Gadsbury went away to his office, wondering to himself that such scant supplies of truth sufficed even the most interested parties. Every word had been absolutely true, but few—beyond Mr. Gadsbury—guessed how far short it fell of the whole truth. "The age of miracles is past, and only a miracle can save a ruined man," he reflected, as the terrible retrospect mirrored mistake after mistake with startling fidelity, now that it was too late. How he had lost his own in the muddy waters of stock-speculation, and then used his brother's money in futile efforts to retrieve himself. It was the old story—an every-day affair; only the rustic in



the log cabin down in the Virginia mountains might not see it in that light.

Mr. Gadsbury sat down before the capacious desk in his private office, and rested his chin on one hand in unwonted idleness. For the first time in his occupancy of the place he noted the bare outlook from the window. Naked, ugly, rain-stained walls; chimneys from which the good old-time blue smoke never curled—he had never observed them until to-day. In the past busy years no poesy to him had been so sweet and thrilling, no symphony so harmonious, as a rise in the stocks he held; no sentiment so noble as a first mortgage trust-deed. There was utter absence of excitement now. Life looked gray and barren and wretched, as it narrowed into a rugged path. With mechanical precision he read and replied to numerous letters. An hour had passed when the door opened unceremoniously, and a visitor walked in. He was a tall, lank man, in a long, ill-fitting home-made overcoat of homespun, a rusty, broad-brimmed slouch-hat, a blue cotton shirt, and heavy boots. Removing his yarn mittens, the stranger drew out a red bandana, and mopped his swarthy, wrinkled face.

"I 'm a-lookin' fer Hugh Gadsbury," he presently announced. "I 'm kin to him, en come ter settle a trifle o' business with his bank."

Mr. Gadsbury gazed at the visitor in some surprise, and a slow gladdening of expression checked by the concluding words. He himself had changed beyond recognition, in thirty years' separation, but this tall mountaineer had merely wrinkled and grown thinner.

"Frederick, you don't remember me; I am Hugh."

Mr. Gadsbury held out his smooth, white hand. It was grasped with uncomfortable cordiality.

"Dunno es I 'd 'a' thought so, ef you had n't 'a' told me," retorted Mr. Gadsbury's brother. "You 're a-gittin' ter look settled like, en actilly you 're a-gittin' gray."

"You must expect me to change in thirty years, although I perceive small alteration in you. Sit down. This is my office; later in the day we will go to my house."

The visitor seated himself, and pushed his hat to the back of his head.

"It 's been thirty yeah sence you lef' us, but thar ain't no gre't change savin' fer the ore," he remarked pensively, tugging at a grizzled forelock; "but seems like thar 's some news." He proceeded to relate the happenings upon "the ridge," with a quaint assumption of interest and familiarity on the part of his hearer, bridging the gap, and taking up life where it had stopped in the mountains thirty years before. Mr. Gadsbury listened without interruption. For one instant he seemed to see

the steep gray ledges, and to hear the whir of the startled pheasant or the wail of snipe descending the ravines; he seemed to feel the fresh mountain air blowing in his face the resinous odor of pines.

"En—well—dunno but that 's all as has took place sence you lef'," his brother was saying; "that ar jacket en pants you lef' home whenst you kem heah has been thar ev'y sence. I had n't no load on the beas' when I rid ter station, so I fatched it."

Diving into his well-worn saddle-bags, Frederick Gadsbury extracted therefrom an attenuated suit of butternut.

"You 've kind o' stoutened, you hev. I don't b'lieve you kin git 'em on."

The mountaineer held up the elaborately patched trousers. Their dimensions appeared woefully diminutive beside the banker's well-rounded legs. "I was a slim boy at fifteen," remarked Mr. Gadsbury, smiling. "Why did you not use them, Frederick, for your boys, instead of keeping them thirty years?"

"They war n't mine, an' ef I ain't got things belongin' ter me, I 'low to mek shift 'thout 'em."

Mr. Gadsbury was holding the trousers at arm's-length, surveying their grotesque shabbiness with curious interest. They dropped suddenly to the floor.

"I 'll keep them, Frederick. They were my sole possessions to commence with; who knows that I may have anything more valuable at the end of life?" suddenly replied Mr. Gadsbury, folding the garments carefully, and pushing them back into one of the compartments of the huge walnut desk. The banker turned to his paper, intense anxiety and harassment drifting back into his countenance.

"It's gittin' on ter 'leving o'clock," observed the mountaineer. "I told them men as wants my ore ter come heah, ef they hed a notion er buyin' out my foddah fiel's."

"You were very wise, Frederick. I can, of course, make better terms. What value do you put upon your share of the ore lands?" inquired Mr. Gadsbury, zealous that no advantage should be taken of this new and verdant Croesus.

"I ain't got no shur. I 've got the beginnin' en eand of it. It goes up Gum Holler, en 'crost Piney Ridge, en th'ough Huckleberry Gap, en I 've kind o' fixed what I 'm a-goin' ter arsk 'em. Dunno es they 'll give it, but ef they don't, I kin bu'n coal the balance o' my life, en save haulin' wood," explained Mr. Gadsbury's brother, as he drew from his inexhaustible pockets a formidable knife, and fell to a vigorous whittling of his hickory walking-stick.

"At least you will not close the transaction without consulting me," urged the banker.

"They will discover your lack of experience, and outwit you; besides, I can point out good investments, in which you may double your money."

"Dunno but it 's 'nough fer me—mo' 'n I keer fer. I kin put it in lan', er suthin'; leastwase I won't hev no specalatin', es I tol' you 'bout the money you 've got now. The one hundred en fifty thousand dollars, ain't it?"

A shadow drifted across Mr. Gadsbury's features as he said, "That was the sum."

"En seventy-five cents," added his brother, slowly.

"Yes; and seventy-five cents," echoed Mr. Gadsbury. "You are very precise."

"The seventy-five cents air paht of the money," was the logical response. "I loant you that 'ca'se I paid my boy fer them pa'tidges you bought las' fall, when that feller es wuks the ore brung 'em heah ter sell fer him."

"I remember the partridges. The man stated that you would call for the money yourself."

"True 'nough. We kin settle up when them men is done their talk."

He was interrupted by the arrival of the expected purchasers of his property. Mr. Gadsbury recognized them as men whose wealth and business schemes were on a plane with his own, but while the banker's wealth and fortunate deals must already be spoken of in the past tense, theirs might be so described any day. Dismay at the bare idea, the sheer madness, of a verdant mountaineer venturing to bargain with these shrewd capitalists outran surprise, although plainly that individual did not share this apprehension. Removing his hat, Frederick Gadsbury produced a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, slipped the string holding them together over his head, replaced his hat, tilted his chair, and went on whittling. Of the preliminary skirmish-line of remark Mr. Gadsbury's brother seemed totally unconscious, until the banker, who had borne a large part in the general affability, turned to him and said impressively:

"Frederick, these gentlemen have met here by appointment on your business. Their time is of great value. They wish you to give close attention to what they are saying."

"Jes so; but they ain't said nothin' yit wuth 'tendin' ter," candidly rejoined the whittler, glancing over his spectacles at the opulent New Yorkers.

"They desire to know the lowest possible sum you will take for your property," went on Mr. Gadsbury, ignoring the reflection upon their conversation.

"Yes, sir; the lowest, the very lowest," briskly added Mr. Asbury, the manufacturer. "We do not consider the investment a safe

one, but we are willing to risk moderately. We may lose money in the end."

"Think so? You 'll hev ter be pow'ful tri-flin' ef you do," returned the mountaineer. "It fotches me a sight o' foddah fer the cattle. I ain't no call ter sell, savin' fer the pesterin' of them Yankees, es is nosin' roun' in ev'ry-thin'."

"Ah, yes; I presume they do develop the natural resources of a region," replied Mr. Jonas, the rich railway king, who managed his roads so skillfully that in the end they were bought in by himself and a syndicate of congenial capitalists.

"Now, what price do you ask for your fodder fields?"

Mr. Gadsbury's brother settled the steel-rimmed spectacles further down toward the tip of his nose.

"Sence you arsk me, I can't do no less 'n tell you. I won't teck nary cent un'er fo' hundred thousing dollahs," he slowly replied.

"It 's preposterous! Perfectly insane!" ejaculated Mr. Jonas, excitedly.

"Say fifty thousand, and we may talk to you!" cried Judge Hexham, in the tone he was wont to use when extinguishing a damaging witness.

"Or even one hundred thousand," supplemented quiet Mr. Gaskins, astutely observant of the utterly unmoved aspect of the tanned and wrinkled visage opposite them.

"Its value must be fairly estimated," observed Mr. Gadsbury in an inexplicable tone, which might be interpreted in a partizan light, by either buyer or seller.

"Very true," chimed in Mr. Jonas; "such a sum of money ought to buy out your State."

"Or twenty ore beds," added Mr. Asbury.

"We don't entertain any such proposition. Now, my friend, we offer you one hundred thousand dollars for right, title, and possession of your land, and its minerals, or whatever it has on it, or under it," summed up Judge Hexham, making very great effort to reduce his English to the comprehension of a backwoodsman.

Mr. Gadsbury's brother readjusted his spectacles, and scanned the staring white face of an overgrown silver watch interrogatively. "It 's jes twenty minutes ter twel'," he said, placing the formidable timepiece on the desk beside him. "That 's nigh 'bout grub-time, ain't it?"

"Right you are, sir; and as soon as our business is settled, you must take a glass of moonshine with me," seductively observed the manufacturer, in the firm belief that this was the natural beverage of a mountaineer.

"Dunno es 't would hurt me, onliest I don't drink liquor; but I was a-goin' ter say es twel' 's

my eatin'-time, en I 'm a-goin' ter say mo', es I 'd give you till twel' by sun ter mek up yo' mine, whuthah you kin gimme fo' hundred thousing fer my cattle-grazin' er no—"

"Preposterous! Positively preposterous!" wildly interrupted Mr. Asbury, nettled by the imperturbable mien of the man.

"It 's more money than you know what to do with. Come down to business, now— what do you want for the property?"

"I said fo' hundred thousing, did n't I?" inquired Frederick Gadsbury, in perplexed effort to remember.

"That 's your asking price; now give us your selling price."

"These gentlemen wish to give you a fair price, Frederick," interposed the banker in a conciliatory manner, meant to encourage all parties.

"Mebbe so. I 've heern es Yankees is pow'ful tight-fisted en stingy," was the phlegmatic reply.

Mr. Gadsbury ventured no further remarks. His efforts, slight as they were, proved less than fortunate. The four capitalists retired to a window, and conferred in low voices for several minutes. The banker resumed his writing, the whittler continued his whittling; the big silver watch ticked remorselessly on its way to midday. Having arrived at some agreement with one another, the gentlemen again approached the desk, against which the mountaineer now rested the back of his chair.

"My dear sir," persuasively began Judge Hexham, "we have reconsidered this matter."

"Jes so, stranger."

"Our outlay," he continued, "has been enormous, in machinery, hands, and opening up the ore; in short, we have determined not to lose what we have already invested, but to offer you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Mr. Gadsbury's brother shut his knife, and restored it to his pocket with great deliberation.

"That 's a pow'ful pile o' money," he assented.

"Immense," answered several voices at once.

"Dunno but it 's jes this way. I tol' you the lan' were wuth fo' hundred thousing dollahs, en I won't tek no less fer it, en I 'm a-goin' ter say mo'ovah es it 's eatin'-time, en I 'm a-goin' ter git my victuals."

"But, my dear sir!"

"One moment."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand!"

The loud remonstrant voices failed to detain the mountaineer.

"I said I 'd talk till twel'," he paused to reiterate in his monotonous tone. "It 's twel' now; I hev n't no mo' talk in me."

A very real consternation overspread the

faces of the shrewd bargainers for mountain values.

"He wants to sleep on our offer," suggested Mr. Asbury, in angry jest. "He can't take in the idea of so much money."

"There is nothing more difficult than business with these illiterate Southern mountaineers," Judge Hexham commented, in ill-concealed irritation. "One must haggle and chaffer like an old woman over a dozen eggs, or a scrap of tape. Such dense ignorance is found nowhere else. The poor wretch don't know when he has a good thing."

"You must give him time; he is quite unaccustomed to business," apologetically observed Mr. Gadsbury.

"Yes; we must give him a chance to recover his breath," jocularly retorted Mr. Jonas, without relaxing the frown drawing his heavy brows together. They easily agreed to appoint the same hour on the following day, provided the banker could prevail upon his brother to meet them. Mr. Gadsbury engaged to do so, as far as in him lay; he would at least impress upon him the heinous sin of wasting so much valuable time, by making four such men hold a useless rendezvous in his office. It was plain to Mr. Gadsbury that as possession of the property appeared elusive it became the more eagerly desired.

The mountaineer assented indifferently to the proposed interview, but if the banker meditated suggestion or counsel, no opportunity offered. The subject filling and absorbing every thought of one brother seemed forgotten by the other. For obvious reasons, Mr. Gadsbury experienced intense relief that the sale of the lands reached no conclusion. He well knew that the reckoning with himself must follow. The final blow at his own tottering fortunes must then fall, and a conviction gained upon him, as he sat on one side of the ugly fireplace that night, and watched the red light of the flame glimmer and gleam on the wrinkled countenance of his brother, that this man, so tenacious, so stoical, so self-contained, would never condone the wrong against him. Under whatever rhetorical guise he might present it, as a blunder, misfortune, speculation, Mr. Gadsbury feared, with a mighty terror in his heart, it would avail him nothing. It was robbery, neither more nor less than robbery. The delay was merely a brief respite to himself. He apologized eloquently, the next morning, when the would-be purchasers entered his office, only to find the owner of the coveted property not yet arrived.

"I am positive he will be here," the banker assured them.

"Have you any idea of his state of mind this morning?" inquired Mr. Asbury.

Mr. Gadsbury confessed himself befogged,



and utterly incapable of even conjecture upon that occult subject.

"He will come to terms; he is getting used to the expectation of wealth," predicted Judge Hexham, holding to a lawyer's faith in the subtle seductions of money.

At that moment the door opened hurriedly, and Frederick Gadsbury hastened in.

"I ain't skurcely got my wind yit," he said, balancing his spectacles upon the acute angle of his nose. "Ab'um Moonlight from our way is waitin' out 'n the road fer me; then we're a-goin' ter git sommut to eat."

"I'll be glad to have you take some oysters with me, when our little affairs are straight," airily insisted Mr. Asbury. "You really must do it."

The mountaineer declined. "I don't eat no sech things o'sters," he said; "but time's gittin' 'long, en Ab'um's out yandeh."

"We made you an offer yesterday," began Judge Hexham, "a liberal offer—too liberal, but we mean to stand by it to-day; we still say two hundred and fifty thousand."

The four gentlemen smiled simultaneously, in admiration of their own magnanimity.

"It don't come up ter my figgah," the mountaineer rejoined.

"The offer is simply fabulous; did n't you think it over last night?"

"Dunno but I thought a pow'ful lot o' that two hundred en fifty thousing," was the frank admission.

"Of course you did; kept you awake all night," cried Mr. Jonas, in triumph.

"It mought 'a' done it," the mountaineer slowly answered, "fer I tu'ned it ovah in my min'."

"I was sure of it. Pray remember, gentlemen, that I expressed myself as to his intentions before he came in. In my profession we read human nature." Judge Hexham nodded to his companions as he spoke, and smiled meaningly.

"I was a-goin' ter say," the mountaineer went on, "es I'd offah it fer fo' hundred en fifty thousing dollahs."

"You said four hundred thousand."

"You've added fifty thousand."

"It's extortion! You're insane!" said the three men together.

"Think so?" queried the banker's brother, patiently. "Then it's no good a-talkin'. Ef you gimme fo' hundred en fifty thousing you'll git it; ef you don't gimme fo' hundred en fifty thousing you won't git it."

"We won't give it! We decline to be fleeced! You can't get it from anybody else!" sharply replied Mr. Asbury.

"Think not? Dunno es I kin. It's my price to-day. Ab'um's a-waitin', en my say-so's out."

"One moment, Frederick," Mr. Gadsbury said, as his brother rose, shook out his long coat-tails, and crossed the floor in two or three strides.

"Stop a bit," cried Mr. Jonas.

"Meet us here to-morrow, my friend. We mean to do right by you—we do indeed," urged the judge, speaking in a gush of generous feeling born of the imminent jeopardy of his scheme.

The mountaineer pondered, while he slowly pulled at his long forelock.

"Mo'nin' me 'n' Ab'um's ter see them ships—"

"Say three in the afternoon," suggested the judge; "but suit yourself."

"I'll come to-morrow aftahnoon," he said, disdaining any reference to the hour.

Five minutes later, when Judge Hexham and his friends walked down the street together, they saw Mr. Gadsbury's brother and "Ab'um" Moonlight purchasing gingerbread at a neighboring stall.

"Is the man shrewd or simple?" asked the lawyer, meditatively.

No one answered the question. Their belief was that no one could be shrewd whose wits were not sharpened upon those of their fellows. They were not mountain-bred. They knew nothing of the unsounded depths of men who lived with nature, always in the grand limitless open—men who thought all things human and human-made trivial and unworthy of effort.

Hugh Gadsbury leaped the interim of thirty years, and comprehended something of the hidden force of a man who had no ends to serve, no ambitions, no longings, no envies to cause a divergence from the simple purpose before him. According to Frederick Gadsbury's lights, poverty was the natural following of rash expenditure. He saw no humiliation or self-denial in not spending money when one had no money of his own. It was not an enlightened creed, perhaps, but civilization did not march apace in the gloomy recesses of the mountains. The hands of the clock pointed to five minutes of three when Mr. Gadsbury and his brother reached the office of the former. The banker doffed his shining beaver. The mountaineer pushed his rusty felt to the back of his head. Notwithstanding the keen winter air, Hugh Gadsbury's complexion had lost even its natural glow. Pale, careworn, and miserable, the once prosperous and confident man of business cowered in dread before this ignorant clod whose homely wisdom he had despised. He knew that the finale had come, that he stood upon the brink of his own financial grave, and that in less than an hour he must be entombed therein. No convicted criminal waiting under the black beam ever cast a more shuddering glance into the yawning chasm at his feet than the banker mentally turned upon the reckon-

ing that in an hour would complete and publish his ruin. He had risked his brother's money, and lost it. What might not this mountaineer do when he discovered the truth? He who held to the seventy-five cents must be enraged when he required the hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and found it absolutely gone. Gone—every penny swept away. The penurious countryman would go mad with rage at such wholesale plundering. What—what would he do? The clear, cruel figures of the appalling deficit inscribed themselves everywhere—upon the windows, the floor, the blank walls, as of old the affrighted eyes of Belshazzar read the casting up of life's account. A miserable de-

"T won't hu't nuthin' ef you hev," rejoined the mountaineer, indifferently.

"You take life at a leisurely pace very wise indeed. I hope that becoming a rich man will make no alteration in your primitive habits," agreeably observed Judge Hexham, seating himself in a chair, and resting his beaver on his knee.

"Dunno es it will. Shill git new spec's es 'll stay on 'thout jerkin' off my hat ter slip that ar string ovah my head, en I 'm goin' ter git a new gun en two mo' settah pups. It's turrible extravagant, but I 'low ter pay fer it squanderin' foxes. They 're pow'ful bad, our way," replied Frederick Gadsbury, with unusual loquacity.

"Fine sport, I grant you; nothing more exciting than a fox in full run," enthusiastically cried Mr. Jonas, who had never seen a live fox in his life, except in a collection of animals.

"We don't run 'em fer aftah we wunst draw a bead on the varmints," was the slow answer.

"Well, we must finish up our business now; then you can get your new gun," pleasantly interposed Mr. Asbury.

"And your spec's—don't forget your spec's," added Mr. Jonas, facetiously. "Come right down to business, no chaff; what do you say to two hundred and sixty thousand—just ten thousand more than we offered yesterday, more than a quarter of a million of money."

"So 't is; but I hev n't nuthin' ter say. 'T wa'n't nevah nuthin' gained by a-singin' the same chune ovah en ovah. Two hundred en sixty thousing won't git my foddah fiels'."

The unhurried, monotonous drawl of the mountaineer seemed clipped sharply off by the brisk, acrid tones of Mr. Jonas.

"What will get them, then? Tell us that, and be done with it."

"Sence you arsk me, I 'm a-goin' fer ter say es my ole foddah fiels' en cattle-grazin' kin be got fer fo' hundred en seventy-five thousing dollahs."

"You 're a madman, a sharper!" cried Mr. Jonas. "You offered it for four hundred and fifty."

"Jes so, kurnel," rejoined the mountaineer; "but I said that yistidday—er were it the day befo'?"

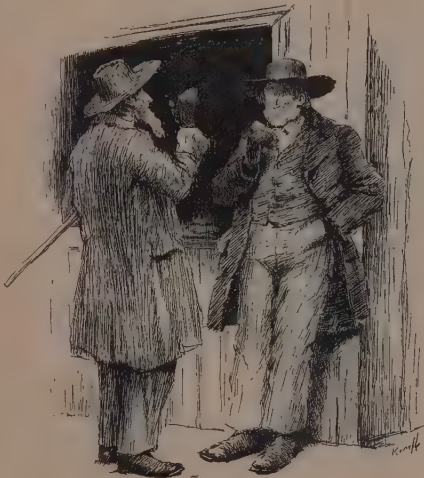
"Yesterday you said four hundred and fifty thousand, and now you go back on your own offer," savagely retorted Mr. Jonas.

"You don't understand business, sir," fiercely added Mr. Asbury. "An offer is an offer."

"Dunno es I un'erstan' much 'bout business," admitted the mountaineer in his unaggressive, spiritless manner. "It were yistidday I made that offah—wa'n't it?"

"Yes, sir, it was."

"Yistidday were yistidday," was the logical



GADSBURY AND ABRAM MOONLIGHT.

spair closed over Mr. Gadsbury as he unlocked his desk. One of the compartments opened, and something tumbled in a loose heap before him. It was only the shabby, patched suit of homespun, but to the distorted fancy of the unnerved, ruined speculator, the garments suggested the prison garb of shame. A cold moisture gathered over Mr. Gadsbury's face. It grew livid in hue, old and broken in aspect. Those eternal minutes dragged on, while the mountaineer fitted the antiquated spectacles to his nose, and studied out the limit of his time on the staring white face of the silver watch. Punctually at three the four gentlemen appeared, all affable, smiling, and a trifle jocular. "Trust that we have not kept you waiting, Mr. Gadsbury," courteously remarked Mr. Jonas.

With a cold suspicion enhancing the chill already upon him, the banker noted that the capitalist saluted him carelessly.

reply; " 's mornin' fo' hundred en seventy-five will fotch 'em."

"It 's ruinous. You are plucking us unmercifully," commented Mr. Jonas, to all intents vanquished by such dense stolidity.

"It 's too much. The ore may soon be exhausted, and there is very little coal," dejectedly urged Mr. Asbury, leaning his chin on the smooth golden head of his cane.

The mountaineer pulled at his grizzled forelock pensively, then tore off a formidable piece of home-grown tobacco-leaf.

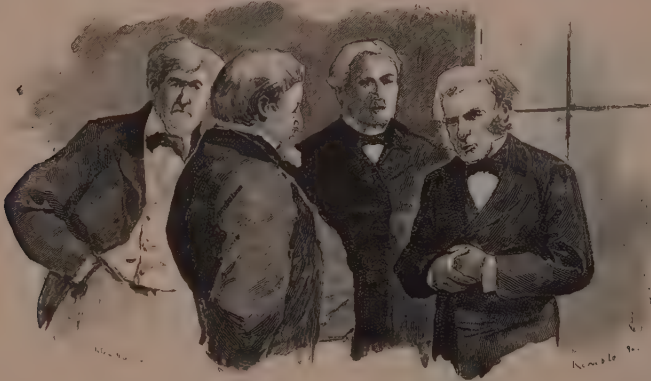
"It 's my idee," he said patiently, "es coal is wuthless. A couple o' hickory logs, with a sight o' fat pine-knots chocked un'er 'em,

"Not at all. Reconsider by all means, my dear sir," urged the judge.

"Bein' as you arsk me ter tek back my offah, I 've 'greed es I 'd do it. I 'm a-goin' ter say, you kin get my ore en the balance o' truck you 're aftah fer five hundred thousing dollahs, en ter a penny un'er."

One instant of dazed, intensified silence evinced the shock of this announcement; then the manufacturer brought his cane down upon the floor with a ferocious force. "Give him the five hundred before he gets up to a million," he said angrily.

"Yes, yes; give it to him! Take him up!" cried the others, in apparent haste to escape.



THE FOUR CAPITALISTS.

ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

a-bu'nin' feyus, beats coal; but ef you hanker aftah it, you won't nevvah root ter bottom o' that coal."

"Your figures are above us. Suppose now, my friend, that you take back that offer," began Judge Hexham in insidious persuasion. "You want to deal generously with us."

"Jes so; I 've tuk it."

"And, my good friend, you are an honest, long-headed man, a man of shrewd intelligence, willing to do the fair thing by us;"—the judge smiled gently, and dropped into confidential accentuation—"now, suppose you make another reasonable offer of the property. We have left it to you all along—we leave it to you now—to say what you will take. We all know the open-hearted liberality of your section. We won't chaffer about it."

The banker's brother lifted his gaze from an earnest contemplation of the big watch.

"T won't hu't ter tek back my offah," he agreed.

The shrewd faces enlivened at this reiterated acquiescence. They eyed him hopefully, as he stretched his legs to their full length, indifferently.

"We will give your price."

"Jes es you choose; 't won't hu't nuthin'," assented the mountaineer, without moving a muscle of his weather-browned face.

Half an hour later the ore lands had passed from the possession of Mr. Gadsbury's brother to that of the company of New-York capitalists, and those enterprising gentlemen appeared in no wise dissatisfied with their bargain.

"Come out en tek a hunt, en kick up yo' heels on Piney Ridge," the mountaineer hospitably urged, with an inclusive wave of his hand toward the dignified citizens buttoning their overcoats as they hastened away to other schemes and speculative investments.

"Time 's a-gittin' on, Hugh," he added, facing the banker, as the door shut out the strangers. "Me 'n' you must squire up moughty fas'."

"Yes; sit down, Frederick. I have some explanations to make."

Mr. Gadsbury spoke in faint tones. Dismay and cowardice overpowered him in this supreme moment of his career.

"T ain't no time fer explainin' things that can be writ," replied the mountaineer. "You



hed a moughty sight o' money them furnace-men paid you on my say-so."

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars," stated Mr. Gadsbury, shifting his gaze to avoid the keen eyes.

"En seventy-five cents," supplemented his brother.

"Yes—yes; in God's name take the seventy-five cents, Frederick, lest I forget it."

The banker laid three silver quarters on the desk before him, breaking into an angry laugh as he did so. It struck him as grimly humorous that these three coins were all his brother would ever see of the great sum intrusted to him for deposit in bank. The mountaineer eyed the modest sum doubtfully.

"That seventy-five cents oughter drewed intrus'," he said, without touching it. "Sommut mo' 'n what I fust loant oughter come back."

"How much is it?" feverishly demanded the banker, a look of fierce despair on his countenance, as he nervously twisted the tiny key in the lock of a small drawer of the desk.

"Ef it hed been a dollah, 't 'u'd 'a' brung me six cents intrus', bein' it's been out a yeah an' two months," was the perplexed response. "Reckon five cents intrus' mought mek it right."

"There it is, if you want it." Mr. Gadsbury laid a nickel on the pile of quarters.

"I want it sho, 'ca'se it b'longs ter me," the mountaineer replied, gathering in the money carefully.

Mr. Gadsbury looked on, despair mingling with bitter amusement in the expression of his countenance; then with an abrupt movement he unlocked the small drawer, and opened it an inch or two. He could see what the other could not, the black muzzle of a pistol. Whatever his thought or intent, he had unlocked the drawer, and the drawer contained only a pistol.

"Now we 've settled 'bout that seventy-five cents, we kin talk 'bout the balance. I don't git no intrus' on anythin' savin' the seventy-five cents," resumed his brother, opening a huge wallet, and dropping the quarters one by one into it. "Thur now, I 've dropped that five-cent piece!" he exclaimed, as the nickel bounced from the desk and rolled out of sight. "Whur kin it hev got ter?" he reiterated helplessly, while he crawled on hands and knees over the carpet in fruitless search for the missing coin. "Seems like I 'm unlucky: fust lose my mule critter, and now that five-cent piece."

With a deep and dismal sigh, he rose reluctantly from his quest for the nickel.

"We must settle the balance now." Mr. Gadsbury folded his arms on the desk, and dropped

his head upon them, in an attitude of misery painful to behold.

"I was a-goin' t' say, Hugh," his brother said, casting his eyes over the carpet in evident recollection of the lost coin, "that hundred en fifty thousing which come ter me fer r'yalty on my truck—"

"Yes; your royalty per ton, until you sold out," corrected Mr. Gadsbury, without looking up.

"Jes so—that hundred en fifty thousing, en the five hundred thousing t'-day, seein' I hev sol', meks six hundred en fifty thousing, don't it?"

"Yes," was the low, unsteady reply.

"En it 'll draw intrus' wunst it 's put out, won't it?"

"Yes."

"En it 's a powah o' money, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"'T 'u'd be a fohtin' 'mongst city folks, 'u'd n't it?"

"Yes."

Lower and lower the monosyllables sank.

"Harf of it 'u'd be wuth hevvin'?"

"Yes."

"I 'm ga-o'in' t' say es harf that money is youn; harf of it, savin' the money I give you fer y'ur shur o' the land."

Mr. Gadsbury raised his head, the color reddening and surging over his face.

"What do you mean, Frederick?" he asked, a quiver of feeling in his voice.

"I 'm a-goin' t' say furdur"—the mountaineer paused to raise the waste-basket, to satisfy himself that the nickel had not lodged beneath—"es harf that big claim fathah lef' us was youn. You sol' it out t' me, en gimme my own time ter pay fer it es I could git the money. 'T were hard 'nough, savin' fer the cattle; they was lucky on it. Dunno es I could 'a' done it ef you had n't 'a' eased me 'long fer nigh on ten yeah. You was a-wantin' it yerself too, 'ca'se you were po' then; but ef you 'd 'a' pushed me fer the money, I 'd 'a' hed ter sell the lan' t' git it."

"I could work along without it then, Frederick."

The banker's voice was tremulous and husky.

"En I kin do 'thout mo' 'n harf this money now," answered his brother. "I hol' es you hed rights ter shur whatsomdevah's top er bottom o' that claim fathah lef' us two boys, en I mos'ly do what I hold is hones' ter do."

"God is my witness, it is fairly and honestly yours."

Mr. Gadsbury gave the assurance earnestly, almost pleadingly, the flush deepening on his cheek as he gazed into the homely, rugged face confronting him.

"Fathah's meanin' were as one should n't git

no mo' from him en t' other. I bought the lan', but I did n't buy the truck un'er it."

A passionate intensity of perfect relief, of tender, grateful, peace—how great, how deep, no living creature guessed—seemed to overwhelm the banker.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he whispered.

"I 'll jes write my name ter this heah check," he found the mountaineer saying. "It 's fer yo' shur o' the balance o' the money; then I 'll look ag'in fer that five-cent piece."

Mr. Gadsbury laughed in boyish glee, as he had not laughed for years.

"I 'll bring it when I come to shoot partridges this fall," he said gaily; "or, better still, I 'll give you a nickel now, and take yours when it turns up."

The mountaineer laid down the pen, and handed the check to his brother.

"I al'ays fo'git ter put a 'r' in Gadsbury," he said, "but I 've put it ovah. We 're squire now, Hugh—shur en shur ekil. I mus' be a-goin' ter that alavated railroad, es they call it. Me 'n' Ab'um Moonlight 's off fer home. Thanky fer the five cents. Ef you don't fin' mine, jes write. I 'll pay it sho. Good-by; come in shootin'-time; don't fo'git."

On the rough hearth, in the remote little study, the logs of hickory and oak are always aflame when nightfall brings Mr. Gadsbury to sit in the splint-seated chair, and to gaze into the red glow. The features limned in the blaze, the tones resonant in the hum of the burning, are perhaps those of Mr. Gadsbury's brother.

*M. Frances Swann Williams.*

## RELICS OF ARTEMUS WARD.



ARTEMUS WARD lived a life of unrest; he never had an abode. His summer vacations at the old homestead in Waterford, Maine, were only brief moments of rest, and they were absolute periods of idleness. He liked to loaf, and turned the practice into an accomplishment. For years a roving printer, his fame made him more of a pilgrim. For the last six years of his life he lived in a valise, and accumulated no literary reserve. There are no old secretaries in the Waterford house lined with scraps and letters. Indeed, the house contained scarcely a reminiscence of the genius who went out from it.

Just before her death, Mrs. Caroline E. Browne, Mr. Browne's mother, presented the writer with the only literary relic left her by her son. It is an old-fashioned black morocco-bound notebook of the pattern of 1860,—the year in which it was bought,—combining the qualities of a pocket-book, calendar, and guide to New York city, a thing much needed by the showman, as he came fresh and green from the West. It did service until after his return from the Pacific coast in 1864.

Here, in its worn pages, are to be found all the traces of his literary ways that survive. They show that he really had no methods at all beyond responding to the devil's call for copy in the office of "Vanity Fair." Humor



CHARLES F. BROWNE ("ARTEMUS WARD") AT TWENTY.

must be jostled to display itself. To chance and incident Artemus owed much that was merry. These notes were jotted down in the cars with a blunt pencil—stray thoughts that

whisked into his mind on the railway rushes from place to place, between timid ponderings on the possibility of getting an audience at the next stop, for he was poor and felt the financial need of success beyond any craving for fame. Yet these dim lines were the threads upon which he strung the jewels of his wit. Often the ideas are found repeated, and in many cases the thoughts do not appear in any of his writings. But in almost every case the notion crops out somewhere, a better idea having popped into being at the moment of writing.

It is not possible, therefore, to make a transcript of these scribbings altogether intelligible. Only they do not need to be considered a meaningless jumble. Here, rambling across the pages, are such phrases of common quotation as "What is home without a mother?" "Coffee is a slow poison—slowest poison known." "Nearly all men are mortal." "Why do summer roses fade? Because it is their biz." "In the midst of life we are in debt." "His wife's mother on the female side."

His first lectures were not well attended. His reputation was purely that given by newspaper reprints of the showman's jokes, and newspapers did not reach as far then as now. Besides, the country was seething with excitement over the political situation preceding the near at hand outbreak of the rebellion. Yet for the public the note-book records this single reproach: "People who don't like my lecture won't come to a good end." The same page records the opinion that Albany, N. Y., "is a way-station." Albany did not attend the lecture. New Haven pleased him little better. The note-book says crossly, "New Haven depot—thought it was a dungeon."

Artemus once remarked that Shakspeare would not have succeeded as the Washington correspondent of a New-York newspaper, because "he lacked the rekesite fancy and imaginashun," and he evidently believed that Shakspeare had not done his best, for the note-book observes critically, "Shakspeare would have signalized himself if he had tried."

The number of notices given the lecturer in the newspapers of the time was not so great that space could not be found for them in this note-book. Here they are gummed to the well-thumbed pages, evidently much read, and with wonderment whether more were to follow. The tone of them all is congratulatory—not exactly to the humorist, but that he should have succeeded in some measure in equaling anticipation.

Besides strings of lecture dates, and memoranda of money loaned, there are other pencil-marks in the book, the "printed" autographs

of children whom he met in his travels. He encouraged them to write to him, and never failed to respond.

The only relics in possession of the family are a scrap-book, kept in London, and filled with the complimentary opinions of the English newspapers, and an account-book covering the year previous to Mr. Browne's departure for Europe—the season of 1865–66. It opened at Irving Hall, on Fifteenth street and Irving Place (now the Amberg Theater), on the evening of August 28, 1865, and the receipts for the first two weeks were \$2117.50, of which the book notes "Ward" got \$961.85. Six nights in Washington yielded \$2008.75, of which Ward received \$476. Two nights in Baltimore lacked just 25 cents of a tie, the receipts being \$551.25 and \$551. He had bad luck in Brooklyn, the town then possessing a smaller intellectual colony than now. Three nights were spent here, and \$375, \$75, and \$279.25 were respectively received. Philadelphia did much better. Here the receipts for three nights were \$485, \$629.50, and \$564. Montreal totaled \$612.75 in four nights, and Cincinnati \$1081. All these accounts, including a detail of expenses, were kept by the humorist, and may be classed as the first and only fiscal performances on his part. His agent, the late E. P. Hingston, had a heavy share in the receipts, and the expenditures were considerable. The lecture was "The Mormons." This last season was his most prosperous one. He hoped by success in England to make his American audiences larger. That success came, but brought with it the end of his life.

On one occasion he was tempted to tease his practical-minded mother. She visited Boston under the escort of Horace Maxfield, who was Mr. Browne's agent for a time, and who now drives the old-fashioned stage along the lake road from the railway terminus at Bridgton. Artemus was to lecture, and she was to hear him for the first time. The old lady had a favorite uncle by the name of Ransford Bates, and when she wished to give especial weight to some statement she would add, "My uncle Ransford Bates said so." Before the lecture began Artemus said to Maxfield: "I am going to bring in 'Uncle Ransford' this evening. You watch mother, and see her jump." Sure enough, at the end of some shocking absurdity he added, "I know it is true, for my uncle Ransford Bates said so." She jumped, and never quite forgave him for his irreverent use of such an important authority.

Artemus and Mr. Charles A. Shaw, now an attorney in Boston, traveled together as star and manager for a time, and the tours



were very successful. Autograph-hunting was at that time a national misdemeanor. Every night after the lecture an armful of albums would be found in the lecturer's room. Often he would be so much exhausted that he would throw himself on the bed with his feet on the foot-board, and refuse to see anybody, much less to write autographs. Being the right kind of advance agent, Mr. Shaw would write up the autographs himself, so that the community of collectors might not be disappointed in the morning, when they called for their books.

evening in company with Artemus, Shanly, and Neil Bryant, the trio broke out in a joyous carol. The song was interrupted by one of the then despised metropolitan policemen, who roughly ordered them to stop the noise. At this rude interruption Artemus stopped his song, and, turning, threw himself upon the broad bosom of the astonished policeman, and gave way to a gush of passionate tears. His friends endeavored to calm him, and the embarrassed officer, half choked by his warm embrace, begged him to desist, which he did,

## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



## TERRITORY OF NEVADA.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING.

KNOW YE, That upon special trust and confidence in the integrity and ability of Artemus Ward.....

J. JAMES W. MITCHELL, Governor of the Territory of Nevada, in the name and by the authority of the people thereof, do hereby appoint him the said Artemus Ward under the laws of this Territory, and I do authorize him to discharge, according to law, the duties of said office, and to hold and enjoy the same, together with all the powers, prerogatives and emoluments thereof appertaining, for the term of his natural life, as "Speaker of Peace" to the People of Nevada Territory.

*In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the Territory of Nevada. Given at Carson City, Nev., this 12th day of December, 1871, in the Year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.*

*By the Governor,*

William King

*Secretary of the Territory*

### ARTEMUS WARD'S APPOINTMENT TO PUBLIC OFFICE.

His life in New York has left but few memorials. In one of his sketches he notes with emotion that the house in Varick street in which he used to board was being torn down, and that some of the timbers were being converted into canes that were cheap at a dollar. They would have been, indeed, had they existed. It was the merriest period in a career that was, after all, full of mental melancholy. His companions were a band of brilliant young Bohemians for whose kind the metropolis now contains no room. They were the last of their kind, and most of them lived but brief lives. They produced much that was brilliant, but nothing that lasted. Artemus alone won enduring fame. The others were writers, actors, and minstrels. The brothers Dan and Neil Bryant were eminent members of the clan, together with Charles Dawson Shanly, and a shining cluster of young men about town. One of the latter, who lived to become a staid merchant, used to relate with glee how, on leaving the little theater in Twenty-third street late one

with the declaration that "the metropolitan policeman is the noblest work of God." This sentiment secured escape and a continuance of the song.

He dearly loved his friends, especially those who had been such in adversity. One of these, Charles W. Coe of Cleveland, once visited Mr. Browne's mother at Waterford, and brought a letter of introduction prefaced thus: "Charles W. Coe of Cleveland, a friend who lasts all the year round," and reading: "Mother, this is Charles W. Coe, who was as much my friend when I was worth \$15 per week as now."

His affection for Daniel Setchell, the comedian, was brotherly. Setchell often visited Waterford on his summer "loaf," as Ward called it. Setchell's pranks and Artemus's quaint, subtle humor and pensive jokes were a constant source of vexation to Mrs. Browne, who, being totally devoid of any humorous sense, could see nothing but annoying nonsense in "such actions," as she termed them. Setchell

was growing stout. When at Waterford he diligently sawed and split wood, carried water from the old well, and exerted himself as much as possible with a view to reducing his flesh. Artemus, who was thin and unutterably lazy, used to sit on the wood-pile and contemplate in a state of pleasurable indolence the exertions of his friend. "Poor Mr. Setchell," said the old lady once, in relating the performance, "he was always afraid he would die of apoplexy, and did the chores to get thin. And to think that, after all, he should have been drowned at sea!" Poor Setchell took passage for Australia on a ship that was never heard from again.

The portrait shows Artemus Ward at twenty. It was taken in Toledo, Ohio, where he went from Tiffin, his first Western stopping-place, and where he began his newspaper work. There is only one copy in existence. The woman in whose house Artemus found his home received it from him when he went to Cleveland, where his career really began. She ascertained that his mother was living, from an article in *THE CENTURY* describing his home and family, and sent the photograph to Mrs. Browne, who had never seen it. It shows the face of the gentle, whimsical country lad as it appeared at the period when he was passing from the crude apprenticeship of a wandering printer to an enduring place in American humorous literature. Indeed, he first taught the citizens of the republic how funny they really were.

The most successful experience in the lecturer's career, except the English experiment, was his journey to the Pacific coast and back

across the continent, — talking jokes to the mining-camps and dodging predatory Indian war-parties. He met with a wonderful welcome everywhere. In Virginia City, Nevada, then an astonishing town with an opera-house, and three daily newspapers, and the Comstock pouring out its wealth, he had some of his most agreeable adventures. Here he met General James William Nye, then territorial governor, and the "Bill Nye" of the "Heathen Chinese." Nye was a living evidence of the kind of humor which Artemus so delightfully depicted, and he did not fail to give gratifying exhibitions of his accomplishments. The lecturer was greeted by great houses during his stay, and was "treated" in true mining-camp style. In a pocket of the old note-book there reposes an official certificate made out on one of the roughly printed territorial blanks, designating Artemus Ward as official "Speaker of Pieces to the People of Nevada Territory." Such a court as Nye kept was rich in securing such a jester even for a few nights only. The miners sent him a great golden chain so long that it could be worn about the neck, but so heavy that it could not be so carried without much discomfort.

Since the death of Mrs. Caroline E. Browne, which occurred in 1884, and by the provisions of her will, a simple but beautiful granite monument marks the plot in the Elm Vale Cemetery at Waterford where all the immediate family lie at rest together. Elm Vale takes its name from a noble farm christened and long owned by Robert Haskins, the uncle of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and under its towering trees the Concord philosopher passed many happy hours.

*Don C. Seitz.*

[For other articles and illustrations relating to Artemus Ward, see this magazine for October, 1878, November, 1880, and May, 1881.—EDITOR.]

## AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE PENSION BUREAU.

BY AN EMPLOYEE OF THE BUREAU.<sup>1</sup>



HE pension laws consist of a great many different enactments, passed by different Congresses, and constituting a code which is not in all respects consistent or harmonious. The general pension law, so called, provides for pensions on account of disability from wounds, injury, or disease incurred in, and by reason of, military service; and I assume that all will agree that the theory and purpose of such laws are just and beneficent. Certain other laws provide for pensions

on account of past military service, without proof that the applicant became disabled thereby; and several thousand private pension bills have been enacted within the past few years, granting pensions to certain individuals, by name, who were not entitled to pension under the general pension law. The justice of some of these special enactments is more than doubtful; and I presume it is agreed also that there have been abuses and frauds practised in the administration of these laws, and that a desire prevails among a large class of the best citizens, irre-

<sup>1</sup> In 1881 a clerk in the bureau; after 1882 special examiner and supervising examiner of the Chicago district; since January 1, 1891, acting member of the Board of Pension Appeals.

spective of party, including a great many of the veterans of the late war, to remedy these abuses.

The condition of public sentiment in the Northern States is undoubtedly favorable to great liberality in legislating pensions to the soldiers of the late war. The public is not inclined to scrutinize the claims of individuals, nor, in fact, is the public able, if it were inclined, to distinguish always between the just and the fraudulent claim. It is not the business of the public to make these distinctions. It is the business and duty of the Pension Bureau to determine who are, and who are not, justly and legally entitled to pensions. Whether frauds are to be permitted, or winked at, must depend upon the efficiency and honesty with which that bureau is administered.

In considering the methods of the Pension Bureau in the annual disbursement of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, it should first be remembered that the business of that bureau has been conducted, hitherto, with a view to political results; that is, with a view to show that the party in power is "the friend of the soldier." This purpose underlies the official methods of the bureau. The Commissioner of Pensions seeks to show, in his annual reports, that he has transacted a larger volume of business than his predecessor; that is to say, has issued a larger number of pension certificates. This has been the aim, and it has been the achievement, of each successive commissioner for the past twelve years. Commissioner Dudley, Commissioner Black, Commissioner Tanner, and Commissioner Raum, each, in his turn, surpassed the record which had been made by his predecessor in the number of pension certificates issued per annum.

About the first of July, 1891, the beginning of the fiscal year, the Commissioner of Pensions called together the Chiefs of Division and announced to them his wish (which was construed as in the nature of a request or order) that the bureau should issue a thousand pension certificates per day, for each working day of the next ensuing year. In issuing this order, or request, the commissioner assumed to decide in advance that the claims which were to be adjudicated during the year following were meritorious, and must necessarily be allowed. He did not contemplate that any considerable number could be rejected, nor even that there would be any delay or difficulty about the proof. The Chiefs of Division exerted themselves not to disappoint his expectations, and there were issued during that year 311,589 certificates.

The aim and purpose of the Commissioner of Pensions to issue a large number of pension certificates are necessarily shared by his subordinates, of all grades, who aspire to stand well with their superior officers.

Commissioner Dudley, in 1881, stated to a congressional committee that if Congress would increase the clerical force of the bureau, as recommended by him (which Congress did), he would in three years' time wind up the business of the Pension Bureau by granting pensions to all who deserved them. No doubt Colonel Dudley was sincere in this statement, and expected by expediting the work of the bureau to perform his promise; but that astute and skilled politician was unable to foresee the immense and growing pressure of claims which was to ensue, and the facility with which they would be allowed.

The rejection of a claim is rarely considered a final action. The office never refuses to reopen and reconsider a claim upon the filing of any new and material evidence. Thousands of claims rejected by one commissioner are admitted by his successor. In fact, that a claim was rejected twelve, ten, or eight years ago would be but little reason for supposing that it would be rejected now.

Even the allowance of a claim is seldom a final action, for no sooner is a pension granted, usually, than the pensioner files another claim for increase. In many admitted claims, an application for increase has been filed as often as once a year, on an average, for many years. Claims for increase are frequently appealed to the Secretary of the Interior, and by him allowed. In a majority of such cases the application for increase originates with the attorney, whose object is to make his fee; in many cases the attorney files his appeal with the Secretary of the Interior without the knowledge of the pensioner, and sometimes after he is dead.

The pensioners of the United States may be divided into various classes.

1. They may be classified with reference to the rates of pension which they receive, which vary from \$1 to \$100 per month.

2. They may be classified with reference to the length of time the pensioner was in military service. Service in the late war varied, usually, from three months to four years. It counts nothing in favor of a claimant for pension that he served four years; and nothing against him that he served only three months.

3. They may be classified with reference to the date of filing the application. The date of filing, by the survivors of the late war, has varied from 1862 to the present year. The lateness of filing an application counts nothing against the applicant. Thus A, who served four years and was wounded in battle, filed his application in 1865, and is receiving a pension of \$4 per month for his wound. B, who served three months in 1861, and was never in a battle, filed his claim in 1888, and



is now receiving a pension of \$30 per month for "malarial poisoning."

4. They may also be classified with reference to the diseases, injuries, or wounds on account of which they are pensioned.

There is a laxness, growing out of the haste to accomplish results, in the administration of the pension laws, which tends to encourage and invite frauds. This opinion I know prevails extensively amongst the employees of the bureau. I heard the statement made by a supervising examiner in 1888, that thirty per cent. of the claims which were then being admitted were entirely without merit. This statement was probably an exaggeration; but it expressed an opinion which I think was not uncommon among the employees of the bureau.

To illustrate, by an example, the laxity of the present practice in the allowance of claims, I will refer to a certain case where pension was granted on account of partial deafness, notwithstanding that it was officially admitted that the deafness did not develop in a pensionable degree until twenty-nine years after the termination of the claimant's military service. I refer to the case of J— S—, where in a decision was rendered and published under the date of October 29, 1892, by the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, to whom the claim had been appealed. This claimant had filed his application in 1885, alleging that he incurred partial deafness in the service in the year 1862. The Pension Bureau allowed his claim, but, in accordance with what was stated to be its usual practice in such cases, granted the pension to commence in the year 1891, on the ground that, although he had filed his claim in 1885, his deafness had not existed in such a degree as would entitle him to a pension until 1891. The assistant secretary approved the allowance of the claim, and admitted that the action in fixing the date of commencement of pension was "logical" under the practice which had obtained; but he directed that the rules of the bureau should be modified so that Mr. S— should be granted a nominal rate, commencing in 1885. This decision was published by the assistant secretary as a precedent for the guidance of the Pension Bureau in disposing of similar claims in the future, and for the information of the public.

There is a certain class of claims in connection with which I may consider the question, which has sometimes been mooted, whether collusion or venality has been practised by persons high in authority, in the allowance of fraudulent claims. If such frauds have been committed they have not so far been detected, although vigilant efforts have been made, at different times, to discover them. Colonel Dudley's record was vigorously investigated by his succes-

sor, General Black, who failed to discover any trace of venality in the former's administration. General Black himself retired from his office a poorer man than when he entered it. It is probably too soon to announce a confident opinion regarding the administration of the bureau during the past four years. The class of claims to which I refer, as affording opportunities for collusion and fraud in their allowance, are those in which pension is granted on account of the insanity of the applicant, and is paid to his guardian. Such pensions are always large in amount, the arrears frequently amounting to \$5000, and in some cases \$10,000, the rates varying, usually, from \$24 to \$72 per month with arrears. The pensioner is usually confined as an inmate of an insane asylum, in many cases has no near relatives, and derives little or no personal benefit from the pension which is paid to his guardian. The large sum of money paid in such cases serves as an incentive to the filing of claims on behalf of all ex-soldiers who are insane, it being always alleged (whether true or not) that the ex-soldier's insanity is the result of his military service. There are probably few insane ex-soldiers, in or out of the asylums, in whose behalf some guardian has not filed a claim for pension; the guardian procuring an appointment, frequently, with no other purpose than to prosecute such a claim. I venture to state the opinion, based upon some observation, that the files of the bureau would disclose that a large percentage of the admitted claims of this character are entirely without merit; hence, in respect to such claims, it is not surprising that venality is sometimes suspected. The motive of an act is properly judged by its quality. If the act is illegal or wrongful, the motive becomes a proper subject of suspicion.

In the claim of the guardian of G— W—, insane, a decision was rendered and published by the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, July 11, 1889, which has served as a precedent for the settlement of similar claims since. That claim is a fair type of its class, and the decision of the assistant secretary is therefore interesting. Pension in this case was granted in 1885—not on account of insanity, but on account of disease of the bowels and malarial poisoning. (Incidentally it may be remarked that a great many pensions are now granted on account of "malarial poisoning.") At the time this pension was first granted in 1885, it was adjudged that the disability had theretofore been slight, and had in fact ceased to exist prior to 1882. A pension of \$2 per month was granted for the period from 1865 to 1882, and was discontinued from the latter date on the ground that the disability had ceased to exist. It was at that time decided, in accordance with the

opinion of the medical referee of the Pension Bureau, that the soldier's insanity was not a result of the diseases above mentioned, nor of his military service. The assistant secretary, in his decision, concedes it to be a fact that the claimant had fully recovered his physical health prior to the year 1877. But the claim had in the mean time been reconsidered in the Pension Bureau; in 1888, pension had been restored and rerated; the guardian had been granted a rate of \$8 per month from 1865, and \$24 per month from and after 1882, on account of the diseases first mentioned and "resulting insanity,"—a decision by which he obtained additional arrears of pension amounting to nearly \$3000. The guardian, however, was not satisfied with this amount, and appealed to the assistant secretary, who decided that the rate which had been granted him was too low; and, notwithstanding that the pension had once been rerated by the Pension Bureau, the assistant secretary rerated it again for the period from 1877 to 1889, and gave the guardian about \$1500 more, besides increasing the rate for the future to \$50 per month. The ex-soldier, Mr. W——, had spent the ten years from 1867 to 1877 in the Western Territories, and during said period it is conceded that he had fully recovered physical health. Yet his guardian is pensioned for his insanity, at \$50 per month, upon the theory that this malady was caused by the slight previous disease of the bowels, and the inevitable "malarial poisoning"; he was loaded down with pension, first by the commissioner and then by the assistant secretary.

It may or it may not be significant that the guardian of G—— W—— had brought his patient to Washington, and had him confined in the Insane Asylum in that city, while his claim for rerating and increase was being pushed. To be more direct, I do not regard it as improbable that more or less collusion has been practised in the allowance of such claims. A pension of \$3000, \$5000, or \$8000, with a current rate of \$30, \$50, or \$72 per month, paid to the guardian of an insane man who is confined in an asylum, and who probably has no near relatives, is well adapted to being used or pledged for corrupt purposes.

It appears that a good many claims have been filed on behalf of inmates of the Government Insane Asylum in the District of Columbia, a fact to which allusion is made in the report of the Deputy Commissioner of Pensions for 1891. These claims, as a class, are also referred to more fully in the annual report of the Assistant Secretary of the Interior for 1892. The same assistant secretary who, in July, 1889, had increased and rerated the claim of G—— W—— above mentioned, in his annual report dated November, 1892 (near the

end of his term of office), recommends that the law authorizing the allowance of such claims shall be repealed, or radically amended. The trouble, perhaps, is not with the law, but with the manner in which it has been executed.

In a claim of this character which came to my notice recently, I found it stated that the attorney was prosecuting the claims of five insane claimants, through their respective guardians. Undoubtedly this attorney had searched the records of some insane asylum to find clients. The importance of this class of claims arises not from their number, but from the large amount of money paid out on each claim. The 3253 pensioners who receive \$72 per month receive, in the aggregate, \$500,000 per annum more than the 48,000 who receive only \$4 per month. There is little room to suspect collusion in the allowance of a pension of \$4 per month; but it is quite different in respect to a pension of \$50 or \$72 per month, with back pension amounting to \$5000 or \$10,000.

It is easier to recognize the fact that abuses have been practised than to suggest a proper remedy. Public sentiment does not demand and would not sanction radical measures, conceived in any spirit of unfriendliness to the veterans as a class. Reform should be through conservative methods, with scrupulous care to protect all just rights. Furthermore, I believe that great administrative reforms can be accomplished without new legislation, at least without radical changes in existing law.

The most important, practical question is, How can the expenditures for pension be materially reduced by the correction of abuses and without any injustice to any who are rightfully entitled to pension? I believe that this result can be accomplished by the reduction of excessive rates. The rates of pension vary, as I have stated, from \$1 to \$100 per month, depending (in theory) upon the degree of the pensioner's disability caused by the wound, injury, or disease for which he is pensioned. Now those who are receiving the higher rates of pension are frequently those who were the latest to file their claims, who were but a short time in the military service, and whose claims are the most dubious in character, but have been pushed with the most vigor and persistency. A pension of \$2 or \$4 per month, granted a few years ago, has in many cases been increased, through the persistency of the applicant or his attorney, to \$16, \$24, or \$30 per month. In the case above mentioned of the guardian of G—— W——, the rate of \$2 per month, granted in 1885, was increased by the assistant secretary to \$50 per month in 1889.

The following figures will show the number of invalid pensioners (as distinguished from widows and dependent relatives) on the rolls on June 30, 1885, 1887, and 1892, together

with the average monthly rates of pensions paid for those years, respectively. The average rate for those years is stated approximately, in round numbers:

<i>Number of Invalid Pensioners.</i>	<i>Average rate per month.</i>
1885...240,201	about \$8.95
1887...297,726	9.50
1892...687,862	11.35

Of the 687,862 invalid pensioners on the rolls on June 30, 1892, there were 293,068 who were pensioned under the law of June 27, 1890, sometimes called the Dependent Pension Law, on account of disabilities which, either in whole or in part, were not the result of military service. Notwithstanding this heavy addition to the pension rolls, the average rate of pension has also steadily increased, as shown by the preceding tabulated statement. Since 1887 there have been no important changes in the laws which could warrant any material increase in the average rate of invalid pensions. On the contrary, the act of June 27, 1890, which authorizes rates only from \$6 to \$12 per month, instead of from \$1 to \$100, ought to have resulted, perhaps, in reducing the average. The increase in rates since 1887 is due almost entirely to the exercise of the discretionary power which is lodged in the Commissioner of Pensions. The pension roll in 1887 no doubt included every man who had lost a leg or arm, or had been seriously injured in any battle, or who, from any cause, was likely to be entitled to a high rate of pension. Yet the average rate of pension is higher now than it was in 1887, while the number of pensioners has more than doubled. The difference in the average rate, which amounts to about \$1.85 per month, applied to 687,862 pensioners, amounts in the aggregate to over \$15,000,000 per annum. In other words, if the Government paid the same average rate per month to all of the 687,862 invalid pensioners who are now on the roll, that was paid in 1887 to the 297,726 who were then on the roll, the annual appropriation would be about \$15,000,000 less than is now required.

The following figures will show the percentage of increase in the number of invalid pensioners to whom have been granted some of the higher rates, since 1887:

Number receiving \$14 per month.	
1887.....4829	1892.....19,176
Increase of this class in five years, nearly 400 per cent.	

Number receiving from \$15 to \$18 per month, inclusive.	
1887.....15,521	1892.....47,091
Increase in five years, 300 per cent.	

Number receiving \$24 per month.	
1887.....12,581	1892.....22,028
Increase in five years, 80 per cent.	

Number receiving \$30 per month.	
1887.....9739	1892.....15,818
Increase in five years, 66 per cent.	

Number receiving \$50 and \$72 per month (consolidated owing to changes in the law).

1887...	\$50...1313	1892...	\$50...285
	\$72...1114		\$72...3253
	2427		3538

Increase, 45 per cent.

In certain cases, as where the pensioner has lost a limb, the rate of pension is specified in the statute; and for certain other injuries and causes of disability, the rate is prescribed in a schedule adopted by the Commissioner of Pensions. The rates in such cases, therefore, are not subject to be varied. But in a large majority of cases the rate of pension is determined without reference to any fixed or invariable schedule, and is governed mainly by the certificate and recommendation of a local Board of Examining Surgeons. There are in the United States 1237 Examining Boards, of three members each, who during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1892, rendered 431,166 certificates of examination, for which their fees amounted in the aggregate to \$1,733,958. The board at Baltimore received in fees for the year the sum of \$9930. The two boards at Boston received \$9186 and \$8956, respectively. The three Philadelphia boards received \$8992, \$8712, and \$8454, respectively. The three boards at Washington City received \$6227, \$6445, and \$6699, respectively.

Necessarily the rate of pension depends to a great extent, in many cases, upon the pleasure of the Examining Board; upon their integrity, medical skill, and good judgment, and the extent to which they may be affected by local bias or favoritism toward the applicant. I entertain no doubt that a majority of the boards are efficient and honest; that they discharge their duties faithfully, and endeavor to comply with their instructions and with what they understand to be the wishes and policy of the Commissioner of Pensions by whom they are appointed. But it would hardly be reasonable to suppose that all of these twelve hundred Examining Boards are equally conscientious and disinterested in the discharge of their duties. I was told recently that the secretary of a certain board in a western city had declared that no claimant should ever be turned from their office without a favorable recommendation; and I find that the record of this board confirms the statement of my informant. This board rendered during the year about 900 certificates, 250 of which I examined in consecutive order, without finding one in which they did not describe the claimant as being



entitled to a substantial rate of pension. There is published in the Congressional Record for February 11, 1893, a letter of the medical referee of the Pension Bureau, who strongly recommends a change in the system of conducting these examinations.

The higher rates of pension that are now being paid, in comparison with those paid in former years, are granted in a very large percentage of cases on account of infirmities which are the natural results of advancing years, and are not due to the military service. If the pension laws can justly be construed to warrant the policy of increasing the pensions of those who are on the rolls, from year to year, so as to keep pace with their growing infirmities from age and other natural causes, then, of course, the average rate must continue to increase in the future, with growing rapidity, as it has been increasing during the past five years, without specific amendment of the law to authorize it. But I do not believe that the law fairly admits of this construction. Hence my suggestion, and belief, that the annual appropriation for pensions can be reduced very materially by a discriminating reduction of excessive rates which have heretofore been granted,—a reduction which could be accomplished without necessarily dropping a name from the pension roll. To reduce the pensions of one hundred pensioners who are wrongfully receiving \$50 or \$72 per month, on account of disabilities which are not fairly traceable to the military service, or to cut

off the pensions of one hundred guardians whose wards in the insane asylums derive little or no benefit from the pensions granted, would effect a saving to the Government almost as great as by dropping from the rolls the names of one thousand pensioners who receive only \$4 or \$6 per month.

One great abuse that has grown up in the Pension Bureau, overshadowing other abuses, costing the Government unnecessary millions of dollars every year,—an abuse which has no warrant or foundation in justice, reason, or good policy,—is the practice of granting continual increase of pension from year to year to those who are on the roll: a practice which frequently stimulates the loudest clamor from those who are least entitled to consideration.

I believe there should be one change in the law, establishing a presumption, or rule of evidence,—namely, the enactment of a statute providing that in any case where a claimant served less than six months, where the records of his command in the War Department, if complete, contain no evidence of incurrence of the wound, injury, or disease for which he claims pension, and where it further appears that the claim was not filed within twenty-one years from the date of the claimant's discharge from military service, the pension granted in such case should not exceed \$12 per month. The enactment of such a law would reduce a good many pensions, and would, in my opinion, be warranted by the lessons of experience and justice.

*A. B. Casselman.*

## "WITH THE TREAD OF MARCHING COLUMNS."

### I.

WITH the tread of marching columns the forests and hills are stirred,  
 With the dust of marching columns the smiling fields are blurred,  
 With the swing of marching columns the air is vibrant and warm,  
 The listening waters shiver, as if at a coming storm.  
 And the bridges that span the rivers bend to oppressive Fate,  
 With the burden of marching men, and the cannon's murderous weight.  
 The waters shiver, the bridges shudder, and groan, and sigh,  
 With the rhythm of marching columns, and horse and foot hurry by.

### II.

With the thunder of cannon and shouting the valleys are flooded with sound,  
 Till the church-bells are silent with terror, the peals of the organ are drowned:  
 Hushed is the life of the village, stricken and palsied with dread;  
 Dumb are its dwellers as those of the city named for the dead;  
 Closed are the shutters and doors—the village has closed its eyes,  
 Like the helpless quarry when sudden and pitiless foes surprise!  
 There is none to be seen, there is none to be heard—there is death, while the feet  
 Of marching columns resound through the emptied and desolate street.

*S. R. Elliot.*

# WRITING TO ROSINA

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

ALL have heard enough of that imaginative lover who went away from his mistress for the express purpose of writing to her; but Knox D. Lanfair (employed in the service of the Excelsior Screw and Tack Company) was not in the least that sort of person.

In the first place, he would have scoffed with strong contempt at any such fantastic refinement, and would have considered it a derogation from the solid nature of his love for Rosina. He did not mean to go away from her for any reason whatever, except when, as now, he was removed almost by main force. In the second place, he had a good reason for remaining even longer yet, if such a thing may be considered possible.

It was this, that he had serious doubts as to his ability to write love-letters. They had seemed to jog on comfortably enough by word of mouth, but he had a secret dread that, when it came to correspondence, he would be found lacking, and his letters would not be at all to Miss Rosina Bermond's liking. He may be described, therefore, as a lover who clung to his mistress's side with a peculiar persistence for the express purpose of *not* writing to her.

Had the acquaintance been formed in town, very likely the case would never have arisen, but he met his fate at the mammoth American summer resort, Saratoga Springs. Lanfair had not meant to stay there at all; he had merely been passing through for a fortnight's well-earned vacation in the Adirondack woods, when he was turned from

his course by an uncommonly pretty girl. He saw her first in the kaleidoscopic brilliancy of a garden-party at the Grand Union. In her white embroidered muslin gown, and navy jacket with gilt buttons over it, she lighted up under the electric lamps amid the illuminated fountains as if she were a part of the same ethereal elements. To tell the truth, Lanfair was traveling with a dangerous sort of baggage;

he was expecting soon a promotion by the Screw and Tack Company which would enable him, among other things, to marry, if he wished. It was the first time he had been near so desirable a situation, and he proceeded to discount it, as if it were already realized.

He took to watching for Rosina in that focus of interest on Broadway where the half miles of piazza of Congress Hall look to the miles of piazza of the United States and the Grand Union, across the stream of vehicles and stylish or eccentric pedestrians. He took to watching for her in the early morning hour, when she

made faces over her glasses of mineral water at Congress Spring. Then, once blessed with her acquaintance, he was forever ensconced in a corner of the quiet little hotel at which she lived



with her widower father, or issuing forth to walk with her from the white Greek colonnade it presented to the elm-shaded road of Circular street.

One afternoon they were seated in comfortable arm-chairs at the fish-breeding ponds, well down below the race-course, where people used to hook out trout at a dollar a pound for the pleasure and their catch. A number of carriages were drawn up on the grass near them, for the enjoyment of this mild sport. Rosina wore another very "knowing" jacket that day. It was of tennis flannel, and the stripes ran over the roundness of her figure in a complication of wondrous curves which it might have astonished and delighted a mathematician to follow. There was something too much of this charming roundness, the wearer thought, ignorant of her best point, as often happens to perverse human nature. She struggled more or less between a naturally good appetite and the fancied necessity of training down to a severer model.

This was, for instance, the starting-point of one among the variety of nicknames which Lanfair daringly twisted out of her own. It was a way he had, and he applied to her these products of his not very brilliant genius much as if she had been another fellow. How she ever came to permit it, who shall explain? From Rosina he evolved "Rosin" and "Rosin the Bow," and then "Senior," and "Steamer," from certain go-ahead qualities of hers, and "Leaner" from the fact above named. Their talk was of the far more considerable fishing excursion to the Adirondacks that he had given up.

"Why did you do it?" asked Rosina.

"To tell the truth, 'Steamer,' I fell in love with a girl at Saratoga Springs, New York; that's why. Would you like to hear about it?"

"No; I don't think I would. There's nothing interesting to me either in the place or people." She kept her eye steadfastly fixed upon her line, though a rosier flush than usual stole into her delicate cheek.

"Oh," he commented, a little crestfallen; "then why do you keep coming every year to Saratoga?"

"If you knew my father a little better, you would n't ask such a foolish question. He has been coming to Saratoga every season for the last thirty or forty years. He finds all his old

judges and governors here that he's so fond of talking to, and he could n't get along without them. I should just like to see anybody change my father's ideas of what is the best place for me to spend my summers in."

"By a queer coincidence, 'Leaner,' that was the very thing I was thinking of trying to do—and the best place to spend your winters in, too. I was going to take your respected parent confidentially aside, 'Steamer,' and say to him—I was going to suggest—in fact—see here, you're a good fellow, 'Leaner,' and I'm another. I like you, you like me, we like each other. Then why can't we make a match of it?"

"The idea!" rejoined Rosina, receiving this offer of marriage at first with defiant scorn, and setting him down in his proper place. But before they had returned to the hotel she had fully relented, and it was a match indeed.

It seemed hardly more Rosina's way than Knox D. Lanfair's to indulge in sentimentalities of expression. They used a good deal of the more permissible current slang, often so bright for the instant, but so unspeakably vapid when its brief instant of vogue has departed; they talked of the merits of various hotels; of the latest thing in dance movements; and a good deal was said about a Gordon setter of Lanfair's, named "Spot," whose fore paw he had had to wash of late, twice a day, for a

swelling. To supplement any deficiencies in romantic speech, Lanfair had a passion for opening wide his purse-strings, and "getting up things," dinners and excursions of all kinds—a tangible way of recommending himself to favor. In the first enthusiasm of the engagement he got up so many things, so many dinners at the lake and Mount McGregor, that Rosina's father, who had only one digestion to lose, and that already much impaired, had peremptorily to suppress him.

Notwithstanding all this, Lanfair felt, as has been said, that his letters would not do, and that even Rosina, during absence, would look for something very different. Vague ideas floated in his head that, on paper, you must deal in airy, mellifluous nothings, force your emotions into a poetical cast whether they will or no, and thus get up a fictitious existence to compensate for the loss of the original. Being a





woman, Rosina would hardly be satisfied with less than others. Love sometimes makes wise men of fools, as well as fools of wise men; but wise or foolish as Knox D. Lanfair had been in this respect, that he remained. The period of his ordeal—the day of his departure—arrived, and he was not sensible of any change having come about in himself to repair his deficiency.

Thus, when all further delay and postponements had proved useless, and he was inexorably called back to his business desk by the mandate of the Excelsior Screw and Tack Company, Beekman street, New York, a special burden of heaviness weighed him down. As he stood upon the platform at the station to bid farewell to Rosina and her father, a peculiar and secret melancholy possessed him, in addition to the natural pain of parting. He had not been much over half an hour on the train when he was tapped on the shoulder from behind. The disturbance caused him to put away hastily a photograph of Rosina, in a Russia-leather case, which he had been contemplating at leisure; and turning, he saw an old acquaintance or friend, one Hampton Gorledge of Beaver County, Pennsylvania, who had come through from the smoking-car.



"Ah, there you are," said he, affably, making a place for Gorledge. "What are you doing in this part of the world?"

"Only just passing through, stopping off here and there about various business matters I've got under way."

"Plenty of irons in the fire, as usual?"

"Well, yes. One of them is an iron-furnace

over at a place called East Lee, Massachusetts. I'm thinking of taking a position there. It's a good thing: iron gives command of gold, you know."

"Then I trust you'll get it."

"It depends upon how the directors feel about it. But I'm not sure, on the whole, I should not prefer the newspaper place over Glen's Falls way. Town growing, circulation could be worked up, and I might hold the post-mastership at the same time. That would give me more congenial work while passing through the present crisis in my regular literary pursuits. Perhaps you did not know I had been doing poems and a novel lately?"

"No; I'm sorry I did not."

"You would not have been likely to hear of the novel, as it is not published yet. I have some ideas of my own. The literary world is all wrong; there's got to be a new day, a complete revolution in public taste."

"I recollect you were always good at that sort of thing. It was never any trouble at all for you to write off anything that came into your head." Upon this, an idea seemed to enter Lanfair's head with a fresh interest; however, he dismissed it again as impracticable, and finished: "So I see you'll take the newspaper place; it suits your taste."

"We'll see what the directors say, and then I'll decide. Or I may work into a professorship in some university, or as superintendent of a small railroad. And then my father, you know, was one of the leading politicians in Beaver County in his day, and though his party is out of power now, and we've had to take a back seat, he has got considerable influence still, and he's on the lookout all the while to see if he can't command some good paying office for me. My talent is not of the circumscribed order; 'most anything well up to the top of the social ladder is in my line."

"Living up at Chotank still?"

"Yes; but Chotank is pretty slow as a permanent place of residence. That's the reason I want to get away."

Much of this later conversation, however, was very perfunctory to Lanfair. He was but human.

"Gorledge," he exclaimed, "I've been getting engaged."

"No?" cried the other, responding with the most cordial heartiness and surprise. "My dear friend! Let me congratulate you, my dear fellow, my comrade in elementary learning, and associate up to the confines of active life! I rejoice with you in the warmest recesses of my heart—from the very bottom of my soul!"

Hampton Gorledge had a deep-voiced, melodramatic way with him, and his address was impressive, and worthy of the occasion.

"I trust you'll have a chance to see her, after—after our marriage," returned Lanfair, much gratified. "I suppose I shall be sent up to the factory at Chotank sometimes, as before,—we all take our turn at it,—and I'll bring her with me."

"Then you'll always find me at the old Beaver County home—unless, of course, some of the things I've been telling you of should call me away. By the way, the name of the novel I mentioned to you is 'Aureliana Danville.' It's short, really more a novelette than a novel. It has been sent to every leading magazine and syndicate in the country, and come back; yet they're all constantly printing far worse stuff than that—insufferable slush, in fact."

Again the idea that Lanfair had a little before dismissed from his mind returned with force. "Gorledge," he began, hemming and hawing a little, "I remember well how particularly good you were on the literary act at Knoblock's military school. Now I find you at it as hard as ever. So that fact, and meeting you in this way, put it in my head to consult you on a matter that has bothered me some of late. It's a delicate matter, that I could n't speak of to every one; but recollecting old times and so on, I'd just like to lay it before you, and see how it strikes you."

"Strike away!" returned Gorledge, thumping his chest vigorously, as if to indicate that there was unlimited room there for confidences.

"Well, the case is like this. Now, for instance, Rosina and I are just engaged. Rosina lives in Thirty-sixth street, New York, and she can't come back to town before the end of September. To-day is August 28; so that makes an even month or more that we have got to be separated."

"Hard lines, hard lines! I know," said Gorledge, sympathetically.

"No; that is n't so much the point as this. It's right here. Now suppose—well, you see—now here. We have got to correspond during this time. It will be all right and easy for Rosina, of course, but I'm no hand at a love-letter—the regulation yum-yum business, you know. What do women expect in such matters? They generally want any quantity of gushy soft sawder and flummery, don't they? Expect a man to stand on his head for 'em, and do a pen-and-ink fandango that they'd sit on him for in a jiffy in common life, eh? I'm not up to it. Do you catch on? Do you see what I mean?"

"I do, to a certain extent; but there is much exaggeration in this."

"No; not at all. There are some men who might come within cannon-shot of the mark, in putting things down in black and white;

others within gun-shot; and some can hit it plumb in the center. Well, you can rate me in the first-named class. Why, do you know what I do about my own private correspondence? In the first place, I don't have any if I can help it. But if there's any message I can't send by a friend that happens to be going the same way, I work it off on a postal, or, better still, by telegram. It's short and easy, and no time wasted. What more does a man want?"

"Have you thought at all how you would arrange it after marriage?" the friend inquired reflectively.

"That's quite different. When we are married, it will regulate itself; it will be easier to explain things to each other. Or, if not, I shall take care that we are never apart long enough to make letter-writing necessary."

"It will save postage-stamps, at any rate."

"You're undoubtedly a first-class judge, Gorledge. I'm satisfied that you're an expert in all such matters second to none. Now, the question is, what would you do to tide over this time of writing?"

A gift for appreciating the merits of others makes a man friends. Gorledge was pleased by the appeal to his superior wisdom, and his satisfaction might have resulted in something useful in the case; but just then the train rushed, screeching, into the station at Albany, and the time was lacking to him.

"Be yourself," he adjured at parting. "Look within and write. Let the heart speak its honest emotions, the plain unvarnished truth. Trust not too much to elaborately polished periods and classic forms of expression:

—to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Ha! ha!" And he tore away to catch his train for Beaver County, Pennsylvania, which made a close connection.

"Er—just so," said Lanfair, gazing after him in a blank, dazed way. The only conclusion to which he could come, when thus abandoned, was that he must look out for happy accidents to aid him, and have recourse in the mean time to a policy of excuses, postponements, and general subterfuges.

He began very well by telegraphing back a few words at once, from the Albany station. Then he telegraphed again from Hudson, and once more from Poughkeepsie, and finally from the Forty-second street station in New York, to make known his safe arrival.

"A month is no very great shakes, after all," he reflected more cheerfully; "and who knows but what Rosina may be got back to town even before that time?"

So far, so good. Rosina welcomed the numerous, fast-succeeding messages as a flattering proof of affection for her.

"They show that he is always thinking of me, and seizes every chance to renew communication," she said. "He's almost too extravagant, the dear fellow."

But it was not in keeping with this that an interval of nearly five days should now elapse without her hearing from him at all. Surely the time was ample for a letter, and a full and circumstantial one, too. Even then nothing came but another telegram. It was somewhat longer than those despatched *en route*, it is true, but what a strange thing under the circumstances! It read about as follows:

Ah there, Steamer! how goes it? how goes the day? Don't forget that last breakfast out at Moon's on the lake, do you? Hope not. I don't. All broke up down here. Looks would stop a clock. Guess customers notice it. Fall trade booming this year. Weather uncommon good. Would be good for you if you wanted to come home earlier than you expected. Show this to your father. So long! Be good to yourself! Excuse haste. Yours on the spin. K. D. L.

Miss Rosina Bermond was filled with astonishment. Was this the sort of thing a girl just engaged, whether she were very romantic or not, would naturally be satisfied to receive from her affianced, called away from her side by their first parting? A further interval elapsed,—one day less this time,—and another despatch arrived. It read:

Esteemed favors of 28th to 31st ult., and 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th inst., duly received and contents noted. All right here; no cause alarm. Took in Harrigan's Theater last night, but kept thinking of you just the same. Don't forget to be good to yourself. Did I ask you about that? Looks now as if Cleveland would go in next President, but may not; what do you think? Fall trade regular corker this year. Weather lays over anything generally known. Excuse mistakes. Yours on the jump, KNOX-V.

Meantime Rosina, on her side, had performed her duty conscientiously. She had written nearly every day, filling up from four to eight pages, in a large hand, with matter that could easily have been condensed into one, and sprinkling them liberally with capitals, interjections, and underscorings, at random. But she was fairly driven to slack up in her own correspondence, "What can be the cause of this astonishing neglect, this curtness and brevity?" she queried. "How can he so completely ignore all my questions, and refuse to tell me anything about himself?" With the tolerance of affection, she tried to imagine all sorts of excuses for her lover, even imagined that letters were lost, and interrogated the hotel and post-office

people rather sharply about it. At any rate, she awaited daily the full letter of explanation which should clear up the mystery. The brief postal-card that arrived next certainly could not be said to fill the void.

Just a postal to say, how are you? and all right here. Hurt hand some lately. Makes it bad about writing. Do you catch on to this scrawly fist? afraid not. You don't seem to be coming down yet, Leaner! Big times for us ahead when you get on deck again—eh, Rosin the Bow? Must catch noon mail, so no more at present—

But finally there did come a letter,—a real letter,—in an envelop, with a stamp on it. Rosina tore it open with fevered haste, and trembled with conflicting hope and fear. She found an inclosure, type-written with great professional correctness, and substantially thus expressed:

MISS ROSINA C. BERMOND,  
Saratoga Springs,  
Saratoga County, N. Y.

DEAR ROSINA: Have a pretty lively hustle here all the time. Not much time for things in general. Could go on all day about feelings and so forth, etc., but you know how it is yourself. Think of getting up "Spot" for the dog show when it comes round. He'll be a winner. Note your remarks about short letters; so look out for long lengthy ones ahead! Dined at Brunswick restaurant last night. I feel it in my bones, Steamer, that in case we get satisfactorily settled down in life we'll net from 50 to 100 per cent. per annum more happiness than now. Yours all the time. KNOX. (Dictated) per J.

Rosina shut her pretty hands—not clinching her nails into the rosy palms until the blood flowed, as a heroine of romance would have done, but quite smartly enough. She fancied Lanfair walking up and down the office dictating this effusion to the type-writer. She recognized the "J." as a grim, cranky old Miss Jiberson of whom she had heard him speak. Or, worse yet, perhaps there was, by this time, another J., a fascinating young one, who was let into their confidence, and sneered as she wrote. The most enduring patience may be exhausted; the end was drawing near. The finishing touches were given by two telegrams of the utmost brevity, received only a day apart. Lanfair seemed now to be traveling, somewhere near town, on a business trip. The first was phrased:

Letters to hand, and strike the right spot. Keep it up, keep doing it! Weather here cool, and collections fair to middling. Missed evening mail, so wire you direct. Yours on the skip.

The second read:

Collections average lighter hereabouts. You're taking care of yourself, these days, I hope? Missed



morning mail, so think best telegraph you at once. Called away to send despatch to firm. Yours on the wing.

Rosina swept away her dainty, initialed note-paper, and dismissed for good and all her inquiries, speculations, entreaties, and reproaches. She went out instead, secured a dozen or so telegram-blanks, sat down with these, and, after many attempts, tearing up the product, finally composed a telegram on her own account.

In the interim, Knox Lanfair, while not really proud of the character of his efforts, was beginning to take a not uncomplacent view of them. At any rate, the time was passing; by hook or by crook he had got through some three weeks of the new month; he would soon meet Rosina face to face, and the emergency would be ended. He returned from the collecting-trip above mentioned in quite a jaunty frame of mind. But it was only to meet with a new and most serious mischance.

His mood of self-congratulations was broken in upon by directions from his company to repair at once to Chotank, Penn., to overlook the running of their factory there. He might be gone a month or more. The order was peremptory; there was no gainsaying it; and he went. This was bad enough, but even worse remained. No sooner had he arrived at Chotank than he was handed the following blunt despatch, which, having come to New York after he started, and being forwarded, had preceded him:

Spare trouble of further weather- and market-reports. Engagement absolutely off. No answer. On the lightning double-quick, R. C. B.

Knox D. Lanfair was completely floored by this crushing disaster. His wits were scattered, almost benumbed, by its magnitude, and for a while he was wholly incapable of service on the mission on which the Excelsior Screw and Tack Company had sent him.

The place was small; Hampton Gorledge was one of its principal resources; and, in any event, his meeting with Gorledge could not have been long delayed. But Gorledge happened in to see him, to welcome him back to the factory, and found him almost in the worst throes of the calamity. Lanfair handed him the despatch he had just received, with a brow of gloom.

"Well, who is R. C. B.?" demanded the visitor, briskly; for their last interview had left no very deep impression on his mind.

"Rosina Camilla Bermond. And if you understood a little fancy she has for signing it in full, you'd see all the more what it means. Oh, she's got no time for ornamentalism now."

Gorledge looked yet harder at the paper, and whistled silently.

"I followed your advice," pursued Lanfair, wretchedly, "and there is the result. I've lost her; that's all."

"My advice? Come, that's good; what advice did I give you?"

"You told me to be myself—and I was."

"It's plain enough," said the other, when he had heard some of the details, "you've got to knock off your telegraphing and the other short-cuts, and write to her. Write her in full, with a complete, thorough explanation, and you'll get her yet."

"What sort of explanation, for instance?"

"Why, you're settled in a quiet retreat at last, and for the first time since leaving her you find the opportunity you have longed for to devote yourself properly to her. You were so distracted before with maddening business cares that you hardly knew what you were about; but now you propose to make ample amends. Put it in in full; don't stint it."

"Yes; many thanks. I—er—I'll think it over."

"No; if I were you, I should sit right down and do it on the instant. It looks to me as if there was no time to lose. I'll just look over the paper here, and, if you will do it immediately, I will mail it myself. I've got to go to the post-office when I leave here."

He picked up a copy of a metropolitan daily, strolled through the not uncomfortable rooms that the company provided for its superintendents and inspectors, found a volume of some poet in the small library, and buried himself in it for half an hour. When he looked up again, Lanfair was still hard at it.

"Looks to me as though there were going to be a rise in the price of ink," said he, referring to numerous heavily blotted sheets lying by the hand of the scribe.

The other, without a word, passed him over the latest, beginning thus:

Dear Rosina,—or if you will still tumble to the friendly expression of Rosina the Bow,—your most esteemed favor, per wire, duly received, as usual, and contents carefully noted. In regard to same, would say—

"Oh, no, no, no!" cut in Gorledge, impatiently. "Excuse me—beg pardon—but that sort of thing won't do at all. There's a—coldness about it."

"I was going to go on in a musical way. I was going to see if I could n't work in about how there was some discord in music, and how I wished the Bow could be Rosined up so we could get out the kinks, and everything be all right."

"Yes; but those plays upon words, that

figurative language, are hard to carry out. I would n't if I were you. Now, my own idea would be something more like this," and he struck an attitude of meditative inspiration. "Now here."

My idolized one! my peerless darling! my own! oh! what is this dreadful gulf that seems to yawn between us? What is this hideous misunderstanding? Oh, speak and tell me it is not real! Say that I have not read aright the cruel words brought by a trick of the enslaved electric fluid along the chilling wire.

Lanfair gave a most approving attention, threw off his despondent air, and started up as if glowing with a new hope. "Gorledge," said he, "yours is a talent of the first water; I always knew it, and this proves it. I should n't have thought of stating it exactly in that way, myself. I believe this will bring her; I know it will. You've got a splendid start; keep it going; probably I'll get into the swing of it for the next time."

The other magnanimously consented to continue, and a letter in this vein was soon completed and sent off. Its effect was to draw out a conciliatory, relenting reply from Rosina. Not to waste time, the morning it came Lanfair guided his buggy slowly home from the post-office with one hand, while he perused the precious missive held in the other. It was capitalized and italicized in her usual way, and united into pretty much all one sentence by a munificent use of "ands." It appeared that Rosina had had the advantage of a not unfashionable seminary in considerable vogue; but it had made no great impression, up to this time, upon a wayward exuberance and a native soil largely grown to very irrelevant matters.

I will admit I was at first surprised and indignant, but it is all over now and of all conceited individuals I ever knew I thought you went ahead of Any to try and get a "silly girl" in love with You and then go away and send them back nothing but entirely Unsatisfactory short telegraph messages and "postal-cards," which I must say was Highly flattering to Me indeed, was n't it?

At this point the reader stopped to mop his brow with conviction. He had been so wholly engrossed in his own difficulties that he had not seen the case from her point of view.

And about the worst of all [the letter went on] was your telling about how you 'd been to the theater and dined at the Brunswick when I Remember so well Your old Habit of Always sitting up late after everybody else had gone to bed and "Going round" to find some one to Talk with You and smoke if you could, so I thought it pretty strange you did not Have time to write to me if you wanted to Even when the Theater, etc., were

over and I said nothing to Anybody "about it" but merely contrary to my "Usual custom" did not even tell my Father about it, but n'importe as I say all that is over and Past now.

O, another piece of News for you [she concluded] is an old Friend of mine named Isabel Bryce is Expected here "in a few days," and what do you think Papa insists when she goes back home I shall go and Visit her at "her home" in Stockbridge, Mass., which place her family removed from New York and have resided at "for some time" and Everybody who visits there always enjoys Themselves, but I should not go for that Reason, but only because papa says I look Run Down and really Need it before returning to Town.

It was joy indeed to Lanfair that the breach between them was closed. As to Rosina's going away to make a visit at a yet more distant point, that made the less difference now, as they must be separated anyway. But though the breach was closed, it was still in a very precarious condition. Might it not reopen at any moment if Lanfair were not of the necessary force to keep up the correspondence? He sat down manfully to the task, but no new inspiration came now any more than before. In despair he betook himself again to Hampton Gorledge.

"Take charge of this whole thing for me, Gorledge," he begged. "You've got considerable time on your hands while you're waiting for these various projects of yours to mature; and if there's anything I can do to help them along, either personally or through the company, all you've got to do is to let me know, and I'll do it. And—er—er—if you'd take that best pup of Spot's, and drive my sorrel mare all you want to, I should look upon it as a solid favor, I should really."

"I don't recollect your being any such particular slow-coach when we were at Knoblock's Academy. What's the matter with you, anyway?" responded Gorledge.

"Well, I suppose I—er—got into business kind of early, and did n't go to college, and—er—"

"I've often thought going to college is what played the deuce with my natural originality."

"But that's neither here nor there; the question is, will you do it?"

"You know my inborn tendency to help a friend. If you really think I can be of any use to you, put me in possession of the facts, and I'll go ahead."

"Such facts as what?"

"In the first place, the fair one's photograph; I must get before my mind a distinct image of her."

The treasured Russia-leather case was produced in response to this request.

"Very good; that'll do. Pretty as—as a picture, or rather a whole gallery of 'em, all

masterpieces. Now some account of her family, her prospects, her belongings, and surroundings generally."

Lanfair gave these details as well as he could. It came out, among the rest, that Rosina had a snug little fortune of her own.

"Ah, ah, these out-and-out business men! Trust them for an eye to the main chance! I never was practical, and never shall be.

"In the next place, her letters," Gorledge pursued. "I ought to glance briefly over them, to get the general drift of what's been going on, and the style and tone that I must adapt myself to."

"I have n't got the collection by me."

"Never mind; the last one will do."

Lanfair expressed considerable surprise at this. "The fact is," said he, "that as there was no reason for filing them away, I've followed my business rule of clearing off at once anything that would take up useful room. I have destroyed them as soon as read."

This time Gorledge emitted an audible whistle.

"Don't do it again," he adjured, in a tone of involuntary commiseration. "Let me see the next few you get, at any rate. I shall have to have the replies to the letters I write, so as to make connection."

Lanfair described to the best of his ability the contents of Rosina's latest epistle. His counselor took the most commodious place in the room, cleared for action in a large way, and began the answer to it he deemed appropriate.

"Rosina, my most precious!—"

"Is n't that rather strong?" interrupted his patron, alarmed, as he looked over his shoulder.

"Strong? It is n't half as strong as the last time, if you recollect. And language does n't really contain expressions strong enough to suit the feminine taste in these matters. You can't by any chance overdo it; it would be impossible. In fact, you can never half begin to come up to what they demand."

"Yes; but I only meant if it was going to be a regular thing, you know."

He was taken with a tremor at the desecration. What gross freedom was he permitting! What a violation of delicate sanctity it was to allow this stranger to lavish upon Rosina the whole contents of the lover's dictionary—even though she should never know it was not himself!

"It's merely one of the stages of the case," returned his amanuensis, coolly. "I'm not in the least anxious to continue. We'll drop the thing right here, while no harm has been done."

"Oh, no, no, my dear friend; I won't hear of it; we must not think of it."

"Very well. Where was I? Oh, yes."

Darling! now that I know we have not lost faith in each other's love, I shall have strength to suffer, to endure to the utmost. Banished? how truly passionate Romeo says, "Banished, the damned use that word in hell!" Death alone can still the inward voice that calls out for you with a resistless yearning, and yet I will tell you of a singular thing. Here, I feel a relief in being able to keep your image wholly free from the impertinent intrusion of commercial affairs, which, in spite of my volition, divided it somewhat in the world without. Now, even though I but suffer the sharper pain of loss, nearly every moment of my day may be passed in thoughts of you alone. There is a sweet sort of restfulness in this idea, or rather shall I say, a restful sort of sweetness?

His principal was lost in admiration at such strokes as the last. These were the things, he thought,—this fine grandiloquence, this easy pitching about of the mysteries of speech, so far beyond himself,—by which Rosina would securely be held.

Fate was against us [the letter terminated]—I cannot too much dwell upon it—in making even my deep despair at being torn from your side wear the aspect of indifference. Shall I say that in those first bitter days of parting I poured out my soul to you in almost countless pages, and then tore them to fragments, as too incoherent, too wild, too unworthy of you in every way? No, I will not! Why evoke anew such poignant memories?

"That's rather neat, you observe," he said to Lanfair. "I don't say you did write them, you know. That will have a good effect in soothing her; you'll find that that first apparent neglect cannot be too much accounted for."

Lanfair winced, but no doubt that, too, was one of the stages of the case. Early in this correspondence it struck Hampton Gorledge as a happy thought that he would think of Rosina as the *Aureliana* of his unaccepted novel; he would consider her as a sort of incarnation of his heroine. Thus, this should be a new chapter in *Aureliana Danville's* experiences; she was separated from the hero *Edgar* by insurmountable obstacles, and both were suffering excruciating torments accordingly. This effort would aid yet more the play of his imagination, to which the task was already a congenial one. The only objection to this was that in the heat of composition *Aureliana* sometimes slipped into the manuscript by mistake, and remained there; but as it was afterward copied by Lanfair, this, in the beginning, was of no great consequence.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Lincoln on the Spoils System.

CIVIL-SERVICE reform had not made its appearance in American politics when Mr. Lincoln was President, but there is evidence that he was at heart a disciple of it, and would have been one of its most vigorous champions, had he lived. The descent of the office-seekers upon him was stupendous. Colonel John Hay, in his "Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln," published in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1890, says that "in the first days after the inauguration there was the unprecedented rush of office-seekers, inspired by a strange mixture of enthusiasm and greed, pushed by motives which were perhaps at bottom selfish, but which had nevertheless a curious touch of that deep emotion which had stirred the heart of the nation in the late election. . . . The numbers were so great, the competition was so keen, that they ceased for the moment to be regarded as individuals, drowned as they were in the general sea of solicitation." Colonel A. K. McClure gives a similar picture in his personal recollections, saying in reference to the condition of affairs in Washington at the beginning of Lincoln's administration:

The place-seekers swarmed in numbers almost equal to the locusts of Egypt, and the President was pestered day and night by the leading statesmen of the country, who clamored for offices for their henchmen. I well remember the sad picture of despair his face presented when I happened to meet him alone for a few moments in the Executive Chamber as he spoke of the heartless spoilsmen, who seemed to be utterly indifferent to the grave dangers which threatened the government. He said: "I seem like one sitting in a palace assigning apartments to importunate applicants while the structure is on fire, and likely soon to perish in ashes."

The reform is moving on surely. It would be expected if those who believe in it would live up to it. As we have said before, one trouble is that people are good-natured, and when their friends want places under a new administration,—that is, places not vacant, and only to be made vacant by the demands of the office-seekers,—these good-natured people allow themselves to become part of the pressure for the places, by their recommendations and solicitations. It must sometimes look to the appointing powers as if the whole country rose up and demanded not civil-service reform, but positions in the civil service.

There is such a thing as rushing a reform ahead of public opinion, and thus injuring the reform; and there are many positions which are political in the true sense, and should be taken possession of by the party of the majority after every election. But it is the duty of every citizen to do his share in eliminating not only the spoils system, but the spoils idea, from politics; to press upon the authorities the necessity of continually extending the merit system, and of acting according to its spirit outside of the classified service. For it is no exaggeration to say that the evils of the spoils system are illustrated in every sinister career in the history of modern American politics; every disgraceful "success" is to

be laid at its doors; every corrupt ring has here its origin. It is the menace and enemy of honest administration in every community in the country; it degrades our legislatures, State and national; and the cause of good government triumphs only when this pernicious system is thwarted or overcome.

### Two Values of the Silver Dollar.

THE following letter of inquiry comes to us from a reader in Lincolnville, Kansas:

Your answer to a letter from Arkansas in the January number encourages me to ask a question in the hope of having it accorded similar courteous and instructive treatment. And it is with no hostile critical object that I ask it, for I am inclined to think your position on the money subject the right one. It is this: Why, if a 66-cent dollar will buy only 66 cents' worth of goods, can we go into any store in the land and, laying down five silver dollars, as readily get five dollars' worth of goods as if we had offered a five-dollar gold piece?

The reason why this can be done is because the country is on the gold standard, and the credit of the United States government is behind every silver dollar. Our inquiring friend in Lincolnville can take his five silver dollars to his local bank and ask to have them exchanged for five gold dollars, and the bank will grant him his request. The bank will do this because its officers know that they can send the silver dollars to their correspondent bank in the East and get gold dollars in exchange. The Eastern bank will oblige the Western one in this transaction because it in turn can effect a similar exchange with the United States Treasury. It is knowledge of the ability of the United States Treasury to do this which induces the local banks, and, through them, all tradespeople, to receive silver on equal terms with gold.

The United States government is able to do this only so long as the coinage of silver is limited, or only so long as the supply of gold in the Treasury is sufficient to meet all demands upon it. Unlimited coinage of silver, or very large currency inflation brought about by the issue of legal-tender notes by the Treasury in payment for silver bullion, tends to drive gold out of the country, and thus to diminish the Treasury supply. When this gold supply becomes so reduced that the Government can meet its obligations only by paying out its hoarded silver, and cannot exchange that silver on demand for gold, then the five silver dollars of our inquiring friend will drop instantly to their real value,—of about 64 cents each at this writing,—and he will be able to buy only \$3.20 worth of goods with them.

The drop from the gold to the silver standard would come with astounding suddenness at the very first whisper that the Government could no longer exchange silver dollars for gold dollars. The bank in Lincolnville, like the banks in every other part of the land, would get the news instantly, and from the banks it would spread to the tradesmen, who would instantly mark their prices up to the requirements of the silver standard—that is, more than a third above their former

level. The local tradesmen would have to do this because the merchants in all the large cities from whom they purchase their supplies would do it the moment the country slid from the gold standard. But while prices would be advanced instantly, wages of all kinds would advance at a much more moderate pace, and the result would be the same that it always is in such times of inflation—the wage-earner and the poor man generally would be the chief sufferers from the change.

The Government has two remedies at hand when its gold reserve—which it keeps in its treasury as a guarantee of its pledge to redeem its legal tenders in gold—begins to melt away. It can stop the issue of legal tenders, or it can issue gold bonds, which amounts to buying gold at a premium. In regard to the legal tenders, which have been issued on silver bullion purchases at the rate of 4,500,000 ounces per month since the passage of the Sherman Act of 1890, these can be stopped by the repeal of the act. Under that act the Government had, up to February 1 of the present year, bought 129,926,785 ounces of silver, paying therefor \$127,237,410, and issuing legal tenders to that amount. Under the Bland Act, which preceded the Sherman Act, the purchases cost \$305,135,497, making a total outlay for silver, during fifteen years, of \$432,372,907. The market value of this silver on January 25 of the present year was \$351,457,257, showing a total loss to the Government, since the silver purchases began, of \$80,915,650, or an average of more than \$5,000,000 a year.

To understand the difficulties which confront the Government in maintaining a gold standard, it should be borne in mind that since January 1, 1879, there had remained intact and undisturbed in the Treasury, down to the beginning of February last, a gold reserve of \$100,000,000, as a fund pledged substantially to the redemption of the outstanding legal-tender notes, or greenbacks, amounting to \$346,000,000. The addition of over \$331,000,000 in silver certificates to the volume of legal tenders, taken in connection with the Treasury notes and other outstanding Government promises, raises the total of such legal tenders and promises to \$813,000,000, for which there is a redemption fund of only \$100,000,000. For redemption purposes the millions of hoarded silver in the Treasury, coined and bullion, are of no use whatever. It could not be sold for gold, for the mere offering of it would start a panic in the silver-market, and send the price far below its present level. Its presence in the Treasury is a constant menace to the financial and industrial stability of the country, and to the welfare of the people. The continuation of the policy which has led to the accumulation benefits nobody, except the mine-owners who have silver to sell, and for whom the United States now generously creates a market at an annual expense to the American people of \$5,000,000. It would be much better for the country to pay them the five millions as an annual bounty, and stop taking the silver, for we should then escape the peril which is aggravated by every fresh issue of silver certificates.

#### Why Our Corrupt Practices Laws Fail.

THE first trial of the Massachusetts Corrupt Practices Act, which is unquestionably the best of the few similar laws thus far adopted in this country, revealed

many merits and several serious defects. As we pointed out in our discussion of this law in this department of *THE CENTURY* for November, 1892, it is an improvement on the New York law in several respects, notably in the requirements for sworn publication after election of all receipts and expenditures by campaign committees as well as by candidates. These requirements have proved valuable and effective in practice, for they gave to the public for the first time full, itemized accounts of the money which the State, county, city, and town committees received, the sources from which it came, and the uses to which it was put. This was valuable information for the public to receive, and the knowledge that the revelation must be made undoubtedly exercised a restraining and wholesome influence upon both contributors and dispensing agents.

The publication of the sworn returns of the two State committees of the leading political parties showed that the politicians in both had been quick to discover a defect which enabled them to conceal the sources of their largest contributions. The law requires full accounting for all contributions received inside the State, but for those coming from outside the State no such accounting is required. The returns of the committees showed that they had their heaviest contributors forward their money to the national committees at New York, which had in turn sent it back to the State committees at Boston. In this way it could be set down in the sworn returns as having come from the national committees. Thus the report of the Democratic State Committee showed an expenditure of \$53,000, of which \$23,000 was recorded as having been received from the National Democratic Committee, and the report of the Republican State Committee showed that of \$59,000 spent, \$23,000 had come from the Republican National Committee. No names of contributors were given for these amounts, so that the intent of the law in that particular was defeated. It is difficult to see what remedy there can be devised for this evasion, which is a practical one only in Presidential election years.

But a more serious defect in the law was revealed when its penalty clauses were examined. These impose a fine of one thousand dollars upon candidates, and the same fine, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, upon the treasurer of a committee, for violations of the law, but it is made nobody's duty to bring offenders to trial, or to enforce the law in any respect. This is a defect common to other American laws of the kind, and it is the one which is mainly responsible for their indifferent success in practice. Then, too, if by chance a successful candidate were to be convicted and fined, he would still be able to hold the office to which he was elected, a condition of things which would amount to a public scandal.

For guidance in remedying these and other defects, we must go to the English Corrupt Practices Act, the remarkable efficacy of which has been demonstrated anew by the contested cases growing out of the last parliamentary election. There was an unusual number of these cases, and they resulted in the unseating of five members. In each of these five cases the member was deprived of his seat for offenses which it would be impossible to prove under any existing American law. One member lost his seat, and was

disqualified from being again a candidate before the same constituency during the existing Parliament, because his son, who was acting as his agent, had made an "illegal payment" for 6000 hat-badges bearing the candidate's portrait, which had been distributed among the voters. Such expenditure is forbidden in the law, together with payments for "bands of music, torches, flags, banners, cockades, ribbons, or other marks of distinction," because in former times, before the enactment of the present law, vast sums used for corrupting the voters were set down as having been expended for these purposes, and it was feared that if such payments were not expressly forbidden the practice would be continued under the law. It is a noteworthy fact that in the county and town committee reports in Massachusetts, a very large proportion of the total expenditure is set down to "flags," "campaign uniforms and torches," and similar items.

Another of the English members was unseated, and disqualified as a candidate for seven years, because his agent had paid bills amounting to £326 for various "treats" to the electors, in the form of picnics, excursions, etc. His agent was fined £100, and disfranchised for five years. Another was unseated, and disqualified as a candidate during the existing Parliament, because his agents had been guilty of treating and corrupt practices, he bearing the consequences of their acts, though pronounced personally innocent of all knowledge or of complicity in them. His agents were condemned to pay the costs of the prosecution, and were disfranchised for five years. Two others lost their seats for districts in Ireland, and were disqualified for seven years, because the Catholic Church had exerted its spiritual power, through its priests, in their behalf.

All these English cases were brought into court under the provision of the law which enables any qualified elector to petition for the unseating of a candidate against whom illegal practices are charged. This makes the enforcement of the law an easy and assured thing, for practically all the electors of one party are lying in wait for the candidate of the opposite party, and are accumulating evidence for unseating him in case he carries the election by illegal methods. The law is so minute in its specifications of what acts constitute illegal offenses that the accumulation of incriminating evidence is a comparatively easy task, and the fact that all petitions are tried before a regular court of two judges makes a fair and non-partizan verdict certain. Nobody ever thinks of questioning the verdicts in these cases, any more than in non-political cases.

The lessons for Americans to draw from English experience are very plain. First, let us make our laws as specific, as comprehensive, and as rigorous as the English law. Let us also imitate it by placing a maximum limit to all expenditures. Then let us change our penalties upon offending candidates from fine and imprisonment, which experience has shown cannot be enforced, to loss of office, and disqualification to be again candidates for a period corresponding to the magnitude of the offense; and inflict upon offending agents and committeemen the penalties of fine and disfranchisement for a definite period. Finally, let us give every qualified voter the privilege of filing petitions for the purpose of bringing offenders to trial.

When these things shall have been done, we shall still need to take a further step before the reform will be complete: we must have the decision of all contested election cases transferred from our legislative bodies to the courts. In this way alone can we have a penalty of loss of office enforced against successful legislative candidates who violate the law. In other words, we cannot hope for thorough reform unless we adopt thorough measures for bringing it about. If we continue to adopt half-way, defective, and ill-considered measures, what reason have we for either surprise or discouragement when they prove partial or complete failures in practice? Should they prove anything else, there would be genuine cause for wonder.

#### American Boys and American Labor.

SHALL American boys be permitted to learn trades, and, having learned them, shall they be permitted to work at them? These are apparently simple questions, and the answering of them is an apparently simple matter. Most persons thus interrogated would reply at once: "Certainly they should. Why do you ask such unnecessary questions?" We ask them because under the present conditions of trade instruction and employment in this country the American boy has no rights which organized labor is bound to respect. He is denied instruction as an apprentice, and if he be taught his trade in a trade school, he is refused admission to nearly all the trade-unions, and is boycotted if he attempts to work as a non-union man. The questions of his character and skill enter into the matter only to discriminate against him. All the trade-unions of the country are controlled by foreigners, who comprise the great majority of their members. While they refuse admission to the trained American boy, they admit all foreign applicants with little or no regard to their training or skill. In fact, the doors of organized labor in America, which are closed and barred against American boys, swing open, wide and free, to all foreign comers. Labor in free America is free to all save the sons of Americans.

These are neither idle nor exaggerated statements. They are sober, solemn truths, expressed with studied moderation. So-called American labor to-day is a complete misnomer, as far as the trades are concerned. How has it come about that the United States, alone among the nations of the earth, has not merely surrendered possession of her field of mechanical labor to foreigners, but acquiesces when the foreign possessors exclude from that field her own sons?

THE CENTURY has been so strongly impressed with the evils of this anomalous situation, so unjust to American boys and so fraught with danger to the national welfare, that it has instituted a thorough inquiry into the causes which have produced it. The results of this inquiry will be set forth in subsequent articles, each devoted to a particular phase of the question. It will be shown that the two great causes have been the passing away of the old apprentice system, and the enormous immigration to this country from all parts of Europe. It will be shown that all the trade-unions of this country are controlled by men of foreign birth; that nearly all of them have such rules against the employing of apprentices that American boys can no longer, in any of the large cities of the country, learn a trade



by working in shops with journeymen; that such boys as learn trades in trade schools are refused admission to the unions not because they are not well taught, but because they have not served apprenticeship according to union rules, and are boycotted and persecuted if they attempt to work as non-union men.

It will be shown also that while the unions combine in this effective conspiracy against American boys, they admit freely to their organizations foreign workmen who have not served full apprenticeships, and who have only a slight knowledge of their crafts, and instruct them to a fuller knowledge while obtaining for them full pay as journeymen. It will be shown also that the bulk of foreign laborers who come to America are the poorest of their trades in Europe, the best workmen always finding abundant work and satisfactory pay at home; that in addition to being indifferent workmen, they are in many instances men of inferior moral training and instincts, frequently of turbulent and anti-social proclivities and practices, and are often without sympathy for American institutions, and have no regard whatever for the country's welfare. It will be shown also that in addition to the foreign laborers who take up their abode here and possess the field, there are many thousands of others who come here in every busy season, work while that season lasts, and return to their homes when it is ended. It will be shown that while these "harvesters," as they are called, are admitted to the unions and are given work on equal terms with union members, the union authorities refuse American boys as apprentices and journeymen on the ground that the labor-market is crowded, and the interests of labor will be harmed if Americans are allowed to come in.

We shall set forth these and other points with evidence drawn from official and other authentic sources, and shall illustrate them with incidents and occurrences drawn from actual experience. Our object in so doing will be to call public attention to what we believe to be a question of paramount national importance. Statistics show that one fifth of our able-

bodied male population are engaged in the mechanic arts, and are what are known as skilled workmen. This great body ought to be one of the most conservative and steadfast elements in our system of popular government. In the earlier days of the republic the American mechanic was everywhere known as one of the sturdiest representatives of American character. He was an honest man, a good workman, a loyal, faithful citizen. To-day he is an almost extinct species. As a nation we lead the world in mechanical skill, yet we are the only nation in the world that has almost ceased to produce its own mechanics. We not only take the great mass of ours from other countries, but we accept their poorest specimens, and, having accepted them, we allow them to control the field against our own sons.

The consequences of this policy, already momentous, are destined to become more so as time advances. We are not only bringing up our sons in idleness, not only depriving our experiment in popular government of the invaluable support of a great body of conservative citizens of American birth, but we are accepting in place of such a body one that is composed of and controlled by men of foreign birth, whose instincts and character are not merely non-American, but oftentimes anti-American. This body, acting frequently as a unit throughout the country, is able to paralyze all business and industry, and to bring the nation itself almost to the brink of social revolution and industrial war. Is it not time that Americans began to think seriously of these things? Have not the developments of the past few years in the so-called conflicts between capital and labor been portentous enough to give pause to all patriotic Americans? Could anything else have been reasonably expected from a policy which is so full of injustice to our own countrymen, and consequently so humiliating to us as a people? Is there any remedy save in a reversal of that policy? These are questions which we shall consider and answer in subsequent articles, beginning with one in an early number upon the present condition of the apprentice system.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### What the Phonograph will do for Music and Music-Lovers.

LOOKING at the phonograph from the point of view of a person professionally interested in music, I cannot see room for doubting the tremendous rôle which this extraordinary invention is to play in the future of music and musicians. Few people seem to realize that the phonograph, even in its present stage,—which is admitted to be one of imperfection as compared with what may be expected before many years have passed,—has really title to be called a musical instrument. My own skill with the phonograph is certainly not that of an expert, and yet I get no little enjoyment from the dance-music and the operatic fantasias which it reels off in the evening for the amusement of the family, while people less pampered than I am in the matter of music are filled with enthusiasm over its performances. It is really music, and not a mere suggestion of music. The different instruments employed are per-

fectly distinct, while the time is of course perfect. Taking, for instance, a chord of the piano, not only are the notes of the chord heard, but the after-vibrations, lasting for several seconds. When a small funnel is used to magnify the sound, every person in a large room can hear distinctly, and the music is almost loud enough to be used for dancing. In one of the phonograms, as the wax cylinders are called, the rounds of applause, the hand-clapping, the pounding of canes upon the floor, which followed the spirited performance of a popular melody at Mr. Edison's Orange laboratory, have been allowed to appear, making most people start with amazement as, after the last chords have died away, come these sharp cries of "Bravo!" and the confused rattle of applause from the audience.

Such being the case,—and every musician familiar with the musical doings of the phonograph will admit that the foregoing is a moderate statement,—what may the phonograph, as a music-maker and -teacher, not do

for the world? Bear in mind that these phonograms do not deteriorate by constant use, the same music coming out the hundredth time as perfectly as the first; also that, by the duplication through a special electrotyping process, facsimiles of a good phonogram can be made in large numbers at almost nominal cost. If each phonogram turned out required the actual performance of music for its production, the output would be restricted and costly; it would be like setting anew the type for every copy of a book. Again, if the phonogram could be used only a few times, as was the case with the zinc-foil sheets used in the crude form of the instrument, the apparatus would remain a toy for the rich. Conceding its power of musical reproduction by means of wax cylinders, which are both cheap and lasting, the imagination may run riot without exhausting the field opened before one. Besides giving musical pleasure past present computation to the million, it will do wonders for the musician. First, it will offer the composer a means of indicating his wishes concerning time and expression compared with which the metronome and all printed directions and expression-marks of the present are but the clumsiest of makeshifts. Secondly, it will become a great teacher of music, as even the phonographic echo of the piano, of singing, or of orchestral work, will be sufficient to furnish pupils with precise models. In the third place, it offers a means for solving tone problems too delicate for the powers of the human ear, and heretofore beyond solution.

At Herr von Bülow's farewell concert in this country, two years ago, a phonograph was employed to make a record of the whole concert, and particular care was taken with Beethoven's symphony, the "Eroica." The learned conductor left the country before the phonograms, the results of the evening's work, could be prepared for his hearing, but these results surprised and delighted a host of musical experts. Musicians of repute have confessed to me that, whereas they had looked upon the stories concerning the phonograph's musical achievements with incredulity, what they heard far surpassed the promises made by the advocates of the invention, and showed possibilities for the device as a help to the musician of the future which would set every musician a-dreaming. It may be granted without discussion that the phonographic record of our music will give for all future time the exact wishes of our composers and performers with regard to *tempi*, shades of expression, phrasing, dynamic gradations, and all the niceties of interpretation which no written marks, however minute, can begin to convey. The metronome has until now been the only means of marking the time or pace at which a composition is intended to be played by the composer. As contrasted with the phonographic guide to correct time, it is crude enough. The worst phonograph will at least give a faithful record of the exact time of a piece, and for every bar—in fact, the exact length of every note in the score. The experiments made with the records of piano-playing show that, so far as accuracy is concerned, no limit can be placed upon its possibilities as an echo. Every minute change of time, every shade of expression, is heard in the echo as plainly as in the original. It is no exaggeration to say that an expert can distinguish between the playing of two pianists as reproduced in the phonograph.

There are certain things about piano-playing—indeed, about all musical performances—that cannot be

taught. Pianists, violinists, and singers are apt to surpass themselves under certain conditions, due perhaps to the applause of a great audience, perhaps to peculiar personal conditions favorable to artistic expression. Effects are produced which escape analysis, and cannot be reproduced at will or for the benefit of pupils. The artist may not ever be able to do again what has been done once, and the exact elements or constituents of an effect are lost. The niceties of phrasing cannot be indicated by written marks; they must be left to the musical instinct or intelligence of the singer or player; yet expressive phrasing constitutes an important element of all fine musical work. The half-dozen notes of a bar may each one have a different length and different power, and yet be all alike on paper. If we can obtain at trifling cost a perfect echo of any musical performance, it is highly probable that, when the phonograph is found in every house, a phonographic version of every piece of music will accompany the printed sheet. The latter will give the actual notes, while the phonogram will give the reading of some great player. Or, perhaps, inasmuch as the phonograms can be reproduced for almost nothing, the readings of half a dozen artists will follow the printed page. For instance, the music-shops might sell with Beethoven's pianoforte concertos the phonographic readings of the same concertos by Rubinstein, Bülow, and Saint-Saëns. The whole need not cost more than a few cents, so far as the phonograms are concerned.

Some persons have expressed a fear lest the wide distribution of an apparatus capable of echoing all sorts of music, in a more perfect fashion than any music-box, might lead to the gradual extinction of piano-playing or violin-playing except for purposes of public exhibition, the phonographic echo of some great performer's work being so much superior to what most people could hope to accomplish. It seems to me that the contrary would be the result. Cheap phonographs, giving more or less perfect echoes of music, might make superfluous the painful attempts—painful to others as well as to herself—of the unmusical young woman to master impossibilities. To the person of real musical instinct and capacity, the wealth of good music would certainly prove an incentive. When the phonograph goes everywhere, and phonographic music is cheap, the housewife can listen to Rubinstein as she darns the stockings in the evening, and get superb lessons at the great fountains of musical art, if she has any taste that way. There is no reason to suppose that it will be any more difficult to record a performance of "Die Meistersinger" than a recitation by Coquelin, or a Beethoven symphony under Bülow's baton. There is a good time coming for the poor man of good taste.

An interesting question, perhaps to be solved by means of the phonograph, concerns the differences between a good and a bad performance, whether of a piano piece or of an opera. It has often been remarked that a particular performance "would not go." In the case of a soloist's work, failure to produce the desired effect might be attributed to the shortcomings of the soloist. But operas and plays sometimes fail signally when, according to all rules, they ought to succeed. Every music-lover will remember certain performances which ought to have been superb, but were nothing of the kind. Opera-goers of the city of New York will be pretty sure to cite the memorable performance of "Faust" which

opened the Metropolitan Opera-House in the autumn of 1883—memorable because of its bitter disappointments. A faithful phonographic record of that performance contrasted with a record of some of the succeeding successful performances of "Faust" by the same artists might disclose interesting features. It might show that success, or artistic effect, lay in taking one part of this chorus a trifle slower and another part a trifle faster, in emphasizing the bass part here or the soprano part there.

A few years ago there was a performance of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" that was also curiously ineffective. The opera had already been given half a dozen times that season with remarkable success; it was the musical achievement of the winter. A repetition was announced for the last night of the year, and the house was well filled. The singers were those who had already made so great a success in Wagner's masterpiece—Fräuleins Lehmann and Brandt, Herren Niemann, Fischer, and Robinson. The conductor was Herr Seidl. Yet long before the evening was over people wondered what the matter was. It may be suspected that the audience was tired out with Christmas shopping, and that the singers, finding no response to their efforts, grew discouraged and careless; the anti-Wagnerite may hint that after six performances of "Tristan," the long-suffering public turned upon its persecutors. But every one cannot have been tired out that New Year's eve. Every one's dinner cannot have gone wrong. Whatever the cause, whether the trouble was in the auditors or the performance, Herr Seidl was thoroughly discontented with the results, and one devoted Wagnerite, who had been known to rave over "Tristan" by the hour, said to me as we passed out of the Opera-House, "I feel as if I do not care to hear 'Tristan' again for the next ten years." A fortnight later there was another performance of "Tristan," which was as conspicuous for success as the one just mentioned had been for failure. A careful comparison of the phonographic records of these two performances might have shown wherein the fault lay. As the sublime is very near the ridiculous, so the impressive performance may be very near the dismal failure—only the phonograph, with its minute and faithful record, faithful beyond the power of human perceptions, can tell us how near.

The phonograph as a musical educator offers encouragement to the composer. His work, if it has value, will be known to millions where now it is known to thousands, and it will not take a generation for its worth to be recognized. It was not until twenty years after the production of "Tristan" that we New-Yorkers were enabled to hear its wondrous beauties; and the masterwork of the high priest of musical art, Wagner's "Nibelung" trilogy, was not heard here until more than ten years after all musical Europe had been ringing with it. In a very few years I fully expect to receive from Europe not only written accounts of the new operas of Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, but phonograms enabling me to hear them from end to end. As the wide distribution of literature which followed the cheap books of modern times has helped the author to a living income, so this wide distribution of music through the phonograph will probably do the same thing for the composer of good music. Then the future Wagner may perhaps receive as much for the

composition of a music-drama as the author of another "Silver Threads Among the Gold" gets for his gibberish—which has not been the way in our day.

*Philip G. Hubert, Jr.*

#### Indians Who Deserve Pensions.

I SAW recently in one of our prominent magazines a reference to what the writer was pleased to call the "murder" of Sitting Bull, the great Sioux medicine chief, who was for so many years the mainspring of hostility to the United States among the Dakota tribes, being even a greater bane to his own people than to ours.

Of course to speak of Sitting Bull's killing as "murder" is a piece of simple hysterics. Sitting Bull had always been an arch-plotter and stirrer-up of mischief. In the fall of 1890 various causes combined to bring about a condition of extreme unrest among the Sioux in North and South Dakota. Some of them were due to our own governmental mismanagement, notably to the parsimony of Congress in cutting down the needed appropriations for the Indian service, and to the working of the spoils system in thoroughly disorganizing the agency service. The main fault, however, was with the Indians themselves, or rather with that large minority of them constituting the heathen and hostile party. Among these an epidemic of ghost-dancing broke out, the leaders prophesying that a Messiah would shortly arise through whose agency the Indians would be restored to power and the whites swept off the face of the earth. Fierce, superstitious, fickle, and suspicious savages can very easily be thrown into a state of mind which inevitably results in war—a war certain to end in their own ultimate ruin, and only too apt in the mean while to entail untold suffering upon all the friendly Indians and all the white settlers roundabout. In this case the prompt action of the Government, and the skill with which large masses of troops were handled, together with the unflinching loyalty of the Indian police, and the fact that the majority of the Sioux remained steadfast in their attitude of peace, brought the war to a close with comparatively little loss of life. As always happens in an Indian contest, some of the lives lost were those of innocent non-combatants on the one hand, and of men the community could ill afford to spare on the other.

It is, however, a matter for congratulation, so long as lives had to be lost at all, that Sitting Bull's was one of the number. In 1890 he was active in fomenting the discontent, and was the most influential of the powerful chiefs who were inciting the reckless young men to hostilities. As the outbreak drew to a head, he gathered around him a band of hostiles on the Standing Rock reservation, and took up a position some forty miles from the military post, declining to come in. When it was learned positively that he intended to take all of the young men who were willing to go on the war-path, and to march overland to join the ghost-dancers at Pine Ridge, the commander, after consulting with the agent (who was himself one of the best agents in the service, with a long experience in dealing with Indians), decided to try to arrest him. Hoping to accomplish the arrest without bloodshed, it was arranged that it should be made by a party of the Indian police, a small battalion of white troops following some miles in



the rear, merely to give assistance if the police were endangered. A bloody skirmish followed. I give the facts concerning it as I gathered them from conversation with a number of Indians who were present at the fight, including both Indian policemen and members of the hostile party. For corroboration of their accounts I refer to the report of Captain Fechet of the Eighth Cavalry, commanding the battalion which came to the rescue of the Indian police.

The police, under the command of Lieutenant Bull Head, entered Sitting Bull's camp, or village, about daybreak on December 15, arrested Sitting Bull in his house, and were immediately surrounded by several times their number of furious hostile Indians. They used no violence, and did their best to persuade Sitting Bull to go with them quietly and without resistance. At first it seemed likely that he would do so; but the hostiles, including his own son, kept calling to him, and taunting him, and demanding that he ask them to rescue him. After going a few steps quietly with the police, he stopped, and began to call out to his followers to come to his assistance; and one of the latter, named Catch The Bear, shot the lieutenant of police, Bull Head. The latter immediately, and properly, killed Sitting Bull, and a desperate fight ensued, the police getting possession of the village, while the hostile Indians surrounded them under the cover of the adjoining woods and hills, and kept them prisoners until themselves driven off two hours later by the approach of the white troops. Eight of the hostile Indians were killed, including Sitting Bull, Catch The Bear, and Sitting Bull's son, Crow Foot. Seven of the Indian police were killed or mortally wounded, including their gallant leader.

The hostile Indians whom I questioned, and who had been present at the fight, substantially agreed to this account, although some of them asserted that the Indian police fired first, while others said that both the police and hostiles fired together. All agreed, however, that Sitting Bull was shot while resisting arrest, and while inciting his followers to rescue him from the hands of the police; and all agreed that he at first went quietly with the police, but was taunted by his son and other Indians until he halted, refused to go further, and began to call for help. A curious instance of the spread of our habits of thought among the Indians is to be seen in the fact that all those I interviewed, including both Indian policemen and members of the hostile party, were particular to request me to keep their names out of the papers, lest it should bring them into trouble.

Recapitulating, the testimony shows that in the first place Sitting Bull was inciting the heathen party to outbreak, so that his arrest was a matter of absolute necessity in the interests of the public peace; secondly, that with due warrant of law the Indian police tried to arrest him, acting without violence until forced to take arms in self-defense; and thirdly, that Sitting Bull was shot while resisting arrest and inciting his followers to rescue him, and only after one of the latter had himself shot the commander of the police. The killing was not only a most righteous deed, but was absolutely inevitable, and very beneficial in its results. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the loyalty and courage of the Indian police engaged, and I most earnestly wish that Congress would see that

the relatives of those who were killed while thus manfully doing their duty (in the interests not only of their own people, but of all the white settlers) should receive some pension or other reward. No white veteran, of no matter what war, can have a better claim on the Government.

*Theodore Roosevelt.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 2, 1893.

#### A Hint in Municipal Reform.

Now that America is beginning to take an outside interest in her municipal institutions,—by an outside interest I mean a ratepayer's interest,—it would be worth while to investigate the various independent organizations through which English taxpayers control their civic representatives.

There are no more useful institutions in England than the Ratepayers' Protection Associations, that watch over the work and expenses of vestries and corporations, and at election times bring to bear upon the polls a powerful influence for the general good of wards, parishes, or boroughs, irrespective of politics. What American cities lack, it seems to me, is an earnest and practical interest in the doings of local governments. In England the ratepayers look into the expenditure of their representatives, consider every new movement belonging to the management of streets, sewers, pavements, all questions of improvement, and, indeed, every act of their local legislatures; and by public meetings, pamphlets, or the newspaper press expose any attempt at jobbery, or check any misdirected civic energy.

It is by the aid of such independent associations as these that the municipal machine in England works efficiently, not for cliques, not for "bosses," but for the people; and it is through the coöperation of the representatives of the ratepayers in the local legislatures with the societies outside that it has been possible for the municipalities to become the owners of the gas-works and water-works of various towns and cities. In this respect Bradford, Birmingham, and other great towns in the provinces are ahead of London; but the metropolis will eventually have to buy up the water and gas services. I can speak especially of Bradford, where the citizens not only are the owners of their gas and water, but get these commodities cheap, and still have a profit for the reduction of taxation.

I once discussed these subjects with a great New York merchant, who said: "The fact is, I pay city taxes for my street to be swept, and also for my premises to be watched; but all the same I pay, with others of my neighbors, a private cleaner and a private watchman. Why don't I see after the city's expenditure of the rates I pay? Why don't I combine with my neighbors and get up a ratepayers' protection society? Have n't time; would rather pay five or six hundred dollars a year for nothing than be bothered with trying to stop stealing."

What I would desire to emphasize is the fact that the American ratepayer, the American shopkeeper, merchant, and private citizen, take no part, as a matter of duty, in seeing that the men whom they elect to municipal power properly fulfil their obligations to their constituents; and they fail to organize themselves into independent representative bodies in opposition to the encroachments, not to say outrages, of mere capital.

Most English cities not only own their gas- and water-works, but are proprietors of the local cemeteries and horse-cars. Some of them own real estate, all control their police, and recently, by a new act of Parliament, have acquired power to buy land to be let to the people for gardening, in small allotments. I am writing without any means of reference at hand as to these privileges of the local legislatures; but they have many which are not dreamed of elsewhere; and they are rendered possible because the ratepayers are jealous of their liberties, and look after the proper administration of their affairs.

Joseph Hatton.

"Better United States Senators."

PERMIT me to call your attention to a not very material error in your interesting and timely article entitled, "How Can We Secure Better United States Senators?" in the March CENTURY. Speaking of the equal power of the States in the Senate, your writer says:

The smaller States will never consent to any diminution of their power, and as such diminution could be brought about only by a constitutional amendment, for the adoption of which a vote of three fourths of all the States would be necessary, they could defeat it easily.

The foregoing might have been put much more strongly, for, according to the Constitution, an amendment of the class suggested must have the acquiescence of every State whose representation would be reduced before it can become a part of our Constitution.

Article V. of the Constitution, after providing that amendments may be made by the concurrence of three fourths of the States, contains two exceptions. The first relates to the clause permitting the importation of slaves until 1808, and is therefore no longer in force; the second provides

that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

Having ventured this much in criticism, let me add my belief that the subject is one of much importance, and intimately connected with the future welfare of the nation.

If there is any objection to the mode suggested of electing senators by the popular vote of the States which they are to represent, it is that this might foster a tendency to magnify the office at the expense of State officers voted for on the same ticket. It might happen that in a contest where both a senator and State officers were to be elected, the interest in the rivalry for the senatorship would so overshadow that in the governorship that it would leave a popular impression that to be the governor of a single State is insignificant in importance compared with a seat in the smaller branch of the national legislature. Further, such contests would offer new opportunities for the exercise of the arts of practical politics in trading votes for State officers in return for those for senator, and *vice versa*. These objections could, however, be met by holding elections for State and national officers on separate dates, which, with the further separation of those for municipal officers from either, is, I believe, a remedy for many of the evils at present so apparent.

Certainly no one who compares the *personnel* of the

present Senate with those of former days, when it was the arena of such titanic combats as those between Webster and Hayne, can doubt that there is somewhere a serious evil requiring on the part of patriotic men an earnest and thoughtful effort to discover the true remedy. In bringing about this result, and in directing the attention of serious men to the existence of the evil, I am assured your article will be of great benefit.

H. Turner Newcomb.

An American Theater in London.

IT seems at first thought an odd coincidence that in this summer of 1893, when the best players of England and France are coming to this side of the Atlantic, and the art of the whole world, plastic, graphic, and dramatic, is expected to find a center, for the time being, at Chicago, the first American theater will be established in London. The foremost dramatic company of the United States—that organized and controlled by Mr. Augustin Daly—will, indeed, spend the greater part of the Columbian year in the capital of Great Britain. Without arguing too curiously, this may be considered a part, and an important part too, of our great national celebration; for it will serve to exhibit to many Englishmen who will not see the Chicago Fair the progress made in at least one branch of American art. Englishmen already know how good of its kind is the work of Mr. Daly and his players, what fine taste and skill are shown alike in the selection and production of the plays in the Daly repertory, and how well the players, guided by the ablest and most energetic stage director American actors ever had, contrive to give the lightest possible touch to the performance of modern farce and comedy, while in their treatment of the old masterworks they make poetry seem real, and yet do not crush the flower of it, or make discord of its melody.

The players of Daly's have acted in old and new comedy in London five seasons since 1884, and the great and growing success of these experimental visits has led to the building, in historic Leicester Square, in the neighborhood of many other popular playhouses, of the new Daly's Theater. The exquisite harmony of the acting of the troupe, in which Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mr. Lewis are prominent members, has been cordially appreciated also in other cities of the British Isles, and in Paris and Berlin as well. There is no doubt of the warmth of the greeting they will get when they formally open, in June, their luxuriously appointed new theater, which hereafter they are to occupy half of every year.

This establishment in London of an international theater was inevitable, and Mr. Daly, above all other American managers, was the one to do it. For a quarter of a century he has been a theater manager in New York, and he has produced plays as a true artist paints his pictures, because he has felt those were the plays he ought to produce. He has thought of something besides money gains, and he has not missed substantial pecuniary rewards either, which surely proves that the theater-going public is not, collectively, such a fool as some managers think. The last season at Daly's Theater in New York reflected much honor on the American stage. The succession of poetical comedy revivals, beginning in December and ending in April,

and comprising works of Shakspeare, Sheridan, J. S. Knowles, Hannah Cowley, and Tennyson, all with pictorial settings of rare beauty and appropriateness, and with acting often of the highest order, and always excellently discreet and well finished, gave such satisfaction to cultivated men and women as they do not commonly get in the theater of to-day.

*Edward A. Dithmar.*

#### A Friend of the Kindergarten.

*Died:* In Dresden, January 9, in her 82d year, Madame the Baroness de Marenholz-von Bülow.

THIS honored name has for many years been identified with the most progressive educational movement on the Continent, and also, through her writings, with the work in our own country.

Of noble birth and a most influential family, possessed of a rare intelligence united with an intense desire for practical usefulness in the cause she so dearly loved, it is not strange that the womanly intuition and perception of Madame von Marenholz should at once feel the power of Froebel's idea. In her "Reminiscences of Froebel" (translated by the late Mrs. Horace Mann), one finds a most delightful account of her first meeting with Froebel, and the quick grasp of the underlying thought of the old master's play with the little children in the meadow, which to the uninitiated was "foolishness," but to her was a key to the right understanding and development of humanity.

Through the influence of the baroness many of the most prominent educators in Prussia were made willing converts, and most heartily upheld Froebel's ideas of a "new education."

The edict in 1851 prohibiting the kindergarten in Prussia, because of its "socialistic and atheistic tendencies," was a sore trial to all of Froebel's friends; the more so, as the pamphlet which contained the dangerous germs feared by the Government was not written by Froebel, nor was it in any way authorized or indorsed by him.

Foremost among the noble little army whose faith in the cause never wavered, was Madame the Baroness, whose unremitting endeavors, especially with the minister of the "new era," finally succeeded in the abrogation of this law.

Madame von Marenholz has left many valuable works on education. Among the best-known are the "Reminiscences of Froebel," "The Child and its Nature" (translated by Alice M. Christie; also a "free" rendering of the same by Mme. M. H. Kriege), "Education by Work" (translated into English by Mrs. Horace Mann; also translated into Russian, French, and Italian), besides many most valuable contributions to educational and philosophical journals. Of one of her conversations with Froebel the baroness writes:

As we were speaking of the future life, he said: "Just as we know that the sun only apparently goes round the earth, and that the converse is true, so we shall some time know that the present life and the other life lie in the same universe, in which there is no real separation, and in which everywhere there exists the closest and most unbroken connection. Think of my words — separation is only for union there."

*A. H. P.*

CHICAGO, February 12, 1893.

#### The Kindergarten in Canada.

MR. WILLIAMS did not name Canada in his admirable article in the January CENTURY as one of the countries that have adopted the kindergarten. Canada has really taken a very advanced position in regard to the kindergarten. The province of Ontario was the first place in the world to make the kindergarten an organic part of its state system of education. Twelve years ago I had the honor of being appointed a commissioner by the Education Department of Ontario to prepare a report on the kindergarten system. In 1881 the Toronto Public-School Board decided to adopt the kindergarten, and there are now in Toronto thirty-five kindergartens, with an attendance of 2275. The Public-School Board provides all material used, and pays the kindergartners, so that the kindergarten is as free as any other part of the public-school system.

Five years ago the Education Department of Ontario made the kindergarten a part of the public-school system of the province. All training-classes are conducted under the direction of the department, and all assistants and directresses have to be examined by a provincial board of examiners. A special grant is made by the Government for kindergarten attendance. There are training-classes for kindergartners under governmental supervision in Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Brantford, and London, and the system has been introduced by the school-boards of several other cities and towns throughout Ontario. The kindergarten department is recognized as one of the regular departments of the Provincial Teachers' Association.

In the other provinces the kindergarten is being established — in Montreal, Winnipeg, St. John, and Truro.

Mrs. Ada Marean Hughes of Toronto has been chosen to preside at the World's Kindergarten Congress in Chicago this year.

*James L. Hughes,*  
*Inspector of Schools.*

TORONTO.

#### California's Presidential Electors.

In our editorial article in the March number on "Direct Presidential Voting," it was stated that the failure of one Cleveland elector in California was due to the greater personal popularity of one elector on the Harrison ticket. We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. J. F. Thompson, the Cleveland elector referred to, and take pleasure in presenting his explanation of the failure of his candidacy. Mr. Thompson says:

I was nominated for the elector at large, and by all rules of right and of precedent should have had my name at the head of the electoral ticket; but through an oversight or blunder on the part of our State Central Committee, our electors' names were not arranged as they should have been, and the Secretary of State placed them on the ticket in alphabetical order, my name being last. Under the Australian system of voting, requiring each voter to stamp names voted for, the last two or three names on each ticket suffered, the last one being cut the most. I lost in the entire State 311 votes, or ran that many votes behind the head name on the ticket. In practically the same vote, Mr. Hanscom, the last Republican elector, lost over 500, or ran 529 votes behind the head name on his ticket. This came about in part by some voters placing only one stamp-mark after the group, some after the first name, others at or near the middle of the tickets,



and having that vote counted for only the man opposite whose name it was placed.

Mr. Thompson adds:

Mr. Bard did not defeat me on account of his great popularity. He is an estimable and wealthy gentleman of Ventura, and ran only a few votes ahead of his ticket at home; but many a voter placed the stamp after his name, intending to vote for all the Republican electors, and in some cases they were counted only for Mr. Bard. Thus he ran over two hundred votes ahead of the other members of his ticket. The system of voting is defective, and the Electoral College is also a cumbersome and useless appendage to a system that should be changed to allow a direct vote for President by the people.

Mr. Thompson's explanation gives us a view of the matter not accessible at the time of the preparation of our article, the reports from California at

that time having given basis for the theory of the editorial.

#### A Psychological Suggestion.

I HAVE received a letter from a Mr. D. L. Merrill of Union City, Michigan, which suggests an idea worthy of preservation. It is that the cases of double consciousness, such as I related, are simply instances of "twins," in which, instead of there being born two minds and two bodies, joined together, as in the case of the Siamese twins, two minds have been born into different parts of the same body, and that sometimes one mind gets ahead, and sometimes the other.

Trusting that your psychological readers will be stimulated to renewed studies by this novel and interesting thought, I remain yours truly,

H. C. Wood.

1925 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

### Reflections on Adversity.

GRIEF that is wild is not so serious a matter as the tame grief which follows the footsteps and rests in the bosom.

THE wisest of us do a great deal more grieving over vanished joys than we do of rejoicing over vanished griefs.

SWEET are the uses of adversity; but a superfluity of sweets is unwholesome.

WHAT seems to be adversity to you may look like prosperity in the eyes of another. The clay in the hands of the potter considers itself the mere tool of fortune; yet it is envied by the clay in the hands of the clay-eater.

IF you cannot learn to swim, learn to float; many have been drowned in the waters of affliction in plain sight of solid land.

ADVERSITY is not undiluted disagreeableness. Even adverse criticism gives pleasure to the writer.

IN this world we shall have tribulation; in the next world we shall have opportunities for wondering why we gave it a seat at the head of the table.

IT is true that life is short, but one may always have the consolation of making a long face over it.

WHEN poverty comes in at the door, love takes the pattern of her garment, and thinks it will not be so unbecoming, after all.

*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

### The Frig.

THOUGH genius clad you with a golden mist,  
For him your verses would but lamely stammer  
If in their texture should by chance exist  
One least, unholy blemish of bad grammar.

Vainly for him the powers you would unite  
Of Shakspeare, Dante, Molière, Lope de Vega,  
If, quoting Greek, you once presumed to write  
An omicron in place of an omega!

*Edgar Fawcett.*

### Michael Will Not Be In It.

(A ST. PATRICK'S DAY EPIC.)

TO-MORROW will be the parade,  
The parade of St. Patrick —  
St. Patrick's day parade.  
There will be many bands of music,  
Horses gaily caparisoned,  
File after file of Hibernians,  
Mile after mile of high beavers;  
Patrick and Lawrence,  
Peter and Terence,  
They will all be there.  
But Michael —  
Michael will not be in the parade.

They will march through Canal street, through Hester,  
Through the Bowery, through Grand street —  
Oh, how the Grand street girls — grand girls! — would  
admire Michael!

For he is handsome and stalwart.  
But Michael —  
Michael will not be in the parade.

Michael's father was an army contractor.  
Michael is rich, and can do as he pleases.  
He loves fair women;  
He is a leader of men.  
He has a black horse, an Arabian charger;  
No man who will march on the morrow  
Would look so imposing as Michael.  
But Michael —  
Michael will not be in the parade.

For he, is he not a Russian?  
Does he not live in St. Petersburg?  
How has he ever heard of St. Patrick?  
No; Michael —  
Michaelovitch Papoff —  
He will not be in the parade!

*Charles Battell Loomis.*

## Saints and Sinners.

THE same clear ray of light that paints  
The windows full of holy saints,  
Be sure it fails not in its search  
To find the sinners in the church.

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

## The Decline of Profanity.

It is reported of a dignitary of the Church that once in a moment of severe trial, he expressed the opinion that the House of Bishops had neglected its duty, in that it had not prepared an appropriate form of imprecation to be used on extraordinary occasions. I suppose it conceivable that persons bound by the conventions of organized religious bodies sometimes feel at a certain disadvantage through the interdiction laid upon them from expressing acute annoyance or even indignation or detestation by the use of "language" that laymen permit themselves, however impiously, with practical immunity from open rebuke.

But the curious fact is that this disadvantage is likely to be felt only by English-speaking men. No Frenchman would be conscious of it, and, of course, no woman of standing in any civilized race. It would be an interesting speculation, perhaps too tempting to be safe, whether the habit of profanity, in its two quite distinct branches of "swearing" and "cursing," goes with more pronounced energy and rudeness of character, and is absent where these are absent. The English races have it; the Germans have it, perhaps in less degree; the Latin races have hardly a trace of it; and women do not have it at all. I have sometimes fancied that it went with the Hebrew Scriptures, which may have furnished the ideas of which profanity is the perverted expression. But that is a question far too deep for these pages. The point I should like to note is that the habit is dying out. It was, within the memory of those who do not like to think themselves old, very common. I have heard, on what I am sure is trustworthy authority, of a clergyman of the last generation who, summoned to breakfast while at his morning devotions, turned upon the unfortunate messenger with the exclamation: "— you! How dare you interrupt my prayers!" Much less extreme instances are known to many of us which would now be simply impossible. Are we becoming more pious? That is not the general impression. Is the fiber of the race softening? That is often maintained, but I do not think successfully. The civil war is there to disprove it for Americans, at least. Or are we, as Frenchmen and women did long ago, learning more adequately to master the resources of our own tongue, and becoming independent of this crude and rather stupid—to call it nothing worse—device?

*Edward Cary.*

## The Contributor's Dream.

WE scribblers are human, and sometimes cross;  
Besides, I'd been up all night;  
And I thought with gloom on the probable fate  
Of the story I could n't write.

I thought, and nodded, and fell asleep,  
With my head on that spotless page;  
And I dreamed a dream of the editor  
As he 'll be in the Golden Age.

I dreamed that I knocked at the editor's door,  
And at once there did appear  
A beautiful damsel, robed in black,  
With a pen behind her ear.

She bowed and smiled as she took my card,  
And she did not ask me to wait,  
But opened the door of the inner room  
Where the editor sat in state.

The editor rose with a courtly grace,  
And brought me an easy-chair;  
Then he begged to see my manuscript,  
And he read it then and there.

He read it with interest, every word;  
He laughed at its humor keen;  
And the tears rolled down his intelligent face  
At every pathetic scene.

And when he had ended, he grasped my hand,  
And said: "I cannot express  
Our warm and sincerely heartfelt thanks  
For the favor of this MS.

"But if I may venture to speak the word"  
(Here he fell upon my neck),  
"Perhaps you 'll permit us the small return  
Of a thousand-dollar check.

"We sincerely hope this is but the first  
Creation of your brain;  
And whenever a second tale is evolved,  
We beg you will call again.

"If a personal call would be too much,  
In the rush of your busy life,  
Pray trust your sheets to the U. S. mail,  
Or send them up by your wife.

"For a man of your very evident worth  
We keep an open account,  
And shall always be glad to make an advance  
Of cash to any amount.

"We never give up a poem or tale  
That once gets into our grip;  
But because a good many are sent to us,  
We use this printed slip."

(Here he read from a slip:)"Your MS. received,  
And accepted with ardent thanks;  
We send you a signed and certified check,  
And beg you 'll fill up the blanks."

"It is not for poor devils of editors  
To refuse good authors, I ween;  
And of course, if we suffer from lack of space,  
We enlarge the magazine."

I awoke; and, alas! it was but a dream,  
And my story not even begun;  
And I know it must go the usual rounds,  
If ever I get it done.

P. S.—

I respectfully beg to submit this verse  
While yet the ink is damp;  
In case of refusal I 'll call for it—  
Not having an extra stamp.

*H. S. Huntington.*



## Over the Sea Lies Spain.

PERHAPS they may count me a beggar here,  
With never a roof for the wind and the rain;  
But there is the sea with its wave-lashed pier,  
And over the sea lies Spain.

And there am I held by a title high,  
As befiteth the lord of a broad demesne;  
For there is my kingdom, and here am I,  
With only the sea between.

*And what if the sea be deep, be deep,  
And what if the sea be wide?  
Some day I shall float in my own fair boat,  
And sail to the other side.*

A certain man in the city I meet,  
As he steps to his coach at the curbstone there,  
From a solemn house in a stately street—  
You would know him rich by his air.

He gives me a finger or two to hold,  
Or only a passing nod may deign:  
He does not know of my title and gold,  
My castle and lands in Spain.

But what care I for his bonds and stocks?  
No solemn house in the city for me!  
His are the ships that lie at the docks,  
But I have a ship at sea.

*And what if the land be far, be far,  
And what if the sea be wide?  
Some day I shall sail with a favoring gale  
To a port on the other side.*

And now while I lie on the sea-beach here,  
With the fisherman yonder mending his seine,  
I know that only the sea sweeps clear  
’Twixt me and my castle in Spain.

I can see the sun on its airy towers,  
And a white hand beckon from over-sea;  
I can smell the breath of the rosy bowers,  
Where somebody waits for me.

So content do I walk in this world of men  
To which by an alien name I am known;  
But how it will gape in wonder when  
Don Carlos comes to his own!

*Be never the land so far, so far,  
Be never so broad the main,  
There’s a ship on the sea that belongs to me,  
And over the sea lies Spain.*

Charles Washington Coleman.

## Mrs. Fulsom's Journey.

"I LOOKED forward considerabul to the journey," said Mrs. Fulsom, after her return from a short visit to Montreal and Quebec; "and I own to it that when Mr. Fulsom said as he had business in the provinces, and was goin' to take me along, I was real pleased. Mr. Pike, who does a wholesale bean business, kind o' made up his mind to go an' take Mis' Pike, an' I lotted on havin' her fer company. She had n't been nowhere more 'n I had, an' I thought we should take a sight of comfut together. But, land sakes, she was 'most the death of the whole of us, she was so. Mr. Pike's a master stirrin' man, an' he wanted to see all he could, an' was anxious to hev Mis' Pike see too. But soon 's

we got well seated in the cars she jest dozed off, an' though Mr. Pike would shake her arm now 'n then to point out somethin', she did n't seem to sence much till we got to Montreal.

"Then, I may say, my troubles begun. The men folks had their customers to see, so I thought as Mis' Pike an' I would get out bright an' early; but before we 'd got well out 'n the hotel I could see as 't was wearin' on her. She managed to get up some interest, though, after we 'd got lost. She said she knew we should, an' fer her part she did n't never expect to get home alive. After a spell we found a man who knew where the hotel was, an' showed us the way back. But the hotel did n't seem to please her no better 'n bein' lost did.

"I was calculatin' on goin' out 'n the afternoon, but Mis' Pike thought 't was goin' to rain; so I said I 'd go alone, bein' as our time was limited, an' I wanted to see what I could. But she seemed to feel mournful about it, said she should n't take a minute's-peace to be left alone in a strange house; so I settled down an' stayed with her till I got to be about her mind as fer as hotels went.

"The next day we took the boat to go to Quebec. I 'd read some about the French and Indian wars, an' I was a-lookin' for'ard to tellin' the folks to home all about the river. But 't wa'n't no use. We went aboard the boat about two in the afternoon, an' Mis' Pike went right to her state-room an' went to bed. Mr. Pike he came on deck lookin' kind o' worn an' discouraged, an' said Mis' Pike wanted me to come down an' set with her a spell, an' I felt obliged to go. He said he was afeared Mis' Pike was n't enjoyin' herself, an' I said I was afeared not.

"I went down, an' says I, 'Be you feelin' bad, Mis' Pike?' 'No, Mis' Fulsom,' says she; 'I 'm a-feelin' as well as common; but I ain't never been on the water before, so I thought I 'd be on the safe side, an' not take no chances.'

"There wa'n't much I could amuse myself with, an' I did n't feel none the better fer hevin' to stay down there; an' 't wa'n't long before I begun to be sick, an' 't wa'n't so I could get up till the boat was tied up to the wharf in Quebec.

"That 's the way 't was all the way. She acted jest as if she was a livin' sacrifice, so 's to speak, fer our diversion. Fer all that I see, except the day we was lost in Montreal, I might jest as well set right here to home. Then, though I would n't 'a' minded clothes if she 'd only acted well, I felt sort of troubled about Mis' Pike's dress. 'T was a brown plaid gingham, an' she wore her Paisley shawl. 'T wa'n't what I call suitable, an' 'fore we got home she looked limpsy enough.

"She said she was glad enough to get home alive, an' I s'pose she was. But it did seem dreadful hard to me that the only journey I ever took had to be took along with Mis' Pike, though she said a number of times that she did n't know what she 'd 'a' done if I had n't been along. An' she really seemed to enjoy hevin' me sit in state-rooms an' hotels with her, so I dunno as I ought to complain.

"Still, I can't tell you much that I saw, fer Mis' Pike seemed to be about all there was to it."

Alice Turner.







FROM A CAST.

SEE PAGE 218.

THE JUNO OF ARGOS.

DISCOVERED IN 1892 BY THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ATHENS.